

THE
Christians Gazette:

Or nice and curious Speculations
Chiefly respecting

The INVISIBLE WORLD.

BEING A

PACQUET

For the Pious VIRTUOSI,

(Or Lovers of Novelty.)

On several abstruse and intricate Points in Religion, never started before.

To which is added,

The LAME-POST,

Or a History of Providence, Nature, and Art, well attested.

ALSO

The COURT-SPY,

Or a Detection of such secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News-Writers: With a Spiritual Observator (or Divine Improvement upon each Occurrence.

*If there be Heaven 'tis worthy to be sought;
Or were there none, yet Heaven's a pleasant Thought. Dry.*

The Second Edition, corrected and greatly enlarg'd.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Baker, in Paternoster-Row, and by most Booksellers in London and Westminster.

TO
The most Illustrious,
And truly Protestant, Princess
ANNA SOPHIA,
Electress Dowager of Hanover.

MADAM,

WHEN I look upon the Greatness of Your Quality, and down on my own Meanness, (like the poor Roman mention'd in my Address to Her Majesty) I cannot but tremble to make this Address to Your Highness, so liable to be censur'd as presumptuous, and obnoxious to Variety of Misconstruction, but since my Journal, which I intitle The Christian's Gazette, (as 'tis to publish Monthly Religious News, or a Divine Improvement of every remarkable Occurrence under the Sun) is guided by a Heart fill'd with profound Loyalty and Veneration towards my Rightful and ever glorious Sovereign, Queen Anne; and a sincere Respect and most passionate Desires for the particular Prosperity (Temporal and Eternal) of Your Highness. I hope the Loyalty and good Intention with which these Lines are address'd to Your HIGHNESS, will in some Measure atone for their Presumption; for, MADAM, tho' the Glories of Your Name, and Illustrious Vertues, have invited so Great a Queen as Her Britanick MAJESTY to contract a perfect and constant Friendship with Your HIGHNESS, yet so mean a Creature as myself (who ought not to look upon so great a Person as the Princess Sophia, but with a bended Knee and at a due Distance) cou'd not refrain discharging what I apprehended my Duty, and therefore with good Esther, finding not only my native Country in Danger, but Your HIGHNESS's just Title to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, not only question'd, Plotted against, but often curs'd by Dr. Henry Sacheverell, and other English and Scotch Jacobites (as is largely prov'd in these Sheets, intituled the Christians Gazette) I am resolv'd to adventure forth, and cast such Discoveries at Your Royal Feet, as my secret Intelligencer, the Court-Spy, has detected in this Journal, and if they perish, they perish: But the Illustrious Testimonies, Your HIGHNESS has given of your Generosity and Disposition to countenance all Mankind (but more especially the Subjects of Great Britain) in things that tend to secure the Protestant Religion, and promoting the Empire of Virtue (of infinite more Value to Your HIGHNESS, than the Three Crowns You are legally entitul'd to, after Her Majesty's Death) has made me flatter my self, that Your HIGHNESS, wou'd not deny to my Reverend Friend Mr. William Clark, and my self, such Protection and Encouragement, as Your Great Wisdom and Goodness shall think proper for Two ENGLISHMEN, that in detecting the Treasonable Words and Practices of the Jacobite Faction (but more especially of Dr. Sacheverell) were resolv'd to scruple no Danger or Charge, that might give any Light into the Pretender's Plots a-

gains

against Her Majesty's Crown and Dignity, and the Protestant Succession as now happily settled (by Act of Parliament) in the Illustrious House of Hanover, to which ROYALTY (it being both Hereditary, and the Unanimous Choice of the Subjects of Great Britain) Your HIGHNESS has a just Title, by all Laws both Divine and Humane, as is asserted in the Poem dedicated to Your Illustrious Son (now Elector of Hanover) a Prince fam'd more for his great Wisdom and Piety, than for being Presumptive Heir, to the imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and for that Reason, this Poem is annex'd to this Address to Your HIGHNESS.

MADAM I have here a fair Occasion, to do Justice to Your most Illustrious and truly Protestant Character, but so many are the Noble Attributes inherent to Your ROYAL NATURE, that 'tis difficult to distinguish whether they be divers, or one entire Vertue, but impossible to define which ought to be accounted the Superlative, in so perfect a Harmony, to ascribe to one more than another, were to derogate from the Justice of either, for all the Sincerity, Goodness and Moderation we find in the whole Protestant World, has its Vigor and Life, if not its very Original in Your ROYAL PERSON, Your Highness, being the Eldest Protestant Princess now living in Christendom: I cannot therefore declare 'twas any Particular, but Your HIGHNESS's General Goodness, that made me presume to inscribe my Christians Gazette to Your ROYAL NAME, as Illustrious in Piety as 'tis in Titles: But tho' Greatness of Spirit, Capacity of Affairs, Solidity of Knowledge, and Illustrious Piety, seem to be the Birth-Right of Your Family, yet the Humility, Prudence, Penetration and Affability, which appear in all Your Actions, shew You indu'd with no less charming Qualities, than those which have acquir'd to Your Family the Popular Glories You inherit; so that 'tis no Flattery, but what all Men acknowledge (except such English and Scotch Jacobites, that like Dr. Sacheverell, call the Pretender King) to assert that the Electress Dowager of Hanover is a Princess whose least Perfection in Piety, Wisdom, Justice and Moderation, wou'd render any other Person most accomplish'd, and therefore I don't wonder that King William of ever Glorious Memory, after ventring his Life and Fortunes, to deliver a Treacherous and ungrateful Nation from Popery and Slavery, shou'd in Parliament settle the Succession of the Crown (after Queen Ann and Her Issue) on the Illustrious House of Hanover, where 'tis the daily Prayer of every true English Man and sincere Protestant, that it may continue as long as the Sun and Moon shall endure, and as to Your self, (Great Princess) may Your Honour, Glory, and Illustrious Character, increase with Your Years, and advance till 'tis incapable of Addition, may Your HIGHNESS still blooming live Great Mistress of Your Fate, while for my self, (who wou'd venture a Million of Lives in Defence of Your regal Title against the Pretender, and all his Adherents) I only wish that You may believe me with all Imaginable Zeal and Sincerity,

MADAM,

Your Highness's most humble
and devote Servant.
JOHN DUNTON.

To the most Illustrious
GEORGE, LEWIS,

Duke of *Brumswick* and *Lunenburgh*
Standard-Bearer and Elector of the Holy *Roman*
Empire; and also Presumptive Heir, by Laws
Humane and Divine, to the Crown of *Great*
Britain, France and Ireland.

*I Sing the PRINCE, the Scourge of Gallick Power,
Who if the Tyrant wast the Bastard o'er,
Shall Britain save, as NASSAU did before.*

HAIL Mighty *Brumswick*! In whose Glorious Veins,
The Blood of Emperors, Kings and Heroes reigns.
Shall hair-brain'd *Tories*, with their Right Divine,
Bring in a *Perkin* or a *Simmel's* Line,
To sway a Scepter which the Gods make thine?
No, S I R, they shan't, the Fates can never do
That Wrong to us, if they be just to You.
When that Great *ANNA* shall the Throne demise,
Must *Rome's* Knight-Errant carry off the Prize?
Does *Lewis* think a Victory to obtain,
By Forgery here, as he has done in *Spain*?
No, S I R, our Stars do better things portend,
You're our St. *George*, our Champion and our Friend,
Britannia from that Dragon to defend:
As *Orange* once did save the Captive Maid,
When by *French Managers* to *Rome* betray'd;
So he foresaw she might be trick'd again,
And chose Great *HANOVER* to break the Chain.
Let *Tories* to their *Lewis* Homage do,
We have a Greater *George* and *Lewis* too,
When You come o'er the Dogs shall find it true.
Our Lyons with our Eagles then display'd,
Strike Terror in the Fiends. *French* Lillies fade,
And *Marlborough* shall bloom without a Shade.

 Note, This Poem was printed Three Months ago.

The LAME POST, or a History of Providence, well attested.

With a Spiritual Observer, upon each Head.

READER, I call this Part of *The Christians Gazette, The Lame-Post, or a History of Providence, well attested*, as 'tis the *Lame-Post* brings the true News, and such as I think deserves a *Spiritual Observer*; the *serious Reflections* will be always mine, but as to the *Remarkable Providences*, I shall stand indebted for 'em to several *Eminent Persons*, with whom I have settled a *Monthly Correspondence*, (for my *Intelligencer* is the *Lame-Post*) and I don't fear but I shall receive such well attested *Relations* from *diverse Parts of the Three Kingdoms*, as will deserve a *serious* and frequent *Perusal*, and nothing else shou'd be inserted in *A Christians Gazette*.

A Work of this Nature was set on about Forty Years ago, by Mr. Pool (Author of the *Synopsis Criticorum*) but for what Reason I know not, it was laid aside; and nothing has since appeared on that Subject, but a small *Essay* (written by Dr. Mather, Rector of *Harvard Colledge, in New-England*) to invite some others to go on with the Work; and finding that 'twas not attempted by any other Hand, I was resolv'd (by reviving my two Projects, intituled *The Post-Angel* and *Christians Gazette*) to go on with it, as being fully satisfy'd, that a Work of this kind must needs be of great Use; especially to such *pious Minds* as delight to observe the *Manifestations* which God doth give of himself, both in his *Works of Creation and Providence*; the former are sufficient to render those who have no other *Instructors*, inexcuseable, as we are taught by the *Apostle*; *Rom. i. 20.* and the *Excellency* of the latter consists in this, that they are the *real Accomplishments* of his *written Word*: So that to record *Providences*, seems to be one of the best *Methods* that can be pursued, against the *abounding Atheism* of this Age; For by *Works of Providence, the Confession of a God, and the Truth of his Word*, have been extorted from those very Persons who have boldly deny'd it. Memorable is that *Passage of Æscyles the Persian, in Traged.* who relating his Countrymen's *Discomfiture* by the *Greeks*, gives us this *Observation*, That when the *Grecians* pursu'd them furiously over the great *River Strymon*, which was then *frozen*, but began to thaw, he did with his own *Eyes* see many of those *Gallants*, whom he had heard before, maintain so boldly *That there was*

no God, every one upon their Knees, with Eyes and Hands lifted up begging for Mercy, and that the Ice might not break, 'till they got over.

The Scepticks of this Age may possibly call such a Passage in question, but what can the most obdurate Atheist say to those Providences about the Jews, which were so clearly foretold in the Scriptures, and Part of 'em are visible to their own Eyes? Is not this sufficient to convince them of the being of an Omniscient God, and that the sacred Scriptures, are his reveal'd Will, and that Christianity is the only true Religion? I doubt not but those Men who are able to hold out against such a convincing Demonstration, will flout at this Undertaking, and expose it all they can; but they may remember the Conquest which Truth made over their great Champions My Lord Rochester, Sir Alan Broderick, and Sir Duncomb Colchester, Providences which merit their Thoughts, and may serve to stop their Mouths, or at least the first Instance [in this History of Providence] of casting the Devil out of Jane Farrer, by Fasting and Prayer, may serve to convince the Atheist, of the Being of a God, and of his Absolute Power over Infernal Spirits: But tho' this Dispossession of Jane Farrer (as well as those remarkable Providences that occur daily) is enough to convert Atheists, and all such as are not hardened in Sin. Yet it must be own'd there be many *Ænigmas* in Divine Providence, that we can't unriddle; for my Part I am very sensible of the *Depths* I have taken upon me to fathom, and do declare openly to the World, That the Ways of God are unsearchable, and his Footsteps cannot perfectly be traced; So that I can't but own, my Comment or Observer is infinitely short of my Text, and my Paraphrase doth not and cannot reach my Subject; and indeed, *Who can by searching find out the Almighty to Perfection?* However, as this Part of my *Christians-Gazette* is to contain the remarkable Providences of Judgment and Mercy, that happen daily (or in other Words, I am here to make a Divine Improvement of every remarkable Occurrence under the Sun) so I think it can't begin with a more remarkable Providence, than that which was sent to me this Week, intituled,

A remarkable Narrative of Mrs. Jane Farrer's being possess'd with the Devil, and of the Manner of her being dispossess'd, on a Day of Fasting and Prayer, that was (lately) kept for her at Stebbin in Essex; Together with the several Speeches that pass'd between the Devil, Mrs. Jane Farrer (the Person possess'd) and those Reverend Divines that assisted on this solemn Occasion. Written by Mr. William Clark, one of the Ministers that pray'd with her, and was sent to me in this Letter, viz.

Spring-street in Shadwel, March 23d 1743.

Mr. Dunton,

Understanding you design to send abroad into the World, A Monthly Book of remarkable Occurrences (which you intitle, *The Christians Gazette*) the which I presume, will have no small Dependence

dance upon a constant and faithful Intelligence, therefore amongst your many Remarkables, you may insert (if it may be serviceable) this following Relation, the which I was both Eye and Ear Witnesses to.

The Story is this, in the Year 1700, at the latter End of August or thereabout, I then living at *Witbam* in *Essex*, gave a Visit to one of my People at *Post-Hall*, about a Mile and a half from the Town aforesaid; and just upon my Departure thence, the Gentlewoman requir'd a Favour of me, which she told me must not be deny'd, which was as follows, Sir, *I have a Sister that hath been possessed by the Devil, for these 12 Months now past, and there hath been several Days of fasting and Prayer upon her Account, but hitherto to no Purpose; yet nevertheless, next Thursday there is to be another Day of Prayer, at Stebbin in Essex, 12 Miles distant from this Place (for there was the Place of her Abode with her Father) where several Ministers will be engaged in that Work, I therefore desire that you wou'd be pleas'd to make one among them.* To whom I reply'd, that it cou'd not be, for I was oblig'd by Promise to meet with several Ministers at *Ingerstone*, on Wednesday next; whereupon with a few more Words we parted: But on the Wednesday following, when I went to take Horse in Order for *Ingerstone*, my Horse was run away, the which Providence I took Notice of, as from the Lord, whereupon finding my Heart inclin'd to satisfy the Request of the aforesaid Gentlewoman, I sent Word, upon Condition she wou'd provide me an Horse I wou'd go with her to *Stebbin*, the which was done, and being provided with Horses, we proceeded on our Journey to the Town aforesaid, a Place that I had never seen or heard of before, nor had any of the Town seen or heard of me, before that solemn Occasion; and yet there was Intelligence given of me by the Possessed, as I was that Morning coming thither, her Words were these, *This Day is a solemn Day of fasting, upon my Account; I have an Host within me, and you have also an Host to engage against me, but the Head of your Host will not come (meaning Mr. Hinchman of Brauntry, who himself knew nothing to the contrary 'till that Morning) but another black Munkie (for so she always call'd the Ministers) will come in his Room and he will pray twice, and he will do me the Mischief; the which fill'd the People both with Wonder and Expectation.* Within a little after this Prediction, we made the Town, and in the middle thereof, at a little distance from me I saw coming towards me, a boarded Cart, what the Country People call a *Tumbrell*, with a numerous Croud of People about it, at which Sight I first concluded that the People might be performing something customary with them, at that Season of the Year, but when I came near the Side thereof, I heard a horrid and dreadful Voice cry out, *Here he is, I'll tear him all in Pieces:* It seems they had gotten the possess'd in this *Tumbrell*, and were bringing of her from her Father's House, to the Meeting-House, distant about a Mile and an half; the Reason why she was brought after this Manner was, because of her violent Agitations and most stubborn Postures, which she would sometimes be

Put into, which render'd her incapable of sitting an Horse: And indeed her Postures have been so obstinate, that all the Power and Strength of those five or six strong Men, were but as bands of *burnt Flax*, for when those Men have been upon her, she hath been raised upright without moving or bending any Joint, and they have dropt off her like Straws. At another Time, she got out of their Hand, and out-run them all (*as well she might when the Devil drove*) and threw her self forward down a steep Precipice, at the Bottom of which was a very deep Water, in which she must inevitably have perished, but that she was thrown back again upon her Back, by an invisible Hand. But to return to the Tumbrell, this is very observable, that when this Person roared out, she saw me not, for she lay upon her Face, kept down by 5 or 6 Men, and they thought her to be asleep. I knew not what to make of those Words, *Here he is, I'll tear him in Pieces*, but the People who heard her Words in the Morning, knew the Meaning thereof, and that *I was the Person she had spoken of*; and by that Time I had put up my Horse, they had gotten her to the Meeting-House, and were all seated, about 400 Souls. But upon my Entrance into the Meeting-House, I innocently stepped into the Pew where the Possessed was, not knowing who was there; upon which she arises and comes toward me repeating the same Words again, *here he is, I will tear him in Pieces*, but was prevented by those Men, who pull'd her down by main Force; upon which I perceiving the People to be put into a great Disorder, withdrew my self, and went into the Pew that leads to the Pulpit; upon which one Mr. Jennings of Cambridge-shire went up and pray'd, all which Time her Agitations of Body were violent beyond Expression: I verily thought she would have beat out her Brains on those that held her, and her Words were horrid and blasphemous. After Mr. Jennings came down, I went up, and prefac'd my Prayer with a Word of Exhortation to the People, to join heartily in the Duty following, on that solemn Account; while I was praying, she in a most vehement Manner cry'd, *pull him down, he's a Murderer, I can't bear him, my Kingdom's going, my Footstep's slipping*, with many strange and blasphemous Words, repeating what she spake three Times. While I was praying, and she blaspheming, I heard the People under me say, *She never was so violent before*, upon which that Word fell upon my Heart, Rev. xiii. 12. *The Devil is come down among you, having great Wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short Time*, and upon the mentioning of those Words in Prayer, a sudden Storm of Wind arose, which blew away part of the Roof of the Meeting-House; the Dogs that were there, ran howling out of the Meeting, as tho' themselves were possess'd, which brought to my Mind that Passage of the possessed Swine, and an universal Fright so seized the People, that they groaned as tho' they were expiring; yea, and in that very Moment the afflicted Person, throwing her Head down into her Bosom, and foaming at the Mouth, immediately revived, and came to her perfect Senses, and so continues to this Day, upon this hearing the People under me say,

she is come to her self, I drew to a Conclusion, and came down, and went into the Pew where this Person was, and taking her by the Hand, said, *Child how is it?* who answered, *the better for you*, to whom I said, *I am nothing, give the Glory to God*, and then returned to my Pew again. After which several Ministers both pray'd and preach'd, and upon the Result of all, the afflicted sent this Request to me, *that I wou'd go up and return Thanks*, the which I did, and so was fulfilled that foremention'd Prediction that I shou'd *pray twice*, which finished our awful Work; for indeed so it was, for what with the Noise of the Woman (or rather the Devil) the sudden Storm of Wind, the Cries and Groans of the frighted People, and the yelling of the Dogs, I thought it one of the most solemn Seasons that ever I saw. The Persons Name was *Jane Farrer*, the Daughter of *James Farrer*, of *Stebbin in Essex*, but now the Wife of *James Smith of Hatfield Peveral in Essex*, and was then about 21 or 22 Years of Age, of a gross Sanguine Complexion, and somewhat robust, and *I have not the least Reason to think her an Impostor*, who in this Case had no Eye either to Credit or Interest, for her Father was a *Man of Substance* and so far were they from receiving any Money, that they were at great Charge in receiving those who came to visit her; and as it was a Charge, so it was a *Matter of Scandal to the Family*. This I assert for a Truth, and altho' the Story of it self be very large, yet I have been as concise as possible, and yet faithful in the Relation thereof; for tho' I have omitted many Circumstances, yet nothing of Moment, that lay within the Reach of my own Knowledge, from

Your real Friend and Servant.

William Clark.

The Spiritual Observatoꝝ.

I desire all that send me *Intelligence* wou'd subscribe it with their *Name and Place of Aboad*, as that Reverend Divine does, who sent to me this Remarkable Account of *Mrs. Jane Farrers having been possess'd with the Devil for Twelve Months*; for I shall insert nothing in this Journal that is not as well attested as this Narrative, or that I cannot by searching find to be true: As to this Relation, Mr. Clark, who sent it to me by the *Penny-Post*, has assur'd me 'tis Matter of Fact, and that he was himself an *Eye and Ear Witness*, to the several Particulars mention'd in it, but as the Relation is very strange and surprizing, if any one yet doubts the Truth of any Thing mentioned in it, if he'l step to Mr. Clark's House in *Spring-street in Shadwel*, he'l as fully convince him, as he has done me, that the whole Relation is as true, as 'tis strange and surprizing: And therefore this Remarkable Possession of *Jane Farrer*, will deserve many serious Remarks. *Atheism and Sadducism* have got such Ground in the world

of late Ages, that 'tis no vain Undertaking to write of Devils, and the Mischief done by them to Mankind, by the Mediation of a Sort of People that have *Familiar Communion with them*. To transcribe all has been written on this Subject, by Dr. More, Mr. Glanvil, Mr. Baxter, Scheggins, Remigius, Delrio, Mather, &c. wou'd make up a large Volume, enough to confute any, whose Faces are not harder than Brass, and their Heart than Iron; it shall be enough to say so much, as shall suffice to convince those, who are industrious enough to read, patient enough to deliberate, and have Humility and Honesty enough to be serious and impartial; and as for the rest, *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*.

And here I shall First observe ——— He has need of a long Spoon that eats with the Devil; and He had need be as wary, that holds a Candle to him. ——— But tho' we can do neither of these with safety, yet Chrysostom says, we may lash or scourge the Devil, by sincere Devotion. Bold Rothwel talk'd often with the Devil, and others have (as is seen in this Instance of Mr. Clark) routed him by Fasting and Prayer; the fervent Prayer of every Righteous Man availeth much, Jam. v. 16. But I shall instance chiefly in Mr. Clark, as 'twas during his praying for Jane Ferrar, that she came to her self, according to her own Prediction, That he wou'd pray twice for her, and wou'd do her the Mischief (meaning he wou'd dispossess her, of that Devil that had then seiz'd her).

As weak a Combatant as I am, I hope I shall so lash the Devil in this *Observer*, as to discover his Clowen-Foot: But whether I do or no, he that lists himself for Truth, tho' he fight ill, is sure to be of the Conquerors Side. 'Tis true, 'tis a bold Attempt for such a Worm as I, to enter the Lists with Belzebub; yet I don't doubt, but (thro' the Strength of Christ) to be able to stand against the Wiles of the Devil. Yet I fear I sha'n't describe this Stebbin-Devil (I call him so, as 'twas at Stebbin he took Possession of Jane Farrer) such as he really is; For the Devil is a Wicked Spirit, and Man is only able to comprehend visible Substances; what is invisible and spiritual, he can but guess and rove at. SPIRIT is a Word, found out for Man to mask his Ignorance in, and what he does not know, he calls it by that Name. But whatever the Devils are, they can appear in Humane Shapes (for so they appear'd to Mr. White of Dorchester, Mr. Winnick of Molsworth, and many others) and they swarm every where. The Thalmudists say, That Adam had a Wife called Lilis, before he marry'd Eve, and of her he begat nothing but Devils, LEO SWAVIUS a Frenchman, will have the Air to be as full of 'em, as Snow falling in the Skies, and that they may be seen: I can't say Jane Farrer ever saw that blasphemous Devil that had possess'd her; but 'tis certain she felt him, in as violent a Manner as was ever known; for Satan often hurts by Obsessions as well as Possessions, by Obsessions I mean, immediate Attempts and Assaults made upon the disturbed Person, by Satan or his Agents, in such a Manner as to discover themselves plainly to be of the Diabolical Kind; by Possessions I mean, the Insults of Satan in the very Body of the Person, and

and this last Way of Vexation I look upon as one of the worst, when the Devil hath Power, not only to besiege the Town, but to enter the very Castle, and domineer there. From this Possession of Satan, proceeded Jane Farrer's most horrid and blasphemous Words, her stubborn Postures, her violent Agitations, her great Strength, in raising herself upright, without moving or bending any Joint, her being able to out-run six strong Men (for as Mr. Clark well observes, She needs must go when the Devil drives) her endeavouring to dash her Brains out against those that held her, and to be sure 'twas from Jane Farrer's being possess'd with a Devil, that she threw her self down a steep Precipice, by which she must have perished, had she not been miraculously thrown back by an invisible Hand. 'Tis true, there are some Authors that resolve all the History of Demoniacs in the Gospel (and in particular those that have been in England) into Physical Distemperature of the Brain, or Hypochondria, yet I think they will be hard put to it, to solve all the Difficulties and strange Occurrences that are found in Jane Farrer's Possession; which was so dreadful, that her Father ought to adore that remarkable Providence that disappointed Mr. Clark of a Horse, as the Disappointment sent him from Post-Hall to Stebbin, to join in Prayer with several Ministers, to implore Mercy for her; which made Mr. Clark say, "I took Notice of the running away of my Horse, as a Providence from the Lord. And I can't but observe here, that 'tis a great Proof of Mr. Clark's sincere and zealous Piety, that the Devil was more afraid of being dispossest by his fervent Prayers than he was by those of the other Ministers, that kept the Fast, tho' all of 'em Men of eminent Piety and Learning; or had it been otherwise, Jane Farrer (or rather the Devil in Jane's likeness) wou'd not have cryed out (upon Mr. Clark's entering the Meeting-House) "Here he is, I will tear him in Pieces, Here he is, I will tear him in Pieces, Pull him down, Pull him down (Mr. Clark being then in the Pulpit) Pull him down, Pull him down, he's a Murderer, I can't bear him. By the Repetition of which Words, 'twill appear to all unprejudic'd Persons (I mean such as have Honesty enough to do common Justice to Mr. Clark's truly pious and innocent Life) that the Devil was more clamorous against Mr. Clark than he was against all the rest that pray'd: So that the Loss of Mr. Clark's Horse, was attended with a very happy and singular Providence, as 'twas that which occasioned his going to Stebbin, where the fervent Prayer of this good Man, dispossest Jane Farrer of a blaspheming Devil that had rag'd in her for a Twelve-Month. By which miraculous Deliverance it plainly appears, that—*Man's Extremity is God's Opportunity*—And no doubt but one great Reason why God chuseth rather such Seasons to appear in, is, to give a clearer Demonstration of his Power, and to shut out all others, that may put in for a Share of the Glory, as Co-Rivals with him; He will not give his Honour to any of his Creatures, which they wou'd be apt to challenge, if God put forth himself too early, for their Relief and Assistance, when they think they can stand upon their own Legs.

So that 'tis evident by what I have said concerning *Jane Farrer's Possession*, that 'tis attended with as many remarkable *Circumstances* as ever any Possession was, and I think has no *Parallel*, except in the Case of *Thomas Harrison of Northwich*, who being possessed with the Devil (in the same Manner *Jane Farrer* was) was by his Torments brought so low, that he was almost *nothing but Skin and Bone*, yet for the Space of twenty four Hours every Day, he was of that extraordinary Strength, that if he rolled his Hands together, no Man could pull them asunder; if he rolled his Head, or tossed his whole Body, no Man could stay or restrain him, and as his *Postures* were as fullen as *Jane Farrer's*, so his *Agility of Body* was not less remarkable, for no Man (and but few Horses) cou'd keep Pace with him; And in many Things, *Jane* and *Thomas* seem'd to be alike posses'd, for *Jane Farrer* wou'd throw her Head into her Bosom, act like the posses'd Swine, foam at Mouth, and utter horrid and blasphemous Words; and *Thomas Harrison* wou'd to the great Astonishment of the Hearers, howl like a Dog, Mew like a Cat, roar like a Bear, froth like a Boar. When any pray'd with *Harrison* (and the same was observ'd of *Farrer*) his Passions were strongest, and his Rage greatest, and if any one came near him with a BIBLE (*tho' under his Cloak, and never so secret*) he wou'd use great Violence to get it from him, and what Bibles he cou'd get, he rent into a Thousand Pieces; so that for raging, Tossing and blaspheming, he seem'd to be a second *Farrer* posses'd, for his Torments were almost the same: And therefore I don't wonder, that upon Mr. Clark's mentioning those words in his Prayer [*The Devil is come down among you, having great Wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short Time*] that the Dogs should howl, the Devils roar, the frighted People cry and groan, a Storm of Wind should arise, and that Part of the Meeting-House shou'd be blown away, seeing St. Paul calls Satan, *The Prince of the Power of the Air*, Eph. ii. 2. and it is certain that by Divine Permission he is allow'd a considerable Range in that *Aethereal Region*. For we find in the Case of *Job*, when the Lord had given him Power over all that he had, 'tis presently added, *That Satan went forth from the Presence of the Lord*, and in the subsequent Verses we are told, that the Fire of God fell from Heaven, and burnt up the Sheep and the Servants, and consumed them [*which is by Expositors taken for Thunder and Lightning*] and at last there came a great Storm of Wind from the Wilderness (*as it did here upon the Meeting-House where Mr. Clark was praying*) and smote the four Corners of the House, and it fell upon his Sons, who dy'd upon it, *Job. ii. 13.* So that as the Devil is Prince of the Power of the Air, none can wonder that he shou'd raise such a Storm of Wind, when Mr. Clark was praying, to dispossess him of his old Lodging: For that certain Words or Ceremonies (*us'd by the Devil*) do seem at least to cause an Alteration in the Air, and to raise Tempests *Remigius* writes, that he had it witnessed to him, by the free Confession of near 200 Men that he examin'd: Where he adds a Story or two, in which there being neither Fraud nor Melancholy to be suspected, I think them worth the mentioning;

mentioning; the one is of a *Witch*, who to *satisfie the Curiosity* of them that had Power to punish her, was set free, that she might give a Proof of that Power, she profess'd she had receiv'd from the *Devil, to raise Tempests*; she therefore being let go, presently betakes herself to a Place thick set with Trees, *scrapes a Hole with her hands* fills it with Urine, and stirs it about so long, that she caused at last a *thick Cloud*, charged with *Thunder and Lightning*, to the Terror and Affrightment of the Beholders, but she had them be of good Courage, for *she wou'd command the Cloud* to discharge upon what Place they wou'd appoint her, which she made good in the Sight of the Spectators. And Dr. More (a) tells us of a *young Witch*, who to pleasure her Father complaining of a Drought, by the Help of the *Devil rais'd a Cloud* and water'd her Father's Ground only, all the rest remaining dry as before. I could give many other remarkable *Instances of Storms and Tempests*, that have been rais'd by the *Devil* (by God's Permission) but these two are enough to prove, that 'tis very probable, that *sudden Storm of Wind*, that arose when Mr. Clark was praying for *Jane Farrer*, was wholly owing to the Devil's Rage at Mr. Clark's praying so earnestly for her: And no doubt, had the Devil been permitted, he would have as furiously blown Mr. Clark out of the Pulpit, as he blew away the Roof of the Meeting-House, where he was praying to dispossess the Maid, who (as the Narrative tells us) was blaspheming, all the while Mr. Clark was praying; but tho' the Devil hides sometimes behind the Curtain, when he is intent upon Mischief (as he here does in the Storm of Wind that he rais'd, to frighten Mr. Clark and his Hearers, from the Discharge of their Duty) and sometimes employs other Agents in a harmless Disguise, to act for him, yet it is not always so: For sometimes he puts on some formidable Shape, and appears in some dreadful Idea, in the Prosecution of his Designs, and is not concern'd tho' his own Cloven Foot appear in the Figure, and the Representation appear genuine, and truly Diabolical. At Danbury-Church in Essex, the Devil stalk'd about in the Habit of a Minorite, to the incredible Astonishment of the Parishoners. And in the Isle of Ely, the Devil appear'd acting the Part of an angry Woman, and taking a Turn or two, disappear'd, as is attested by Mr. Baxter. What particular Reason to assign for these Kind of bold Appearances, I acknowledge my self in the dark, and I believe it will not be easie for us Mortals to solve all the obscure Phenomenas of their Hellish Policy. — But tho' these bold Apparitions of Satan is a Mystery we can't unfold, — yet we are all satisfy'd of this Truth — that God permits Satan sometimes to pour out his Malice and Venom upon Mankind, as is seen in the Case of *Jane Farrer*, mentioned in this Narrative, and in the Instances of the *Demoniacks* in the Gospel, who were sorely tormented with Diseases and strange Fits, so that they were rent and tore and tortur'd as upon a Rack or Gibbet; but did not Conscience make Cowards of us all (for where is Guilt

(a) H. More's Antidote against Atheism, C. 3. l. 3.

there ever will Fear) we need not dread either Death or Hell, but might challenge even the Devil himself to do his worst. 'Tis true, Satan delights in all Kind of Mischief, and none pleaseth him so well, as that which hath the deepest Tincture of Malice in it, and brings most Dishonour to God, and most Unhappiness to Mankind: And therefore it is, that tho' he plays sometimes at Push-pin and small Games (the lessening of Peoples Estates, blotting their Reputation, and the like) yet his principal Aim is still to do most mischief to the best Part of Man, his Soul. Yet even here, with all his Malice and Venom, he can go no farther than God permits him; as is seen in the following Instances.

A certain Wizard sent his Spirits to kill Ambrose, but they returned Answer, That God had hedged him in as he did Job — Another Wizard came with his Sword to his Bedside, to have killed him, but he cou'd not stir his Hand, 'till repenting he was by the Prayer of Ambrose restor'd to the Use of his Hands again. — And Mr. White of Dorchester, said to the Devil standing at the Bedsteet; "If thou hast nothing else to do, thou may'st stand there still, and I will betake my self to my Rest; And so composing himself to sleep, the Devil is vanished away. And no doubt (Reader) were our Faith as strong, and our Prayer as fervent, as that of these eminent Saints, our Deliverance from Devils and Infernal Spirits, wou'd be as remarkable as theirs. However, 'tis a great Comfort to all the faithful Servants of God, that he only is absolute, and restrain'd with no Limits, all the Creatures (both the Devils in Hell, and Men upon Earth) are dependant upon his Will, and are eyed with a Chain to his Throne; they have Bounds set them, Pillars of Non-Ultra, beyond which they may not pass: And 'tis well for us (as is seen by the dreadful Storm that the Devil rais'd at Stebbin, to frustrate the End of Mr. Clark's Prayers) that not only Satan, but all his Agents are in Chains; that God hath set a Hook in Leviathan's Jaws, that he can move no whither without Leave and Permission. The Devil of Mascon that so long molested the House of Mr. Perraud, complain'd that he cou'd not do any Hurt there, because they pray'd so much, and we here find, by the Narrative of Jane Farrer's Possession, that 'twas the fervent Prayer of Mr. Clark, that brought her again to her Senses, for which she desired Mr. Clark to give God Thanks, in the same Pulpit where he had pray'd so earnestly for her Recovery, which was so remarkable, as may convince the World (but more especially her Father, Sister and Stebbin Friends, who were Eye and Ear Witnesses to all that is here related) that the great and merciful God, who rules over all, is not always ty'd to ordinary Means, but doth sometimes shew his Power, as well as his Goodness, in giving a plain Demonstration of his Mastery over all secondary and visible Causes: The Cure of Naaman's Leprosie by washing in the River Jordan, and the healing of them that were sick, lame, blind and possess'd with Demons, mention'd in sacred Scripture, seem strange, especially to Men that look and believe no further, than the common Operation of meer Nature; but this casting the Devil out of Jane Farrer by fast-

ing and Prayer, shou'd raise Men to an *higher and nearer Prospect of the Divinity*, and may convince the World that there is a GOD, and that he will hear *the fervent Prayers of righteous Men*, and more especially of such faithful Ministers of *Jesus Christ* as wrestle with him in Prayer in that sincere and fervent Manner as Mr. Clark and his Brethren did. I confess (Reader) I ha'n't the Honour to be Personally known to any of those Dissenting Ministers that kept this *successful Day of Fasting and Prayer for Jane Farrer* (except Mr. William Clark, from whom I receiv'd the Narrative) however I have heard such a pious Character of Mr. *Jennings of Cambridgehire*, and of the other Ministers, that pray'd and preach'd on this *solemn Occasion*, that I don't wonder to hear they put the Devil to Flight, for *Never did God say to any of the Seed of Jacob, seek my Face in vain*, our Saviour hath resolv'd us by the Authority of his Word, the Example of the *Syrophenician Woman*, *Matth. xv. 22.* and the Parable of the importunate Widow, *Luk. xviii. 2.* that Prayer is no vain or fruitless Point of Devotion; Let *Elijah, Daniel, David, Jesus, the Apostles* and this *Miraculous praying the Devil out of Jane Farrer* give their Suffrage in this Case. St. *Augustine* was so very powerful in Prayer, that sometimes thereby he hath cast out Devils; *Luther* is said to be able to prevail with God at his Pleasure, to obtain what he list, according to that of *Prov. xii. ii.* *Polanus* tells us that a certain Hill in *Switzerland*, in an Earthquake was carry'd violently beyond other Hills, and cover'd a whole Village consisting of *Ninty Families*, one half House only excepted, where in the Master of the Family with his Wife and Children were earnestly praying unto God. If Mr. *Eliot of New England* said of any Affair, *I cannot bless it, I dare not pray for it*, it was a worse Omen to it, than the most inauspicious Pressages in the World. And 'tis very remarkable, That when Mr. *Giles of Asley* was given over for dead, his pious Friends resolving to try the old Remedy of Fasting and Prayer, 'till he was recover'd, the first Day they found no Success, but the second Day, while they were together praying he was suddenly cured; and therefore we shou'd never be backward to pray either for our selves or others: For we see, *In the Instance of the Stebbin Demoniac* (as well as in those other Supplicants I have here nam'd) how ready and gracious the Lord is, in answering the Prayers of his faithful Servants; for as this Narrative of *Jane Farrer's Possession* was sent to me (and is since confirm'd) by that Dissenting Minister who was the chief Instrument in her Recovery (and who relates nothing but what lay within the Reach of his own Knowledge) we have no Reason to question the Truth of any Part of the Narrative, or to think *Jane Farrer* an Impostor, for (as Mr. Clark observes) "*Jane Farrer had no Eye either to Credit or Interest, for her Father was a Man of Substance, and so far was he from receiving any Money, that he was at great Charge, in receiving those who came to visit his Daughter, and as her Possession was a Charge, so it was Matter of Scandal to the Family, from which Words it appears this Possession of Jane Farrer, is no contriv'd Cheat or Fraud, invented by some de-*

signing Impostor, for such commonly act their Tricks in the Dark, and where they are little known, but this *Possession* was acted at the House of Mr. James Farrer of Stebbin in Essex, a Place of Credit and great Resort, and the *Dispossession* was made in the Publick Meeting, in the Sight of four Hundred Persons, so that never was Narrative better attested: And I heartily wish this Publication of it, may both convince Atheists of the Being of Devils, and help to reform a debauch'd Age.

A late Contract between Two young Women in New England, to appear to each other, who ever shou'd dye first.

SIR,

BY what you allow in the Preface to your *Christian's Gazette*, I herewith transmit you a modern and well attested Relation of a young Woman in Boston in New England, whose Name was *Mehetabel*, who made a Contract with another young Woman whose Name was *Mary*, that which soever of them two shou'd dye first, shou'd come to the Survivor, and let her know *Whether there be a State of separate Spirits, and whether they have any Knowledge of what is done in this World*; with an Account of *Mary's* dying first, and afterwards appearing to her Friend, as she had solemnly promis'd her. Sir, I'll give you this Relation (that no body may doubt the Truth of it) from the Words of that truly pious and learned Divine Dr. Mather, who writes as follows, —

There is come to my Hands an Account of that which is very strange (altho' there was no visible Apparition of any Ghost in it) concerning two young Women who died eleven Years since. It is that which follows. "In the latter End of the Year 1695. A young Woman in Boston, whose Name was *Mehetabel*, was visited by another young Woman whose Name was *Mary*, the latter of these being somewhat sickly, fell into discourse with the former, about the *State of our Spirits after Death*. The Discourse proceeded unto so much of Curiosity, that *Mary* pressed upon *Mehetabel*, an Agreement between them, that which soever of them two should dye first, would come to the Survivor, and let her know whether there be a *State of separate Spirits*, and whether they have any *Knowledge of what is done in this World*. *Mehetabel* express'd her Fear of coming into this Agreement, but *Mary* still demanded it; and at her leaving of her, her last Words were to this Purpose: *Well, if I die first, you shall hear of me.*

"She quickly goes to *Haverhil*, a Town thirty Miles off Boston, and there she dies. It was not long before *Mehetabel* heard a Voice divers Times calling to her, *Hitty come here!* and with such Circumstances, that it could be concluded the Voice came from none but the *Invisible World!* There ensued violent and very audible knocks from an *Invisible Hand*, upon her Mothers House, where she now resided; which continued for divers Weeks, and sometimes for the best part of whole nights together; and the Knocks were heard as far off as in other Families in the Neighbourhood;

bourhood; and they shook the *Doors* and *Sides* of the Habitation where they were given. Upon an Experiment made by *Mehetabel*, altering the Place of her Lodging, and the Noise more closely following of her, it was taken for granted, *That it came upon her Account*. She had now heard of *Mary's* Death; and she told her Friends then of the *Agreement* which *Mary* had proposed unto her; and she verily believed, that it was the departed Spirit of that Young Woman, that was now so troublesome. She resolv'd therefore, that the next Night that there should be any more such *Knocking*, she would speak unto the *Knocker*, and ask, what their meaning was. The *Knocking* returned; *Mehetabel's* Lodging was in a Chamber, her Mother with another of her Children lay below. The whole House was made sensible enough of the *Knocking*, and pretty well affrighted with it, tho' they had heard so much of it, and for so long a Time. At last *Mehetabel* took the Courage, tho' not without a sweating Terror upon her, to speak, and say, *In the Name of the Lord, what is it that you come for*; immediately a shrill Voice very audibly answered; *Hitty, Come hither! Hitty, Come hither! Hitty, Come hither!* Not only did *Mehetabel* here this, but also her Mother, who is a vertuous and credible Woman, and the other Person that was with her. They heard no more after this; but not many Days were expired, before *Mehetabel* fell sick; she lay sick but about *Four Days*, and it could hardly be told what her Distemper was. She died in the Month of *April, 1696*. when she was a little above Twenty Years of Age. Sir Your Thoughts upon this Contract between *Mary* and her Friend, of appearing after Death to the Survivor, as also your Thoughts upon the State of the Soul after the Death of the Body, is desir'd by

Your Friend and Servant,

R. S.

Dr. Mather's own Observato; upon the foregoing Narrative.

I shall not here say Dr. *Mather* show the Folly of those that promise to appear to their Friends on Earth, after they are dead. If they die in their Sins, they are in a Prison, out of which they cannot go without Leave from their Keeper, 1 *Pet.* 3. 19. As for Souls in Paradise, they have no Inclination to return hither, to be concern'd about Earthly Trifles. They have better and far more Glorious Things to mind. But this Narrative puts me in mind of what Mr. *Awbry* (in his Collections lately published, p. 91.) relates concerning Mr. *Hierom Banks* (a Man not apt to believe Things of this Nature.) That three Days before he dyed, Mr. *Jennings* of the Inner-Temple (his great Acquaintance, dead a Year before) appeared to him, and giving three Knocks, said, *Come away*. Moreover, that Dead Persons should appear to Men when in their Sleep, and reveal secret things to them (as we know from the Scripture *Angels*

gels have sometimes done) is marvellous and unaccountable; nor can any natural reason be given for it. Mr. Beaumont in his Book of Spirits, p. 250. relates, that a Gentleman now living in London, making a Journey into the North, a Friend of his newly dead, appear'd to him in his Sleep, and told him that he had lodged a thousand Pounds in the Hands of a Person, whom he named, and who was well known to him, and desired him that on his Return to London, he would put the Person in mind of it, and desire him to pay the Money for the use of his Daughter. On his Return he did so. The Person freely own'd the Debt, and paid the Money; the Gentleman who called for it, not having any Knowledge of it, but by his Dream. And it is remarkable, that the Gentleman who paid the Money, fail'd within three Months after. The same Author assures us, that a Man whose Name was John Stockdon a Victualler in Grubstreet, London, having been murder'd by three Men, on December 23. 1695. not long after his Death, appear'd to a Neighbour whose Name was Elizabeth Greenwood in her Sleep, telling her that such a Man whose Name was Mainard, was one of his Murderers, and that he might be found at such a House in Thames-street. This Mainard was a Stranger to her, but his Visage was presented to her in her Sleep, and it was then signified to her, that a Man by his Trade a Wyer-Drawer should take him, which came to pass accordingly. He appeared to her a second Time, telling her that one Marsh was another of his Murderers, and that he lodged in Old-street. He appeared a third Time, and told her that one Bevip was another of his Murderers, and where he might be found. These Dreams caused all the Murderers to be apprehended, who confessed the Fact, and were executed.

The particulars which have been mentioned are *incontestable Proofs of Apparitions*. But whether they were Angels or Ghosts some will question. Good Angels some of them cou'd not be; for they never appear visibly, but upon very weighty Messages. Nor would an Holy Angel say, *I was murdered, and am the Soul of such a Man*. A good Angel never told a Lye. It is certain, that *Demons* have appeared in the Shape of living Persons. It is a Thing known that some wicked Creatures have gone to conjuring on Midsummer Eve, that their future Husbands might appear to them. Of this Mr. Bovett in his *Pandemonium*, p. 111. has a remarkable and well attested Relation. *They were Devils that appeared in the Shape of those Men*. And we know from the Scripture, that the Devil can appear in the likeness of the Dead. 1 Sam. xxviii. 14. But it is strange that *Evil Angels* should concern themselves for the good of Men, to warn them of Dangers, to take Care that what is just and right might be done, and Orphans not be wronged of their Estates: If they are Ghosts or Unembodied Spirits, how do they make themselves visible? It has been conjectured that they appear by the Condensation of their Vehicles, and disappear by the Attenuation of them, and that they frame those Vehicles out of the Moisture of their own Bodies; from whence they say it is, that Ghosts do often appear in Burying

ing Places; and therefore *Cardan* says, when the *Romans* did not bury but burn their Dead, the Ghosts did not appear. But this Notion is not solid. For some Ghosts have appeared a long Time after dead, when the Moisture of their Bodies was consumed, and with such Cloaths as they used to wear when living, which could not be framed out of the Moisture of their Bodies. Besides, this does only account for the *Appearing of Ghosts and not of Angels*, when as it is not to be doubted, but that both the one and the other render themselves visible in the same way. *Dr. Burihog* (whose Writings discover him to be a Master in reasoning) in his *Essay about the Nature of Spirits*, p. 229. supposeth that the *Apparition* of Spirits is for the most part only *Visional*, that it is not brought to pass by an Affection of the external Senses, but by affecting and striking the Imagination, which Spirits have Power to do. This seems to agree with the Sentiments of the Ancients, who called Apparitions *Phantasms* or *Images*. And so are they called in the Scripture. Not that they are meer *Phantasies* or Imaginations. Had the Disciples when they thought a *Phantom* had appeared to them been of that Opinion, they would not have been in such a Fright with it. That which in *Mat. xiv. 26.* and in *Mark vi. 49.* is called a *Phantasm* (for so is the *Greek Word* there used) is in *Luk. xxiv. 37.* called *Pneuma*, a Spirit. It is then evident, that they esteemed *Apparitions* to be *real Spirits*. We know that a natural Disease will sometimes cause a mighty Impression on the Imagination. One that is poisoned with the Biting of a mad Dog, does as really think as ever he thought any thing, that he sees a Dog when there is none, and would not scruple to swear it. Persons under the Power of Melancholy, or of Hysterical, Epileptic or Apoplectic Fits, imagine that they see and hear wonderful things, in which oftentimes there is an Energy of Invisible Spirits. 1 *Sam. xvi. 15, 16.* In the *German Ephemerides. Anno 1682. Observ. 76.* There are four Examples mentioned of Persons who were thought to be dead, but afterwards revived, declaring that they had been in a most Glorious World, and were much troubled at their being brought to Life again. A learned Annotator upon it says, that the accounts given by *Ecstasical Persons* are not meer Phantasies, but the Operation of Spirits on their minds, with whom they had Communion whilst in their *Ecstasical Condition*. By what has been expressed it is evident, that there is no Miracle in it, when two Persons being in the same Room, one seeth an Apparition, and heareth it speak, when the other neither seeth nor heareth any Thing. It is credibly reported, that *Mr. Sadler* of *Warmwel* in *Dorsetshire* (a Gentleman of eminent Piety and Learning) had in the Year 1663, a vision, a Man appearing to him as he lay in his Bed, told him, that after so many Months there would be a great Plague in *London*, that the greatest part of the City would be burnt, that there would be three Sea Fights between the *English* and the *Dutch*, that there would be three blazing Stars, the last of which would be terrible to behold. That after this, three small Ships should land near *Weymouth*, which would

would put *England* into an Uproar, but that all would come to nothing. That in the Year 1688. There would come to pass such a thing in *England*, as all the World would take Notice of: That after this, there would be some Disturbance, and then *happy Times*: and that another thing very wonderful would come to pass, but he might not declare what it was. These Particulars Mr. Sadler communicated to Mr. Bound the Minister of *Warmwell*, and to his own Servant *Thomas Gray*, withal adding, that himself and Servant should die before the Accomplishment of these Predictions, but that Mr. Bound should himself see them. Mr. Sadler and his Servant *Thomas Gray* died many Years since. Mr. Bound I knew Forty Six Years ago; he was alive in *August*, 1697. He was a worthy Minister; whether he is now on Earth or in Heaven I know not; both he and *Thomas Gray* made their Affidavit of what Mr. Sadler related to them, within three Days after it. But altho' they were present in the Chamber when Mr. Sadler had this Vision, they neither saw nor heard any thing, which he wondered at: But it is easy for Spirits to strike on the Imagination of one, and not on another. No Man can doubt but that Angels and separated Souls impart their Minds one to another: And what should hinder them from causing strange Impulses, Inclinations, Motions, Imaginations, to be in the Hearts of Men, either with or without any visible Apparition, *Mat. ii. 13, 19. Job. xiii. 2. Acts v. 3.*

But we may not Philosophize too far in such a mysterious Subject. It was wisely spoken by the Great *Scaliger*,

*Nescire velle, quæ Magister maximus,
Te scire non vult, Erudita inscitia est.*

The Things which have been related, are a sufficient Confutation of our late *Somatists*, who will not believe that there are any *Incorporeal Substances*. They are a Demonstration that there are Spirits as well as Bodies, and an *Invisible as well as a visible World*, and that the Souls of Men live when their Bodies are dead. Secret Things belong to the Lord, but things which he has revealed by his Word or by his Providence, belong to us seriously to consider of them. — Many Particulars relating to the *Invisible World*, and to the State of Souls whilst separated from their Bodies, are hidden from Men as long as they remain in their mortal State. And undoubtedly, good Men when once their Souls are arriv'd in Heaven, will find Things much otherwise and much better than ever it did enter into their Hearts to conceive.

A strange and surprizing Account, 1. Of Mrs. Emma Topliss, who was bury'd alive, and deliver'd of two Children in her Coffin. 2. Of a Woman that was hang'd at Denbigh in Wales, for murdering her Bastard Child, that, as she was carrying away to be buried, put her Hand out of the Coffin, and was rescu'd by the Mob. 3. Of a Merchant

chant in Paris, who after a short Sickness, being suppos'd to be dead, was actually bury'd, but being taken up next Day, was heard to speak in the Coffin, and is now in a Way of Recovery.

Mr. Dunton,

HAVING heard an uncommon Relation of a Woman that was bury'd alive, and deliver'd at once of two Children and the Grave, I thought it wou'd not be unacceptable, and therefore presume to send it you, as I heard it well attested by a Gentleman of Figure and Reputation. Sr. I could send you other modern Instances of Persons that have reviv'd in their Coffins (as a Sort of Confirmation of the strange and surprizing Account that I am going to give you of Emma Topliss, who reviv'd after she was seemingly dead and bury'd). As first from Denbigh in Wales, (An. 1701.) I have an Account that a young Woman being condemn'd at the Assizes for murdering her Bastard Child, was hang'd accordingly: But as they were carrying her away in a Coffin to be buried, she recovered, and put her Hand out of the Coffin; upon which, the Hangman carrying her back to the Execution Place, to hang her again, the Mob fell upon him, knock'd out his Brains, and rescu'd the Woman. And we had two such Instances as this, in Thomas Savage, and Ann Green the Woman in Oxfordshire, who both came to Life after they were cut down. 'Tis true, they hang'd Savage again, (as this Denbigh Executioner wou'd have done the Woman that murder'd her Bastard) but for the other Person, they suffer'd her to live; and 'twas thro' her Recovery was a Providence from Heaven, to shew her Innocence; for it afterwards appear'd she was Innocent of the Murder she was charg'd with. I cou'd give several other Instances of Persons that have been (seemingly) dead for two or three Days that have recover'd. But I shall only instance in the late Revival of a Merchant in Paris, who spoke in his Coffin, the next Day after he was bury'd, and that no Man may doubt of the Truth of this strange Relation, I shall give it you in the Words of that faithful Historian Mr. George Ridpath; (a) which are these following, "Paris, April 21st. — "A Merchant in Paris being surpriz'd with a Lethargy, after some "Days Illness he was suppos'd to be dead, and was afterwards bury'd, but being taken up next Day, in order to be carry'd to "the Church, he was heard to speak in the Coffin; so that they "immediately took him out, warm'd him, brought him to Life, "and he is now actually sick in Bed. But (Mr. Dunton) as strange "and surprizing as these two Accounts are, of the Denbigh Woman, "and the Paris Merchant, they en't more remarkable than the Account I am going to give you of Emma Topliss. And therefore as 'tis an Occurrence that happen'd but in the Year 1702. I hope you'l give it the Notice of an Observer, for your reviving of it in your Christian's Gazette, will greatly oblige an Admirer of that religious Project, and one who is, Your Friend and Servt. Rob. Davis.

(a) See the Flying-Post, publish'd April 21. 1713.

In all its Circumstances it runs thus: *William Topliss* of the Peak in *Darbyshire*, a Man of Name and Probity, marry'd one *Emma Simpson*, a Farmer's Daughter, and a Woman of singular Virtue and Modesty; they liv'd happily together for some Years, and wanted nothing but Children to crown their Nuptials; this Misfortune touch'd 'em something sensibly, whereupon they wou'd be often recommending their Requests to Heav'n, that they might have an Offspring to train up in the Fear of God, and the Practice of Religion; during this their Importunity, the Wife dream'd that she enter'd into a fair Orchard, well furnish'd with all Sorts of Fruit; she view'd it with Curiosity, and took a peculiar Fancy to one Sort above the rest, which she pluck'd and eat; she told the Passage to her Husband, who was much pleas'd with it, having dream'd himself, that if she tasted of such a Fruit, she shou'd conceive with Child; not long after she thought she grew pregnant, and that the Time of her Travail was at Hand; when, on a sudden she apprehended, her Eyes were benighted with a Dark Mist, so that she fell into a Place destitute of Light and Friends, and hearing nothing but the *Shrieks of Infants*, and being under Agonies of Pain, she spread her Complaints before GOD, and implor'd Deliverance from the Dungeon, whereupon she dream'd all the Darkness disappear'd, and a Company of Friends convey'd her home: This left a deep Print upon her Memory, so that she repeated it over frequently to several of her Neighbours, who cou'd make nothing of it; 'till at last going to a Gentlemans House with *Butter* (according to her Custom) she took a Turn in the Garden, began to admire the Fruit, and eat five or six of one Tree; upon this, her Dream came fresh upon her again; about three Months after she prov'd really with Child, and had a Longing for the same Fruit; whereupon, walking the Market one Day with her Husband, seeing some of the same Kind, and looking very intent upon them, he bought her some, upon which she told him the whole Truth of the Matter. The Time of her Delivery advancing, Preparations were made, and Midwives consulted upon the Occasion; she was two Days under violent Pains, and on the third seem'd to faint away under their Hands, and to breath her last in Appearance; whereupon the Ceremonies of her Funeral (an immoderate Tribute of Tears being paid by the Husband) were furnish'd out; On the fifteenth of July (in the Year 1702) the Neighbours attended to pay the last Offices; the Procession was mournful, and the whole Rite decent and commendable; She was repositied in the Church-yard forsaken by her weeping Relatives, and disconsolate Husband, who never expected another Sight of her 'till the last Day: However, it fell out Providentially, that one *Ann Chaddock* having been at *Ashbourn* very late, as she return'd homeward over the Church-yard, heard a Shriek, *Woe! Woe!* at which she was terribly startled; at last coming to her self, she thought perhaps it might rather be the Voice of some Person bury'd alive, than of a Spectre; and approaching to the new Grave, she heard the Complaint more distinctly; concluding that was the Reason: She made

haste

haste into the Town, knock'd up the Clerk, and carry'd him along with her to the Complaining Dormitory, bringing along several Women in the Neighbourhood: As he was removing the Dust, he heard a violent Beating at the Coffin, intermixt with some Groans and Outcries; when he open'd it, he found the Woman alive, but grievously spent at the Confinement; she faintly intreated him to convey her to her Husband's, which was immediately done in the same Posture they found her: *The suppos'd Widower* was strangely surpriz'd with the News, and receiv'd her betwixt Joy and Terror; Cordials being instantly procur'd, she came to her self, and ask'd what was become of the Dear Infants; she was told they were both dead, for which she express'd a tender Concern; two Days after they were bury'd in the Place of their Birth. And the Mother getting Strength, join'd her Husband in Gratitude to the Almighty Power, for her wondrous Deliverance; after which she related the Visions she had in her Trance, to the following Effect. Finding my self sensibly faint under my Travels, I made several Ejaculations to Heaven, that I might be strengthened to go through with Courage and Patience; and that God would indulge me a Respite by Sleep, that I might undergoe the Conflicts; upon this I grew sensibly heavy, and fell into a Slumber, all my Pains were instantly remov'd, and I thought an Angel in shining Cloaths, transported me to a fair Scene, all garnish'd with Gold and Glory, and water'd with a Chrysal River, which flow'd on Sands of Pearl, thro' the Paradise; the Banks were beautify'd with Orders of Trees and these with the most delicious Fruits; which yielded the most agreeable Prospect; I was shortly saluted with the most ravishing Consort of Musick; crying *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*; a Throng of gay Youth late sporting by the Fountains, with Vestments embroider'd with Gold, and Heads adorn'd with flowry Chaplets. Having sed my Eyes on these Visions for some Time, my thoughts a Glory approach'd me (like a Star) and casting about him as he advanc'd, large Eruptions of Flames; I heard a loud Voice saying *Return! Return!* whereupon I fancy'd the Vision forsook me; I sunk into a Night of Darkness, under which was a Pit more gloomy than the Vapours themselves; as I fell, I awoke, and found my self imprison'd, I neither knew where nor how; I suppose my Struggling might hasten my Delivery, and yet now I remain a Monument of the Divine Goodness.

The Spiritual Observer.

Such Instances as this are very rare, and of Importance; they are Drops from Heaven, which shou'd be gather'd with Care, and treasure'd up against the *Atheist*, &c. They offer Matter of Fact, in Arguments of Speculation, and put the Infidels quite out of Countenance; taking it therefore for granted, that our Historian is sincere, in the strange and surprizing Account that he here gives me,

of the Revival of Emma Topliss, after she was seemingly dead, and really bury'd, and which he has in some Sort confirm'd by other Modern Instances, of Persons that have reviv'd in their Coffins, therefore, taking it for granted (as I said before) my Historian is sincere in the Account he here gives me, of the seeming Death and Revival of Emma Topliss, I shall descant a little on the Heads in their order. The first remarkable, is the Woman's Conception, which seems to be intirely owing to a peculiar Providence, and the Power of Devotion; the Fair Sex look upon Barrenness as a greater Curse than the Pain of Production; and indeed 'tis a natural Unhappiness at the best; it cuts a Woman off as an unnecessary Limb, from the Body of the Community, as concern'd in Procreation, makes her stand by herself, and nothing a Kin to the Future System; it robs her of her Genuine Prerogative, and she ceases to be the Vehicle of Mankind; the Offices of Nature seem to sleep in her, and in short, 'tis as much as to say, such a Family is not worth a Second Impression; there is also a Fundamental Thirst after Immortality in our Natures; we rather abuse to live at second Hand (a) than to dye in good earnest. And besides these sociable Ends of Propagation there's a Principle which makes the Christian her self very fond of an Off-spring, the Trans-mission of the Divine Image to Posterity, together with an Opportunity of instilling the Doctrines of a good Life into their Minds, and putting 'em in a fair way for bringing Glory to Heaven, and promoting their own Happiness; and this we guess to be the main Motive of the Complaint before us: She that is possess'd with a Principle of Religion is impatient to make others of her Mind, and seeks all Occasions to spread and disperse it. Divine Love is of a growing Nature, and gathers like other Flames; if our Devotion be downright, 'twill put us upon setting Fire to the Breast of our Neighbour, and propagating the Virtue as far as our Influence extends; we shall have a Desire to Love more capaciouly, and rather without ourselves divided and portion'd out into several Persons, than our Affection might swell in Proportion, rather than the Flame should be narrow and languid: Accordingly this good Woman pray'd she might have an Off-spring to train up in a Course of Vertue. And here it mayn't be amiss to take Notice of the Contrariety of Divine and Carnal Love, in this particular; here we are jealous of a Rival, and can't endure another to look upon that which we admire; ev'ry Delight must be a Wife to us; we claim a Propriety in't, and wou'd marry for Lives a-piece; a Night and away won't content us; we are for monopolizing, and can't put up the Affront of a Competition heartily: But the Divine Lover is for blazing abroad the Beauties of Religion; drawing others into the Endearment, and fetching over as many Votaries as he can. This is an ample Confession of the short Stretch of Sensible Pleasures; their Capacities are confin'd, and their Hands bound; their Fund is low, and they can't set forth a Feast for many at once; one good hun-

(a) As I instanc'd before in my two Namesakes, Dunton Rigby and Dunton Light.

gry Passion would drain the Source of their Charms, and leave nothing but Bones for the Successor.

But to drop this Digression, and return to the Process of the Story; *Her first Dream* was the Antipast of her Trance, she thought she saw a goodly Orchard, and a Variety of verdant Trees laden with the most delicious Fruit; 'tis propable this might be done by the Ministration of her *Genius*, by ranging and accomodating her Spirits to a due Aspect upon the Fancy, and striking the whole Scene upon it, out of the mutual Respect of these to the Brain: But this Province being rather Moral than Natural, I shall dismiss that Enquiry; which, let the Cause be as it will, the Effect bears Witness there was *something of the other World in the Conveyance*. — 'Tis true, the Fruit might perhaps naturally forward her Conception, yet the Discovery seems owing to a higher Original. 'Tis not to be doubted there's a vast variety of Powers in *Simples*, of which we know nothing at all, and 'tis probable the *Angels are able Phylosophers*; their Curiosity must dispose 'em strongly to Speculation, and their genuine Sagacity make 'em good Proficients; and that they are ready to relieve Mankind, we need only produce the *Mercury and Officiousness of their Natures*; and perhaps the Angels have more to do with our Concerns, have a greater hand in redressing our Sorrows, and relieving us under Distempers, than we are well aware of: We have an Instance in Story something Parallel to this: One *Samuel Wallace*, having been under a Consumption for the space of 13 Years, and being one day alone in the House, he heard somebody knock at the Door, whereupon he rose and went, with his Staff in one Hand, and leaning on the Wall with the other, he open'd the Door, where he found a grave, proper Old Man, with Hair as white as Wool, and curling, a large white Beard, of a fresh Complexion, with a fashionable Hat, narrow Band, Coat and Stockins of a Purple Colour, and new, Black Shoes ty'd with Ribbons, without the least Spot of Dirt upon him, tho' it rain'd when he came in, as well as all that Day; to make the Story short, he gave him a Prescription, wheteby his Disease was dismiss'd, and his Health recover'd, which was this, To Morrow Morning (say he) go into thy Garden, and get there two Red-Sage Leaves; and one of Bloodwort, put these into a Cup of small Beer, let 'em lye there for the Space of three Days, drink thereof as oft as Need requires, &c. Mr. Wallace observ'd his Orders, and accordingly recover'd. But History is full of these Instances.

To proceed to her Trance; 'tis accounted a Token of Honour and Distinction to be handed into the King's Palace, and indulg'd a Sight of a Court, but what is this to the Favour of being taken into the Chambers of Heaven, and entertain'd with the View of another World? The Humane Soul is acquainted with no Road into Futurity, but that which lyes thro' the Vallies of Death, but the Angels are Daily Posts from this World to the other, and are intimately acquainted with the nearest Passages; upon Orders from Heav'n, they can conduct a Soul to Immortality, without plunging it in the Gulph, which parts Time and Eternity; what a singular Dispensation of Grace

is this! To be present with the Lord, and yet not altogether absent from the Body! How fresh and delightful must the Scenes of Immortality be, to a Soul that has long been confin'd in Clay, and pester'd with the Cares and Inquietudes of Life! Such a Vision can never surely be purchas'd at too dear a Price; the very Thought makes me shiver with Impatience, and my Blood thrills within me, to let my Soul take its Flight; yea, methinks I cou'd willingly dye for a Sight of Futurity; how I long to immerse in Day-light, to look an After-State in the Face, and to hold a Conference with an Angel! When shall I drop this Tenement of Dust, and be an Inhabitant of that House not made with Hands! When will that happy Time come, I may lay my Lips to the Head of the Fountain, and drink Truth in the Original? How I long to be transported with Bliss, and to have an Armful of Immortality! But alas! those Thoughts have more Rant than Reason; Curiosity may carry us thus far. Our Business in the World is to make ready for the Remove, tho' Heaven be the End of our Endeavours, yet we must only think of it here, as a Means to invigorate our Pursuit; tho' we admire the Happiness of the Place, all our Days, yet if we never imitate its Holiness and Purity, we shall never come there: We are very fond of this Mistress, but unwilling to purchase her, at the Expence of Blood: These are dastardly Motions, and the meer Issue of Nature; were they right good, they'd run off into Action, and provoke to Atchievement. A lively Relation of Heaven sets us a longing, but we are for running no Risque for the Possession; 'tis expos'd to Sale, but we won't bid fair, nor so much as part with a Farthing of present Enjoyment, for the Purchase; we prefer the Lumber of Worldly Goods, to the invaluable Riches of Futurity; and what can be more foolish than this, but the Actions which accompany the Principles?

To make short work on't, and say a Syllable of her Deliverance; it was extraordinary, and commands Obedience in Proportion, Where much is given, much is required; she that has tasted the Cordials of Heaven, has not the poor Refuge of Infidelity to fly to; she cannot screen her Practice from Censure, by pleading Suspence in the Matter, this would be arguing her self of Imposture, and calling back her own Word; and as for those who have not enjoy'd the same Kind of Treatment, they have no Reason to complain for Want of Evidence, the conspiring Forces of Reason and Testimony, are able to extort your Assent, how incredulous soever you may seem to be. There's no Enthusiasm in these, but fair arguing above Board; whereas these uncommon Pretensions to Revelation and Vision, are frequently the Products of a strong Fancy.

A Relation of a Wife's Picture, that wept at the Death of her Husband.

Mr. Dunton,

I Was inform'd that the following Instance was buzz'd in Town, and my Curiosity led me to search the Truth on't: Mr. Richmond

mond at the Golden Ball in *Eagle street*, being severely handled in his last Sickness, and Death making some sensible Approaches, the Effigies of his former Wife began to weep, the Tears trickled in such Plenty from the Eyes of the Picture, that they fell on the Hand of a Child that was painted in her Arms, and thence drop'd down on a Chest of Drawers. The Miracle continued while he lay in his last Agonies; but so soon as he expir'd, the Picture left weeping, and all was dry'd up. — Sir, This Remarkable Accident hap-
 ned in the Year 1702. and is Matter of Fact, or if any Unbeliever be so curious as to enquire, he may receive Satisfaction from Mr. *Wilson*, who formerly liv'd next door to the *Half-Moon* in *Noble-street*, which borders on *Goswel-street*, and if still living, no doubt but may be still heard of at the *Half-Moon*,

Your humble Servant,

R. D.

The Spiritual Observer.

Persons may easily be impos'd upon in such Cases as this, the Tumult and Sorrow that attend the Dying, render the Attendants less capable to make nice and curious Enquiries into such Appearances: Had some ingenious Person, unconcern'd and in cold Blood, remov'd the Picture, and search'd the dark Side, the Illusion perhaps might have vanished; and if after the Scrutiny, the Source of the Tears had been unseen, some Suppositions might be rais'd, that would qualify the Wonder, and make it less amazing. 'Tis not the first Time the *Black Angels* have been officious, as the last Effort of their Envy, to make the Deaths of good Men appear frightful and ominous; if the Pains of the Dying expir'd with the Tears which the Picture shed, the Malice of Satan can't follow him into Futurity, and deprive him of his Rest and Happiness. This is no other Language than what Charity dictates, upon Supposition that the Interest of his Immortal Part was lodg'd in safer Hands; if his Case was contrary, I confess the Phœnomenon carries more of Terror in the Face on't: But alas! we can only guess and suppose at Random; 'tis sufficient that the last Conditions of Men are determin'd by the *Wise* and *Merciful* God, whose Methods are Mysterious, and come not within Humane Ken.

HUMPHREY-DICE, Or a Character of such merciless Creditors that attempt to murder their honest (tho' insolvent) Debtors, by a close Confinement: With the miserable Case of Mr. Dawley, Mr. Frith and Mr. Allen, who perish'd in Jail, for a Debt they cou'd have paid in a few Years, wou'd their Creditors have set them at Liberty. Being A serious Paraphrase upon The Reasons humbly offered to the Honourable

nourable House of Commons, for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners; with a Copy of the said Reasons (said to be writ by Mr. A——gil, lately a Member of Parliament, and now a Prisoner in the Fleet) to which is added — The 'Scape Warrant, for a Satyr upon Liberty, a Paradox, writ to comfort such Gentlemen-Prisoners, as expect no Jail-Delivery, 'till Death comes and pays all their Debts. — The whole sent in a Letter (directed to the Sword in New-street) for Mr. John Dunton, Author of the Monthly Journal, intituled The Christian's Gazette, which Letter was this following, viz.

Mr. Dunton, From the Fleet-Prison, April, 30. 1713.
BEING pleas'd both with the Design and Method, of your Monthly Journal (which you call the Christians Gazette) and finding (by your frequent Suretiships) how generous you have ever been, to serve your Friends at a Dead-Weight, (of which Captain H—— now a Prisoner in the Fleet, gave me a late and undeniable Proof:) It has encourag'd me to ask a Favour of you in Behalf of all the Prisoners in England, which is that you'd publish gratis in your Monthly Journal,

The Reasons humbly offered to the Honourable House of Commons, for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners, which (Reasons) were these following, viz.

BY the Act of last Session, any Prisoner for Debt or Damages (not exceeding 50*l*.) might be discharged upon delivering (upon Oath) a particular of their Effects, which, together with their future Acquisitions, are still to continue liable to their Debts.

By this Act about one Thousand Prisoners have been discharged out of the Prisons of London, Middlesex and Surrey, and there are remaining about Fifteen Thousand more not qualified to be discharged by that Act, of which there are about Fifteen Hundred Officers, Soldiers and Seamen:

And the greatest Part of the rest are Traders, ruin'd by Losses by the War.

Now Her MAJESTY having concluded the happy Peace, It is humbly hoped, that the Legislature will extend the last Act, to a general Enlargement of such Prisoners who shall perform the Conditions of the former Act.

For when the Debtor is really Insolvent, he is really entituled to the Justice and Charity of Remittance, as well for a great Sum as a less.

A certain Creditor had two Debtors, the one owed him 500 pence the other 50, and when they had nothing to pay he freely forgave them BOTH.

And tho' this Remittance proceeded from the Charity of the Creditor, yet being in it self an Act of Justice, the Legislator hath a right to interpose between an Insolvent Debtor and an unjust Creditor, who will not of himself obey these Divine Rules. The

The Law hath not appointed the Imprisonment of a Debtor, as an Act of Punishment or Revenge, but only as a Detainer of him till he makes Satisfaction, supposing that he hath Effects so to do. But when the contrary thereof appears, the Detainer is but a private Revenge of the Creditor, which the Law will not favour.

And when the Debtor hath delivered his Effects upon Oath, and the Creditors hath Reasonable Time to falsifie it, The Legislator hath already accepted that as an Evidence of their Insolvency, and hath thereupon discharged their Persons from Imprisonment, but not their Estates from their Debts, by which the Creditors have a Chance out of the same Effects, and any further Acquisitions of their Debtor, to have a full Satisfaction of their Debts, which by Continuance of the Imprisonment must be impossible.

Wherefore 'tis humbly hoped, That the Legislature will extend their Justice and Charity, for enlarging the Qualifications of the former Act, as one Part of the Jubilees of this happy Peace.

Mr. Dunton — These are — — *The Reasons humbly offered to the Honourable House of Commons, for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners* — upon which Captain H — (now a Prisoner in the Fleet) and several other Gentlemen, desire your deliberate Thoughts (or serious Paraphrase) in order to set these *Reasons* in so clear a Light, as will shew the absolute Necessity (as well as the great Justice and Charity) of a *General-Goal-Delivery*.

The Spiritual Observer.

Reader, — These *Reasons* for *A more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, are said to be writ by Mr. A—gil, lately a Member of Parliament, and now a Prisoner in the Fleet: That the Ingenious Mr. A—gil is the Author of this *Address to the Parliament* I can't affirm, however, the *Reasons* are so just and weighty, he is generally thought to be the Author of 'em. But whoever writ 'em, the *Reasons* are so truly pious and charitable, and so absolutely necessary to reward those brave Officers, Soldiers and Seamen that have deserv'd so well during the late War, and so necessary to preserve those eminent Traders from starving, that were ruin'd by Losses occasion'd by the War, that 'tis hop'd they'll prevail with *The Honourable House of Commons*, for a more extensive Act, to release such Gentlemen Prisoners, as cou'd receive no Benefit by the *late Act for Discharge of insolvent Debtors*; for, as Mr. A—gil observes " *A General Joy is one Part of the Jubilees of this happy Peace*. And therefore Ple here plead as heartily for the speedy Relief of all honest Prisoners confin'd for Debt, as I wou'd were it my own Case, for he that's at Ease (or out of a Jail) ought to be affected with the Miseries of others, or how can he expect any Pity himself, shou'd ever a Prison be

his own Case, which (Reader) has been the Fate of many an honest Gentleman and rich Trader, that as little expected a Prison as you or I.

And here, I will first lay it down as a necessary Preliminary to what I am going to say, in Behalf of such Debtors as are at present insolvent — *That every just Debt ought to be paid* — 'Tis true I ever thought, that *He that pays a Debt, meely because he's arrested is a Knave*. I wou'd as soon pay a just Debt, had I all the World to range in, as I wou'd were I now confin'd by a 'Scape Warrant which sufficiently shews the *Baseness and Cruelty* (I shou'd have said Villany) of that Creditor that watches at great Expence to fence an honest Debtor, to that scandalous Confinement we call *Bedgating* (which is a Sort of Hell, only fit for such merciless Creditors that delight in Cruelty) but notwithstanding these are my real thoughts of the *Necessity of giving Liberty and Time* to every honest Man, to pay his Debts, yet (as I said before) — *Every just Debt ought to be paid, and that as soon as possible* — When the Prophet *ELISHA* multiplied the Widows Oil he bad her — *Go sell the Oyl, and pay the Debt, and live thou and thy Children upon the rest*. — And St. Paul says — *Owe no Man any thing, but to love one another* — to show unto us *Debts must be paid*. The Persians reckon'd these two very great Sins — *To tell a Lie and to be in Debt*.

By the *Twelve Tables of Rome*, he that ow'd much, and cou'd not pay, was to be cut in Pieces, and every Creditor was to have a Piece of him, according to the Debt. — *Asychis* made this Law against bad Debtors, *That the Dead Bodies shou'd be in the Creditors Disposition 'till the Debt was paid*. This Law of *Asychis* was foolish, and that of the Romans cruel, but certainly if we wou'd set our Affairs in Order with Men, we might consecrate our selves more freely to God, and prevent a World of intricate Troubles, to the Posterity we leave behind us, *Obligations do mancipate the most free and ingenuous Spirit*, and therefore a certain Italian Gentleman being ask'd how old he was? answer'd, *that he was in Health*: And to another, that ask'd how rich he was? answer'd, *that he was not in Debt*; intimating, he is young enough that is in Health, and rich enough, that is not in Debt. Which is a sufficient Reason for every honest Debtor to pay his Creditor, to the utmost of his Power; and that's the Reason that honest Fido (of which more anon) has the same Credit (with his truly honest and generous Printer, Mr. Robert Tooke) in Prison, as he had out of it: But, tho' a just Debt ought to be paid, yet it must be own'd (in Favour of Debtors) that a Creditor may screw up Justice to the pitch of an Injury, and in that Case (as Mr. A—gil observes) "The Legislator hath a Right to interpose between an insolvent Debtor, and an unjust Creditor, who will not of himself obey the Divine Rules. 'Tis true, I can't say that all Debtors deserve to be set at Liberty, for such as contract a Debt with a Design to cheat, do as much deserve a Halter as they that rob on the Highway; for the Highway-Rogue is the honefter Man, as he fairly tells you he is going to rob you, but the Shop-Pad robs you, under a Pretence of Honesty, and there's no

Fence against such Thieves, but these Instances are very rare (Scarcely two Towns, or two Pitkins, or two C——rs to be heard of in an Age) and therefore I take it for granted, that all the Prisoners that waitn't releas'd by the late *Act*, are Men of undoubted Honesty; indeed all Men under a Cloud are call'd Rogues and Scoundrels ('twas the Fate of the two B——neels and that true Nathaniel Sr. Stephen Evans) but 'tis a Word that an honest Fleeter cou'd never digest, (and a Trading-Thief will be as great a Rarity in the *Queen's-Bench*, as the Pious Laureat continues to reform that Jail with his (a) heavenly Muse) yet I can't deny but most Men owe not only their Learning to their Plenty, but likewise their Vertue and Honesty; for how many Thousands are there in the World, in great Reputation for their honest and just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were put to their Shifts (as others as honestly inclin'd are) wou'd soon lose their Reputation, yea, turn Rogues and Scoundrels as the *Vulgar* think, and generally call such as are not able to pay their Debts; I question not but Want and Self-Preservation (for Hunger will break thro' Stone-Walls) wou'd put some of them upon those very hard Shifts, they now blame so much in others.

By which undeserv'd Reflections upon the honest insolvent Debtors, it plainly appears that every merciless Creditor is a Sort of hardened Cut-throat, that no more values the Reputation than he does the Life of his honest Debtor; such One-ey'd Misers do not only screw up Justice to the Pitch of an Injury, but (by a Hellish Legerdmain) do as it were turn their own Bowels into Brass; they look upon all Debtors as not of the humane Species, and therefore (tho' a Good Man regards the Life of his Beast (b) judge 'em unworthy of the least Compassion. One wou'd think the merciless Creditor had drank of the Ciconian Stream, that freezeth all the Entrails into Stone; he is engender'd by Rocks, is rib'd with Steel, and his Heart is Iron (or something harder) to which Nature hath set a LOCK, to shut out Pity. I have seen all this Character of a Merciless Creditor verifi'd in *Dice Hewson*, he has vow'd (as you'll hear anon) to make Dice of his Debtor's Bones: And can any thing be more cruel? more inhumane? or more Unchristian? I never arrested but one Man in my Life, and as soon as I found he had no Money, I sent him Meat from my own Table, paid his Fees, and set him at Liberty, (I cou'd scarce Sleep in quiet, whilst an honest Man lay in a Prison at my Suit) But here's a Fellow (c) that meerly wheedled my Friend into his Debt by obliging Treats (d) and the mighty Kindness he profess'd to him, yet a-

(a) Alluding to that *New Reformation* in Poetry (entitled *THE MONITOR*) attempted by Mr. Tate, *Poet-Laureat* to Her Majesty, and now a Prisoner in the *Queen's-Bench*.

(b) Prov. xii. 10.

(c) *TOM Hewson* is here meant, for *TOM Hewson* and *DICE Hewson* are the same Man, whilst they act as such.

(d) The first of these Treats was given to Mr. Fido, at the very House where *Dice-Hewson* lives, that now keeps him in Prison.

gainst this Debtor (tho' others wou'd have forc'd upon him the same Credit; he has been more cruel than a Turk or Canibal; he a Dissenter! he a Hangman, or rather some thing that's more cruel, for I have given yet but his merciful Character. There grows such a Vein of Marble in the Breast of this Humane Dice-Maker, as wou'd make one hold Opinion with Pythagorus, that the Souls of Animals infuse themselves into the Trunks of Men. In a Word, the very Tartness of Hewson's Looks (when he views his Debtor with one Eye, for just Heaven has deny'd him two) wou'd fright any thing but the Devil, and to complete his Character, he has so little Respect — To the Golden Rule, to Conscience or to Honour — that tho' his Debtor's single Bond is good Security for 2000l. were he clear of his Jointure-Shackle; yet he had much rather lose his little, lousy Debt of 60l. than to give his Debtor Time to pay it, tho' the keeping his Body in Prison, is the only thing that can render his Debt hazzardous, for any one knows that as a Prison pays no Debts, so Death (a Debt we all owe to Nature) evens all Accounts, and yet, Hewson being an Undertaker, had much rather lose his Debt than not make Dice of his Debtor's Bones, for you know (Reader) every Man to his Trade, and why might not Dice-Hewson (by murdering his Debtor by a 'Scape Warrant) do all he can to promote Funerals.

This (as Fido assures me from his own Experience) is The true Character of one-ey'd Hewson the Undertaker, and of every merciless Creditor, from whose Canibal-Nature it comes to pass that so much Humane Dice is made yearly by 'Scape-Warrants; for the merciless Creditors, not being able to distinguish between a Design to wrong 'em, and a Necessity of eating and drinking, they confine such Debtors for Rogues and Villains, that are much honest Men than themselves; I say honest, for tho' a just Debt ought to be paid, yet 'tis no Scandal to be in Debt (if the Debt was contracted whilst a Man was able to pay, and resolves to do it, as soon as possible) but a Sign that a Man has an honest Character, as I shall prove by this remarkable Instance: About 1620 the Duke of Ossuna being at Barcelona in Spain, having leave to release some Prisoners in that City, he went to 'em, and enquiring their Offences, they all excus'd themselves, but one little black Man that said — I took a Purse by Tarragona, to keep me from starving — the Duke giving him two or three Blows for his Theft, said — Be gone you Rogue, what do you among so many honest Prisoners, who have no Crime but being in Debt.

Neither have the Debtors in the City of Pequín less Respect than Ossuna shew'd to the honest Debtors at Barcelona; for tho' in the Prison of Pequín which they call Ximanguibalew, there are commonly found six Thousand Prisoners (the Circuit of this Prison being six Miles) yet if any one of 'em is found to be either a Whore or a Thief, they'r turn'd out of the Prison, as a Scandal to the honest Debtors.

To come nearer home, if we step to the Mint, that common Asylum for sinking Tradesmen, we shall find that there is not a Deb-

for that flies thither for Succour, that will protect any Knave, that either runs from his Bail, or is a known Cheat.

And in that *Royal and truly honest Prison the FLEET*, the present Warden is a Man of such impartial Justice (both to the Debtor and Creditor) that if a Prisoner is found guilty of the least Villany, he is openly punish'd at the Fleet-Gate, or sent to Newgate if his Crime deserves it, as unworthy the Warden's Protection, or the Society of honest Fleeters. For just Persons have Punishment enough in bare thinking they are in Debt, and therefore ought not to have their Afflictions doubled, by being ty'd to the Society of Shop-Pads. *Augustus Caesar* hearing what a huge Sum of Money a certain Knight in Rome ow'd at his Death, and that all his Goods were to be sold, to make Payment of his Debts; commanded the Master of his Wardrobe to buy for him, that Bed wherein this Knight used to lye, for (says he) "If I cannot sleep soundly in that Bed, wherein he cou'd sleep that ow'd so much, then surely I shall sleep no where. Sure I am when Debtors are govern'd by such honest Principles, that with *Augustus Caesar* they can't sleep soundly, 'till they have paid their Debts, and are freed from the Society of Trading Thieves, to imprison such honest Men, is such a senseless Cruelty, that very Heathens (or any thing but *Dice-Hewson*) wou'd blush to act, as all such base and unjust Imprisonments do but brighten the Character of the honest Debtors (as you heard in the foregoing Instances from *Barcelona*, *Pequin*, the *Mint* and the *Fleet-Prison*) and for ever blacken the Creditor.

Reader, having in these Preliminaries prov'd, by the Law of God and Man — That a just Debt ought to be paid — That Creditors look upon Debtors, not to be of the humane Species — That they screw up Justice to the Pitch of an Injury — That Fleeters, Benchers, and Minters, are much honestier than their merciless Creditors — and having exemplifi'd all this, in the Person of *Dice-Hewson* the Undertaker, I have now (honestly) pay'd my Way, to shew the Absolute Necessity as well as the great Justice and Charity of a General-Jail-Delivery; and this will be best perform'd, by seriously weighing Mr. A-gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners.

And here, that I may set Mr. A-gil's Reasons in so clear a Light as may either convince the merciless Creditors of their Sin and Cruelty, or at least encline the Present Parliament to pity the miserable Condition of insolvent Debtors, I shall (to move the greater Compassion to all Prisoners) introduce my Remarks upon Mr. A-gil's Reasons for their Discharge, with — The miserable Case of three Men, that perish'd in Jail, thro' the Cruelty of their merciless Creditors — of which take the following Relation.

Some Years agoe, one *Dawley*, an unhappy West-Country-Man, (who had formerly set on Work One hundred poor People, yearly, in the Art of Felt-making) failing in his Estate, yet by no known Vice (for he was ever counted an honest and discreet Man) was cast into Prison, where having prevail'd with 15 of 17 Creditors, for Respite

Respite of four Years time, the other two (who were Men of very good Estates) refused, and prosecuted the Commission of Bankrupt, and obtain'd the Commission seal'd; which, with much Difficulty and Expence, poor *Dawley* withstood; and at last, having obtain'd a *Superfedeas*, and not able to give for the private sealing but Half a Piece (for it was his last Money) *Edney* (who perceived there was Need and Hast) threw the *Superfedeas* sealed (as by credible Report) into the Fire: Upon Notice whereof, poor *Dawley*, not having wherewith to stop the Commission, nor knowing how to keep himself in Prison, or his Wife and Children in Life, that Night hang'd himself. — About the same Time this Man hang'd himself, one *Frith*, a Man of 1600*l.* Land *per Annum*, being endebted 7 or 800*l.* and having embroil'd his Estate, by Assurances, Statutes, &c. to diverse great rich Men, was, by Extents, Orders and Decrees, so far strip'd of all, that after he had pawn'd his Bed-cloaths, and Childrens Cloaths, at last, in meer Want, and Sight of his Misery, having but Four Farthings left, the Night before, and his Credit for Food spent every where, kill'd himself with a Pistol. Whatever the Man or the Cause was, I am sure the Courses were unconscionable, and the State he stood in, was very hard for any Flesh and Blood to bear. He accus'd, by a Writing made at his Death, Sir *J* — *B* — *t*, and some others, of hard Measure and Injustice. In the same Year that *Frith* pistol'd himself, one *Allen*, with his two Sureties, were cast into Prison, in Execution of 30*l.* Forfeiture, and Costs, for 12*l.* principal Debt, without any other Matter of Debt against any of them, who being Mechanical Men, and not able to pay, or maintain themselves in Prison, are all Three, thro' Want, Grief and Misery of Imprisonment, dead and perished: So that, for 12*l.* Debt, the cruel Creditor hath had the Lives of three Men, and undone their Families. Now (Reader) if Creditors are grown so *cruel and merciless* (as 'tis evident they are, by the perishing of *Allen* and his two Sureties in Jail, for the small Sum of 12*l.*) as to have no Respect to the Laws of God, in procuring their just Debts, e'nt it high Time (as Mr. *A-gil* observes) for “ Our Legislators to interpose between an insolvent Debtor, and an unjust Creditor, who will not of himself obey the Divine Rules.

If any merciless Creditor shou'd here object and say, 'Tis true *Allen* and his two Sureties did perish in Jail some Years agoe, but Creditors begin to consider — That a Prison pays no Debts — and therefore they now only arrest their Debtors to try their Ability, and with no Design, to confine them any longer than 'till that is discover'd; so that we challenge you to shew us another Instance, of such a base and cruel Imprisonment, as was that of *Allen* and his two Sureties, since *Queen Ann* came to the Crown.

To this I answer, Mr. *David Floyd* had lately Dice made of his Bones by an Execution, by which his Creditors lost their Debt, and will be ever call'd a Pack of merciless Fellows; which is all they got by ruining (or rather murdering) an honest Gentleman, by their spiteful Confinement. This comes of Dice-making, of which *Fido* gives

a dismal Account, in his Paradox entituled, *The 'Scape Warrant, or A Satyr upon Liberty*; and had I Time, I wou'd my self bestow a very mournful Elegy upon Mr. Floyd, which I'de entitle *The Tears of Mr. Floyd's Creditors (alias Murderers) for the Loss of their Debt*.

I cou'd proceed to the Case of other Prisoners, who were as cruelly treated as Mr. Allen and Mr. Floy'd, the last of which had no Mercy shewn him, save what he receiv'd from the *Generous Warden*, whose noble Compassion to all his Prisoners, makes him a Sort of Father to all that fly to him for Succour, but tho' *Squire Grindal* by his true *Christian Greatness of Mind* has turn'd a Prison into an Hospital (or Sanctuary for Men in Distress) yet, 'tis a strange Mistake, to say, That Creditors are less base and cruel now, than they were formerly; for the Fleet-Prison (where Floyd dy'd) cou'd give 500 Instances of Creditors that have been as base and cruel as those that ruin'd Allen and Floyd, but Il'e only instance in TOM alias Dice-Hewson, who basely and most unjustly arrested a Friend or mine for 60l. (for the Debt can't be more, when justly stated) I call it a base and unjust Arrest, as the Debt is not yet due on the Terms upon which they traded, which were, that the Creditor shou'd be paid out of the Sale of his Goods or Jane N——s Rents; as the Debtor is ready to swear before a Master in Chancery, and able to prove by a Note under Hewson's Hand, yet nothing wou'd satisfy the merciless Creditor, but the whole Sum on the Spot: For tho' the Debtor sent two Friends (a) to Dice Hewson the Undertaker (who for that Reason shall be now call'd the Creditor) to offer good Security for the Payment of 50l. in a Years time, all the Answer they cou'd get was, "I'll have all the Money down, or I'll make Dice of his Bones, I'll make Dice of his Bones, I'll make Dice of his Bones, repeating the Word Dice at least three times, for which being a One-ey'd Dead Monger, he'll be call'd Dice-Hewson to his dying Day.

Hewson being resolv'd upon Dice-making, honest Fido (tho' his Estate is worth more than 2000l.) being under a Jointure-Shackle, by marrying a scraping Wretch that is half distracted, was now forc'd to turn himself over to the Fleet; tho' not without blushing for the Ingratitude of that Summer-Friend (b) that cou'd be so base to leave him to the Mercy of a Prison, tho' he owes his ALL to his standing by him at a Dead-List, and has declar'd in an Hundred Letters he cou'd never be enough requite him, yet now (like Timon's Friends) deserts him the first Time he had Occasion for him, and in the very Hour of Extremity, and all this for his bare asking to lend him 60l. to prevent his going to Prison, tho' a little before FIDO had freely given him 500l. with this obliging Expression, "Dr. JOHN'S-SON (for can he be less than Fido's Son, when he call'd him Infinitely dear, and much honour'd Father, so long as he was serving of him) If this 500l. Pound won't help you out of your dead-

(a) Viz. Mr. Richard Taylor, and Mr. Thomas Axe.

(b) Dr. JOHN'S-SON, a Welch Parson, now living at B ——— in Flintshire.

"List,

"*Lift, ask what you will, for I'll deny you nothing, that will consist with strict Justice to my Creditors, and Gratitude to my Winter Friends: And that which adds to the Generosity of this Promise, 'twas made without expecting any Reward, but the Pleasure that FIDO took in obliging the most ingenious Man in the World (Mr. DIXON only excepted) but (Reader) tho' this seasonable and generous Promise (which was own'd in Fido's Prosperity to be as good Security for 500*l.* as if sent upon Stamp Paper) deliver'd Dr. JOHN'S-SON out of all his Troubles at once, and made his Fortunes for this World, yet this Welch Doctor, not only deserted Fido in his Extremity, but to excuse his Ingratitude, for suffering his try'd Friend to go to a Prison, he now unmake those very Favours which in Fido's Prosperity, he had own'd he cou'd never enough requite: So that Fido has just Reason to say with Coleman——There is no Faith in Man——or rather with Apemantus (a)*

*Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no Man but my self:
Grant I may never be so fond,
To trust Man on his Oath, or Bond;
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a Sailor with my Freedom,
Or my Friends if I shou'd need 'em.*

FIDO being now deserted by Dr. JOHN'S-SON for the poor Sum of 60*l.* and scorning to receive his Liberty from any Friend (or Relation) that is not generous enough to proffer it, he was forc'd to turn himself over to the Fleet-Prison, where (such a kind and grateful World do we live in) he's like to continue till Time knocks off his Joindre Shackles, or more merciful Death pays all his Debts, which if compar'd with his own Estate, (or that Two Hundred a Year he has a Title to in Right of his Wife) is such a Prison-Fest, that all those Friends he has formerly serv'd in Adversity (but more especially Dr. JOHN'S-SON and that ATHENIAN PRIEST that owes his very Chaplain's Scaff to FIDO's Guineas) ought to blush at, or if they don't, I wou'd have Fido threaten to publish their secret History (or at least those fawning Letters they sent to him; when they were courting with empty Pockets) for what Lash can be too severe for ungrateful Men, for you know Reader——*Si ingratum dixeris omnia dixeris*——which made Queen Elizabeth say, "*She believ'd*" *Ingratitude was the Sin against the Holy Ghost.* But I think that's carrying the Point too far, or, if there be any singular Case, where ungrateful Men must never expect Forgiveness, it can only be in the Instance of Dr. JOHN'S-SON and Dr. SMIRK; for the aggravated Ingratitude of these Men, has of late soar'd above all Flights in Hyperbole; for who but a Welch Doctor or Athenian-Priest wou'd be deaf

(a) See the Play call'd Timon of Athens.

to the Prison Groans of a try'd Friend, or (in plainer English) who but Dr. JOHN's-SON or Dr. SMIRK, wou'd not at least once—— visit —— an old Friend in Adversity, and the rather still, as (tho' they are now got to the Pinacle) they have both own'd under their Hands—— *That they have been greatly oblig'd to FIDO* —— but Fido being a Man that stands upon Points of Honour, these gentle *Lashes* will be all the Correction they'l ever have, for not giving him one Pull at a Dead-Lift, when bare lending 20l. wou'd now set him at Liberty: But whether they prove so grateful or no, they may depend upon this, That the generous Fido will never ask them twice for the same Favour, tho' he has deserv'd his Liberty twenty Times at their Hands, were it for nothing else but his great Fidelity in concealing of such Turncoat, Play-House and Cuckoldly Secrets, that were they publish'd, wou'd for ever make 'em the Jest of the Tories, and the Scorn of the Whigs: But tho' their Reputation will be for ever safe in Fido's Custody, yet I am very sure, had these two ungrateful Priests falln into any Hands but those of Fido's these Deserved Menaces wou'd not have been all the Punishment they must have undergone for their Ingratitude; but Fido scorning a little, mean, spiteful Action, and knowing that Time and Death will pay all his Debts, resolves (even in a Prison) to be above Revenge, as knowing that Forgiveness is a Debt that we all owe to the worst of Men —— He is below himself, that is not above an Injury —— ay, tho' the Injurious are arriv'd to that Height in Baseness, as to be number'd amongst the ungrateful: But however ready Fido may be to forgive JOHN's-SON, ATHENS, and even Dice-Hewson (who keeps him in Prison for no better Purpose, but to murder him in cold Blood) yet I think the ungrateful Treatment that Fido has from Dr. JOHN's-SON and the rest of his Summer Friends, has fairly prov'd, that —— the Word Friend is no more than an empty Name, when we come to want him; for is not Fido now in a Prison for the poor Sum of 60l. that never deserted a Friend in Adversity, and has freely given 500l. to make John'son's Fortunes at a Dead-Lift, that will now scarce lend so many Pence to help him out of a Prison; or if he once lent him 20l. at a Pinch (or gave him as much, to repair that treble Damage he had done to him, by a lazy Silence) 'twas done in such a base insulting Manner, that a Man that want'n't just sinking, wou'd scorn to be so oblig'd. Reader, you can't be ignorant that some Men will oblige you more in denying a Favour, than others shall by granting it, and I am sure, a Man of a generous Temper wou'd more have oblig'd Fido, by his kind Way of denying of 20l. than Dr. JOHN's-SON did in the lending of it; and yet even that grudging (and but lent) Favour, the Generous Fido has own'd for the Gift of an Hundred Pound.

If the Welch-Levite thinks himself ill-treated in these Reflections, I'll prove the contrary by Fido's Letters and long Imprisonment, or at least as soon as Reverend Taffy is dispossest of that Dumb Devil that seiz'd his Tongue and Pen, that Moment that Fido was made a Prisoner, or (as 'tis never too late to repent) if Dr. JOHN's-SON will

yet own his Fault (for an ungrateful Man can never be too penitent) I will for ever conceal his *real Name*, and that *Parish Church*, of which he is now *Rector*; and for his old and try'd Friend Mr. *Fido* (to whom 'tis so easy to forgive an Injury, 'tis scarce a *Vertue*) he is ready to sign an *Eternal Act of Oblivion*, that very Moment he delivers him out of the merciless Hands of *Dice-Hewson*, which will be casting his Bread upon many Waters (a) for I am very sure, every Kindness he does to *Fido*, under his present Pinch, will meet with a noble Reward, when ever he's free of his *Jointure-Shackle*, but 'till that *Joyful Hour* arrives, except Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* (or some good Samaritan) will come and set *Fido* at Liberty, he will be forc'd to continue one of those becalm'd Vessels, that ride at Anchor in the Royal Fleet, in which he embark'd at so great an Expence (including rascally Bayliffs, hungry Attorneys, Prison Fees, and his constant Sickness occasion'd by a close Confinement) that he was forc'd to sell a Stock of Goods for 30*l.* that in a few Months (had he had his Liberty) would have paid not only *Dice-Hewson*, but all his Creditors, to a half Farthing. And so much shall serve to be spoke of that Humane *Dice* that *Hewson* vow'd to make of his Debtors Bones.

I'll next examine what mighty Kindness this *Dice-making* has done the Creditor, which cou'd not be much, when his bare arresting *Fido*, had given him the Frightful Character, of being the arresting Printer; but to confess the Truth, I don't see how he cou'd avoid dunning by Bailiffs (or those hungry Fellows we call Attorneys) for he set up with so small a Matter (the very Debt *Fido* owes him, being all claim'd by his Mother) that he ought to have dealt with none but *Cameleon Booksellers* (or such as live upon Air, without needing or giving of Credit) for 'tis clear, by his arresting of *Fido* for a small Debt before 'twas due, that he cou'd not from his first setting out in the World, give 60*l.* Credit without breaking, or at least without arresting those Men that imploy'd him (which is an infallible sign of a *Printing-Beggar*) so that (to his Honour I speak it) no Man can say *TOM Hewson* is broke, who had nothing (or next to nothing) to break off. Was ever such foolish and idle Management seen in a Printer, and one that (to do him Justice) is the best and quickest Compositor in all London (*Lee, Clare* and *Brudenel* only excepted) But whatever Knack *TOM Hewson* may have at Printing, 'tis certain he is no great Artist at making of *Humane-Dice*; for what mighty Credit his *Dice-making* has done him, let the Reader judge, when I assure him, that about two Years after *Fido* had been in Prison, *Dice Hewson* offers to release his Debtor for 20*l.* (viz. 10*l.* down, and 10*l.* a Year hence) and *Fido's* single Bond for the rest of the Money in five Years, and this after he had sued *Fido* to an Execution, which shou'd he die under, the Debt's discharg'd in Law, without the Payment of one Farthing: So that *Dice Hewson* has arrested *Fido*, and keeps him in Prison, to no greater Advantage but to render his Debt hazardous, which (were the Account stated, and a Bond

(a) Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

given (a) wou'd be fully secur'd by setting his Debtor at Liberty, and this great Probability that *Dice Hewson* is now under, of losing his whole Debt by a *Base Arrest*, is all that *Mighty Kindness* that the *one-ey'd Dend-Monger* has done to his Brother *TOM*, by vowing to make *Dice* of his Debtors Bones.

Oh rare Dice making! Oh fine Dice making! Oh excellent Dice making! Oh what mighty Honour, Pleasure and Profit comes of Dice making? For would you think it (Reader) *Dice Hewson* after vowing three Times to make *Dice* of his Debtors Bones, and keeping him two Years in Prison, now offers (as I said before) to release him for 20*l*. whereas had he taken the first Offer of 50*l*. he had been paid all his Money (within ten Pounds) above a Year since. — This *Thomas* comes of your sending a Goose from *Breniford*, to decoy an honest Debtor into the Hands of Foot Pads (alias Bailiffs)! This *Enoch* comes of your *Dice making!* — Reader don't such stupid and Cruel *Dice-Makers* deserve to starve? Who when they were offer'd good Security for a Debt that was not yet due, chose rather to make *Dice* of their Debtor's Bones, than give him one Year to pay the Debt. They must (forsooth) have *Humane Dice* to play withal. But I would say it, were I now dying, such *Canibals* are much fitter to swing at *Tyburn* (or to go to the *Poultry-Counter*, where I shall view *Some-Body*, shou'd *Tom Hewson* deny the Truth of one Syllable in this Narrative) this is the *Dice*, *Tom* and his *Undertaker* have been making for two Years of *Fido's* Bones; But I hope *Good* will come out of evil; for I can't but think, the merciless Cruelty of these Two Scoundrels will make way (by shewing the Justice of Mr. *A-gils's* Reasons) for a more extensive *Act* for Discharge of Debtors; for han't these *Dice-makers* Hearts of Brass, that endeavour to murder an honest Debtor by a *Scape-Warrant*, that is full as desirous to be out of Debt, as *Dice-Hewson* is to have him, and well he may, for this merciless Fellow has so destroy'd *Fido's* Health by a long Confinement, that I heard him say, were he now dying, he'd declare *Dice-Hewson* had been his Murderer; which vile Cruelty will no doubt bring a Curse on himself, and all concern'd in this merciless Treatment, for with what Face can that Man — Say the Lord's Prayer — Worship God in Religious Meetings — or Beg Mercy himself, that never shews any — nay seems to delight in Cruelty, as he still keeps his Debtor in Prison, and watches dayly to send him to *Newgate* (alias *Hell*) by a *Scape-Warrant*, when he knows in his Conscience the only Way to secure his Debt, is to take his Bond, and to set him at Liberty, a Bond now (after being damag'd by him 500*l*.) being all that he has to offer, 'till he pays all the rest of his Creditors, which with Faith and Patience, will be to their full Content.

(a) But without *Interest*, as 'twas a Debt contracted in Trade: And without paying a Penny of those needful and lavish Charges that attended his base and unjust Arrest, *Fido* telling him all along, that to arrest him was to do him 500*l*. Damage, and the only thing that cou'd prevent his paying the whole Debt in a few months.

From all which it appears, that *Fido* (both in a Prison and out of it) is a Man of that strict *Justice and Honour*, that he had much rather *starve*, than do a mean or unjust Thing. — Now after this, to hear a little *Printing-Critick* cry out, (perhaps to purchase some Copy of *Fido's* for half its Value, or rather to shew his little, base *Tory Spirit*, of insulting a *Whig* in Adversity) “ If *Fido* asks so high for his Copies, and is above writing for Bread, Why don't he pay his Debts? To this I answer (in Behalf of my honest Friend) all Money-Debts may properly be divided into — Debts of Honour, and Debts of Justice; by Debts of Honour I mean, Money that is lent to us, in great Distress, without any Respect to Trade or Profit, and with a solemn Promise it shall be the first Debt discharged — and by Debts of Justice I mean, Debts contracted in Trade, by which both Debtor and Creditor expected to make Advantage — Now of these Debts of Honour (tho' all *Fido* owes in the World is a Sort of Milk-score, compar'd with his own Estate) *Fido* owes just an Hundred Pound, which I'de say (were I now dying) ought in Honour and Conscience to be the first Money he pays; and I know, *Fido* is a Man of that strict Justice, that he does not receive a Penny (that he can spare from his necessary Subsistence, or that unavoidable Charge that attends his frequent Sickness) but it instantly goes to clear him of this Hundred Pound, and the very next Money he receives, after this Debt of Honour is fully discharged, he resolves, when the Sum amounts but to 50*l.* (which will be 5*l.* a piece to his several Creditors, exclusive of *Dice-Hewson*, who as he was the only Man that was so base to arrest him, ought in Honour and Justice to be the last paid) it shall be equally divided amongst his honest Creditors, as being a Debt of Justice, which he'll fully pay that very Moment his Affairs are enlarg'd, with much greater Joy than his most necessitous Creditor can be to receive it: And I think (Reader) a fairer and more exact thing can't be acted, than is *Fido's* Design of paying all his Debts — both of Honour and Justice — as soon as possible, which Possibility will be in his own Power, that very Moment that either Time or Death files off his Jointure-Shackle (which is more grievous to *Fido*, than the closest Prison, as it has kept him so long in debt) and that I think is a sufficient Answer to that Insulting Coxcomb, that lately said to honest D — v, “ If *Fido* asks so high for his Copies, and is above writing for Bread, Why don't he pay his Debts? Tho' at the same Time, 'tis much to be questioned, whether the Debts of this base Detraitor wou'd be as soon paid, were *Fido's* Land clear of that Dead-Weight that at present makes him insolvent; and 'tis yet more to be doubted, whether this Fellow's Bond (that that talks so much of other Folks paying their Debts) will go as far out of a Prison, as *Fido's* bare Word did, for the whole Time he traded, and has done, ever since his being a Prisoner, of which I cou'd give many Instances, but that of his generous Friend (Mr. *Robert Tookey*) giving *Fido* the same Credit in a Prison, as he did out it, may suffice for all. Then let it never be again ask'd, Why don't *Fido* pay his Debts? But rather let honest D — v (the Person to whom

whom those Words were spoke) put this Question to *Fido's* unknown Enemy, the next Time he sees him, "Sir, *Why don't you so far as the Part of a Christian, or at least of a Man, as to scorn to insult an honest Man in a Prison?* (but more especially *Fido*) who is so strictly (as well as nicely) just, that he divides all his Debts into, *Debts of Honour and Debts of Justice*, and resolves to pay all his Debts, according to the *Golden-Rule*, till he owes no Man any thing but Love. But to what Purpose shou'd this Question be put, to vindicate *Fido's* strict and impartial Justice, for shou'd poor Debtors be all *Nathaniels* (Men in whom there is no Guile) or were they all as strictly just (as the pious and immortal *Hales*) while they continue to owe any Thing, they'l have some Detractors nibbling at their Reputation, with a ——— *Why don't they pay their Debts?* ——— And some Creditors (as is seen by the Cruelty of *Tom Hewson*) will be making Dice of their Debtor's Bones, that very Hour they want their Money.

Thus I have largely prov'd, by the base Treatment that *Fido* has had from his merciless Creditor, *The great Justice and Charity there is in Mr. A-gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, I have also enforc'd *Mr. A-gil's Reasons* for shewing Compassion to insolvent Debtors, by detecting the miserable Case of *Dawley, Frith and Allen*, the last of which, with his two Sureties, had their Bones squar'd into *Humane-Dice*, to satisfy the Revenge of their merciless Creditor. Poor *Allen*! (and more unhappy Sureties) to be thus starv'd by a close Confinement, when a Month's Liberty might have paid your Debts! Why ye *Inhumane Dice-Makers*! look upon these three honest Men, that you have murder'd for twelve Pound, and learn to repent of your Cruelty; why ye hardened Butchers, Rocks and Stones relent (or shed Tears at least) at the Change of Weather, but nothing moves such *Cambals* as you, to the least Pity. I wou'd have such merciless Fellows as *Dice-Hewson*, go to the *Jews, Turks and Infidels* ——— to learn Compassion, or at least to do as they wou'd be done by. Was it not objected against *Job* by *Eliphaz*, as a Crime wherein he offended God? *Job* xxii. 6. *Thou hast not given Water to the weary to drink, and hast withholden Bread from the hungry.* Doth not the Holy Spirit by *Solomon* command, *Prov. xxv. 21. If thine Enemy be hungry, give him Bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him Water to drink.* Doth not *St. Paul* enjoin? *Rom. xii. 20. If thine Enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.* The most wicked and tyrannous Kings of the *Jews*, have allowed their Prisoners Maintenance, as *Abah* did to *Micajah*, 1 King. xxii. 27. *Take this Fellow says he (of Micajah) and put him in Prison, and feed him with Bread of Affliction, and with Water of Affliction, till I return in Peace: A Time prefixed for his Punishment.* And *Zedekiah* commanded, that they shou'd commit the Prophet *Jeremy* into the Court of the Prison, and that they shou'd give him daily a Piece of Bread out of the Baker's-street, until all the Bread in the City were spent, as we read, *Jer. xxxvii. 21.* which Allowance was made to him during the Siege of the City, and in a great Famine, which was an Act of greater Charity, than poor *Fido* has yet met with

From all which it appears, that *Fido* (both in a Prison and out of it) is a Man of that strict *Justice and Honour*, that he had much rather *starve*, than do a mean or unjust Thing. — Now after this, to hear a little *Printing-Critick* cry out, (perhaps to purchase some Copy of *Fido's* for half its Value, or rather to shew his little, base *Corp Spirit*, of insulting a *Wit* in Adversity) “ If *Fido* asks so high for his Copies, and is above writing for Bread, Why don't he pay his Debts? To this I answer (in Behalf of my honest Friend) all Money-Debts may properly be divided into ——— Debts of Honour, and Debts of Justice; by Debts of Honour I mean, Money that is lent to us, in great Distress, without any Respect to Trade or Profit, and with a solemn Promise it shall be the first Debt discharged — and by Debts of Justice I mean, Debts contracted in Trade, by which both Debtor and Creditor expected to make Advantage — Now of these Debts of Honour (tho' all *Fido* owes in the World is a Sort of *Milk-score*, compar'd with his own Estate) *Fido* owes just an Hundred Pound, which I'de say (were I now dying) ought in Honour and Conscience to be the first Money he pays; and I know, *Fido* is a Man of that strict *Justice*, that he does not receive a Penny (that he can spare from his necessary Subsistence, or that unavoidable Charge that attends his frequent Sicknefs) but it instantly goes to clear him of this Hundred Pound, and the very next Money he receives, after this Debt of Honour is fully discharged, he resolves, when the Sum amounts but to 50*l*. (which will be 5*l*. a piece to his several Creditors, exclusive of *Dice-Hewson*, who as he was the only Man that was so base to arrest him, ought in Honour and Justice to be the last paid) it shall be equally divided amongst his honest Creditors, as being a Debt of Justice, which he'll fully pay that very Moment his Affairs are enlarg'd, with much greater Joy than his most necessitous Creditor can be to receive it: And I think (Reader) a fairer and more exact thing can't be acted, than is *Fido's* Design of paying all his Debts — both of Honour and Justice — as soon as possible, which Possibility will be in his own Power, that very Moment that either Time or Death files off his Jointure-Shackle (which is more grievous to *Fido*, than the closest Prison, as it has kept him so long in debt) and that I think is a sufficient Answer to that Insulting Coxcomb, that lately said to honest D ——— v, “ If *Fido* asks so high for his Copies, and is above writing for Bread, Why don't he pay his Debts? Tho' at the same Time, 'tis much to be questioned, whether the Debts of this base Detraitor wou'd be as soon paid, were *Fido's* Land clear of that Dead-Weight that at present makes him insolvent; and 'tis yet more to be doubted, whether this Fellow's Bond (that that talks so much of other Folks paying their Debts) will go as far out of a Prison, as *Fido's* bare Word did, for the whole Time he traded, and has done, ever since his being a Prisoner, of which I cou'd give many Instances, but that of his generous Friend (Mr. Robert Tookey) giving *Fido* the same Credit in a Prison, as he did out it, may suffice for all. Then let it never be again ask'd, Why don't *Fido* pay his Debts? But rather let honest D ——— v (the Person to whom

whom those Words were spoke) put this Question to *Fido's* unknown Enemy, the next Time he sees him, "Sir, *Why don't you so far as the Part of a Christian, or at least of a Man, as to scorn to insult an honest Man in a Prison?* (but more especially *Fido*) who is so strictly (as well as nicely) just, that he divides all his Debts into, *Debts of Honour and Debts of Justice*, and resolves to pay all his Debts, according to the *Golden-Rule*, till he owes no Man any thing but Love. But to what Purpose shou'd this Question be put, to vindicate *Fido's* strict and impartial Justice, for shou'd poor Debtors be all *Nathaniels* (Men in whom there is no Guile) or were they all as strictly just (as the pious and immortal *Hales*) while they continue to owe any Thing, they'l have some Detractors nibbling at their Reputation, with a ——— *Why don't they pay their Debts?* ——— And some Creditors (as is seen by the Cruelty of *Tom Hewson*) will be making Dice of their Debtor's Bones, that very Hour they want their Money.

Thus I have largely prov'd, by the base Treatment that *Fido* has had from his merciless Creditor, *The great Justice and Charity there is in Mr. A--gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, I have also enforc'd Mr. A--gil's Reasons for shewing Compassion to insolvent Debtors, by detecting the miserable Case of *Dawley, Frith and Allen*, the last of which, with his two Sureties, had their Bones squar'd into *Humane-Dice*, to satisfy the Revenge of their merciless Creditor. Poor *Allen*! (and more unhappy Sureties) to be thus starv'd by a close Confinement, when a Month's Liberty might have paid your Debts! Why ye *Inhumane Dice-Makers*! look upon these three honest Men, that you have murder'd for twelve Pound, and learn to repent of your Cruelty; why ye hardened Butchers, Rocks and Stones relent (or shed Tears at least) at the Change of Weather, but nothing moves such *Canibals* as you, to the least Pity. I wou'd have such merciless Fellows as *Dice-Hewson*, go to the *Jews, Turks and Infidels* ——— to learn Compassion, or at least to do as they wou'd be done by. Was it not objected against *Job* by *Eliphaz*, as a Crime wherein he offended God? *Job* xxii. 6. *Thou hast not given Water to the weary to drink, and hast withholden Bread from the hungry.* Doth not the Holy Spirit by *Solomon* command, *Prov. xxv. 21. If thine Enemy be hungry, give him Bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him Water to drink.* Doth not *St. Paul* enjoin? *Rom. xii. 20. If thine Enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.* The most wicked and tyrannous Kings of the *Jews*, have allowed their Prisoners Maintenance, as *Abab* did to *Micajah*, 1 King. xxii. 27. *Take this Fellow says he (of Micajah) and put him in Prison, and feed him with Bread of Affliction, and with Water of Affliction, till I return in Peace: A Time prefixed for his Punishment.* And *Zedekiah* commanded, that they shou'd commit the Prophet *Jeremy* into the Court of the Prison, and that they shou'd give him daily a Piece of Bread out of the Baker's-street, until all the Bread in the City were spent, as we read, *Jer. xxxvii. 21.* which Allowance was made to him during the Siege of the City, and in a great Famine, which was an Act of greater Charity, than poor *Fido* has yet met with

with from *Dice-Hewson*, or than poor *Fleeters*, *Benchers* or *Minters* can ever expect from their merciless Creditors; tho' not only the *Jews* but also the *Barbarians* and *Gentiles*, have in all Ages used their Prisoners with Humanity, and have given them Allowance to live upon; for we find, 2 *King*. xxv. 26. and *Jer*. lii. 34. That *Evilmerodach* King of *Babylon*, allowed unto *Jehojakin* King of *Judah*, his Prisoner, a continual Diet, every day a Portion until the day of his Death, all the Days of his Life: And we read, *Acts* xxiii. 10, 35. *cap*. xxiv. 33. that *St. Paul* was well intreated by *Claudius Lysius*, and *Felix* the Heathen, Governors over the *Jews*, for they rescued him from the People, and let him have Liberty, and forbad none of his acquaintance to minister or come unto him, and after sent him to *Rome*, where he was suffered by the Heathen Emperor, the wickedest of Princes, *NERO*, to dwell by himself with a Soldier that kept him, *Acts* xxviii. 17. and his Friends allowed to come to him. And we read in the *Turkish History*, that the *Turks* do with Humanity entreat those Christian Prisoners of Quality, which they have either at *Galaca Pera*, or the black Rock, allowing them Competency of Maintenance, till they are ransomed or discharged, according to their Quality. Nay, we read in the Writings of *Vega* and *Acosta*, in their Relations of the *West-Indies*, that the very *Cannibals*, that live by eating of their Enemies do feed their Prisoners as fat as they can, before they devour them, using them with all Accomodation according to their barbarous Manner. But alas, such merciless Creditors as *Dice Hewson* wou'd have their Debtors live upon *Air* or *Lice*, and had much rather starve them and their hungry Families (as was before shewn in the Case of *Dawley*, *Friib* and *Allen*) than fill their empty Bellies, or give 'em Liberty to pay their Debts.

Surely those Creditors that are thus cruel, can never expect any Mercy themselves, or a Blessing on what they have left: Besides, the Imprisoning Mens Bodies for Debt, is against the Creditor's own Profit; for all Means of Satisfaction must arise either out of the Debtor's Credit, out of his Labour and Industry, out of the Good-will of his Friends, or out of his own Estate. And all things that deprive or disable the Debtor in any of these, do weaken and lessen his Means, and consequently tend to the Creditor's Prejudice and Disadvantage. Now the Debtor's Credit is lost, as soon as he is made a Prisoner; his Vocation, Labour and Industry, is denied by Imprisonment: And the Prison makes him become a Reprochate to all his able Friends; for they all forsake him (like Dr. *JOHN's-SON*) when he's cast into Prison. And Imprisonment no way enableth the Means for Payment of Debts, but doth absolutely consume the Debtor and his Estate, to the enriching of Lawyers, Keepers of Prisons, Bailiffs and Others: For besides the Prisoners most necessary Expences, for the Livelihood and Maintenance of himself, Wife and Children, while he lies in Prison, and the unavoidable Fees and Charges that he must undergoe; he is forc'd, by Reason of his Want, Extremity, and Restraint of Liberty, to trust Friends and Servants with

with the Sale of Lands, Chattels or Goods, and with Receipts and Payments of Money; by whom he is very often deceiv'd, cozen'd or rob'd, as by daily Experience is seen, not only to the Creditor's Prejudice, but many times to the overthrow of the Prisoner's Life. So that it is by daily Experience found, that many Debtors have offer'd at first to pay the *principal Debt*, or *Half*, or *more*, or *less*, as *their Estate and Means did then enable them*, who, after they have been cast into Prison, have been so far and so suddenly wasted, and consumed by *lesser Charges*, Fees and Sickness (as I prov'd before in the Case of *Fido*) as they have not been able to pay any Part of that which before Imprisonment they offer'd, and were able to perform, but have perished in Prison (as we see in the Instance of *Dawley*, *Frith* and *Allen*): And tho' it be true, that some Debtors have paid their Debts while they have been in Prison, yet they have been very few; nor were they enabled any way thereunto, by Imprisonment, but by some *accidental Estate* fallen unto them by Death of Father, Friend or Kindred, or by some Sale of Lands, or other Estate, that cou'd not be made sooner. For *Imprisonment of the Debtor's Body* no way enableth the Debtor to give Satisfaction: How preposterous and absurd is it then, to *cast the Debtor's Body into Prison*, where his Estate is wasted, his Credit spoiled, his Fortunes lost, his Body afflicted, his Life consumed, or *murdered*, and whereby the Creditor bars himself from all Remedy against his Estate for ever! Whenas the Debtor, tho he be not able to pay presently, yet, while he is at Liberty (as Mr. *A-gil* observes) he hath *his Credit, his Fortunes, his Friends and Endeavours, free; to raise a new Estate for the Payment of his Debts*.

But it is here objected, *That if the Debtor hath Estate and Means to maintain him in Prison, why doth he not pay the Debt, and clear himself out of Prison?*

Ans. For divers just and weighty Causes, *viz.* It is in general Reason presumed, That no Man can be so void of Understanding, or desperate of his own Life and Liberty, that he will lie in Prison all his Days, if (by any, tho' hard Conditions for Flesh and Blood to undergo) he may be delivered: For either to avoid the Shame Misery, and Danger of his Life, by Imprisonment, he will pay the Debt if he can. Therefore *Hewson's* refusing the *sol.* that *Fido's* Friend did at first offer, to keep him out of a Prison, was such a Piece of *Folly* as well as *Cruelty*, as proves he delights in *Dice-making*.

2. The Debtor when he is cast into Prison, hath seriously to consider, Whether the Payment of all his Estate will clear him, or not. For to pay all his Estate, for Part of his Debt, and perish in Prison for the Remainder. Or to pay all his Estate for the Principal Debt, and acknowledge a Judgment for the Interest and Forfeitures, whereby he must shortly come to Prison again: Or to pay all his Estate to the Creditor that hath cast him in Prison, and not have wherewith to pay others, who are ready to do the like. Or to pay all the Estate for a Debt doubled by Forfeiture, when

when he hath paid the greatest Part already, is no more than to starve himself in Prison, and consequently to betray his own Life; which the Law of God and Nature abhorreth. Of all these Reasons, the Creditor that cast him into Prison (who commonly hath the worst Debt, as is seen by the vile Cruelty of Dice Hewson) will take no Notice; but against his own Conscience, and Knowledge, and to colour his Cruelty, clamoureth and cryeth out falsely, That the Debtor is a Knave, a Villain; he hath Means to pay, but unconscionably lieth in Prison, and will not pay.

3. *The Imprisonment of the Debtor's Body, is the Creditor's Satisfaction, that keeps him in Prison.* I'll have all the Money down (said the merciless Hewson) or I'll make Dice of his Bones; which dying by Piece-meals, is the greatest Satisfaction that the Creditor can exact, and the dearest Payment that the Debtor can make: And the Creditor is thereby excluded from all Pretence against the Prisoner's Estate, and the Debtor can in no sort be truly said to keep or spend the Creditor's Estate in Prison; for if the Prisoner shall pay all his Means, and not be sure to get his Liberty thereby, he payeth the Debt double, and doth Injustice against his own Life.

Thus I have largely shewn, what *Humane-Dice* is made of the Bones of the honest Debtors; I have also prov'd by *The miserable Case of the three Men that perished in Jail*, and by *Mr. A--gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, that he that owes *Five hundred Pence* has as much right to our *Forgiveness* (or at least *Forbearance*) as he that owes but *Fifty*. And I hope the serious Paraphrase, that I have here made upon humane Dice-making, will have that good Effect, as to shew, *The Necessity and Justice of a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*; and may all British Prisoners (but more especially those Brave Men, that fought so well both at Sea and Land, during the War,) bear a Share in the general Jail Delivery as one Part of the Jubilees of this Happy Peace: And may all honest and generous Creditors, such as *Profflor, Hool, Sheaf, Grantham, Tooke, Snowden, Orme*, say AMEN to it. For sure I am, if this present Parliament makes *A more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, the Blessing of those that are ready to perish, will fall upon them and their Posterity after them; I say it again of those that are ready to perish, for

Amongst the most Criminal Perversors of the Law, the unmerciful Creditor exceeds all, exacting by the Law what can never be paid him, but satisfies his Malice or Revenge, in making a Man miserable for his Pleasure, he very well knows the Intention of the Law is, by depriving Men of Liberty and Reputation (two things so dear to all Men) they might be forced to pay their just Debts; but after such a Trial made, shou'd it appear that the Person is not able to pay, 'tis barbarous to detain such a one in Prison, for no good to themselves, but the greatest Injury to the Debtor it may (as was hinted before) keep him from the Means of repairing his broken Estate, by some good Providence he might meet with, in his Converse with the World, and in Time, by a more careful Industry, he may be in a Condition to pay something towards discharging the Debt, or at least

least to shew his Gratitude, and ingage him and his Posterity in their Prayers, to beseech God that he would repay them to the full; that which they wanted the Means to do: How much better is it to stand thus in Relation to poor Debtors, than by such cruel Treatment of one that is utterly unable to pay? You only show (as *Hewson* does to *Fido*) a malicious Wickedness, hateful to God and Man, renouncing in Effect both Humanity and Christianity; as Man, he should have Compassion, and as a Christian, he is commanded to be merciful, as his heavenly Father is merciful. By this Uncharitableness a Snare is laid, both for the Debtor and Creditor, of being surprized by Death in a very sad Condition; 'twill be a great Obstacle to the Debtor's heartily forgiving his Creditor, that (like *Fido*) daily feels the Effects of his Cruelty, but the Creditor most certainly loses his Soul, while he obstinately persists in such a Sin, as puts his own and Debtor's Soul in Danger, unless the Debtor by a sanctified Use of his Affliction, comes to such a Degree of Mortification as to esteem no Man his Enemy, but look to the Hand of God in whatever befalls him, and so he may possibly by his hearty Prayers to God, turn his Creditor's Enmity into Love, which may fit 'em both for Heaven, and then Death can't be unwelcome, that puts an End to all Contentions for the Things of this Life, which with just Reason shall have my Dying Farewel (in those Farewels to this Life and World, that I hope to finish in few Weeks).

And thus in a Serious Paraphrase upon Mr. *A-gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, I have endeavour'd to shew the Justice and Charity that there is, in a general *Fail Delivery*; I have call'd this Paraphrase *Humane-Dice*, as it presents the World with the true Phiz of a merciless Creditor, but more especially of *Dice-Hewson*, who now keeps *Fido* in Prison, for a Debt which is not yet due, nor will ever be so, if he dies in *Fail*; and therefore if my Remarks upon this Canibal, or upon Mr. *A-gil's Reasons for a more extensive Act for Discharge of Prisoners*, shall either excite a generous Pity in the Hearts of merciless Creditors, or (which is much better) shall encline this present Parliament to set all insolvent Debtors at Liberty. I will thank God on my bare Knees, that ever I knew *Fido*, and that his being a Prisoner put me (as it formerly did that ingenuous Fleeter *Moses Pit* (a) upon proving that *The releasing of insolvent Debtors, is an Act of the highest Justice and Charity*.

I cou'd have enlarg'd in the Character of *TOM Hewson* (and that of his Brother *DICE*) but I spare him, out of meer Pity (a thing he never shou'd to Man or Woman, save the Object of his L——) but tho' at present I conceal his Deeds of —— in *Long-lane* — His unwilling Trip to the P——try C——ter—— And his tr-ck-ng his bonest —— (for which he was forc'd to arrest him) yet if

(a) See a Book intituled, *The Cry of the Opressed*; writ by that eminent (and truly honest) Bookseller, *Moses Pit*, whilst he was a Prisoner in the Fleet, at the Suit of that notorious Knave *Adrian M-lls*.

he gives my Friend *Fido* any new Provocation (by denying any thing I have here writ) or don't set him at Liberty in few Days, I'll then publish his *R-bling C-rt-sh-p*, and *L-----d S-----fle* in *Long-lane*, which will not only confirm all I have said of his *Cruelty* (for what won't a *C-----ly* do, that will fight for a *C-----n W-----*) but will fairly prove, that nothing else cou'd be expected from such a *C-----ter Rat*, and *Humane Dicemaker*, but that *base and cruel Arrest*, that has made *Fido* a close Prisoner for two Years.

Reader-----I shan't publish this *K-----t E-----try*, with any Design to revenge that great Dammage that *Hewson* has done to *Fido*, by a long Imprisonment (tho' the Mischief he has done him, can scarce be repaid with 500*l.*) but only to shew the Necessity of such an *Act of Parliament*, as may either release the honest Debtors, or tie up the Hands of the *Wh-----ing* and merciless Creditors (I mean no Body in this Reflection, but such as shew their Guilt by wincing) from ruining Her Majesty's Subjects, by Extortions, Prisons and 'Scape Warrants; so that you see (Reader) the Publick Good is all I aim at in this Essay upon *Humane-Dice*; for as to my Friend, he does not expect to be deliver'd by *A more extensive Act for discharge of Prisoners*, he being no insolvent Debtor, but only a Prisoner to his *Wife's Jointure*: So that *Fido* under all his Losses, is still a Prisoner of Hope; 'tis true, Hope is at best but a waking Dream, or a Sort of Rattle, to keep a Prisoner quiet and easy, but as *Fido* desires no Favour that he han't already deserv'd, and won't hereafter requite, he can scarce be a Prisoner long, for *JOHN's-SON* and *SMIRK* can't but know, that *Fido* has no Children, and can if he pleases, give his *Whole Estate* to the next Man he meets, for tho' his Generous Spirit is ready to magnify Small Favours, yet all his Debts (both of Justice and Gratitude) will be paid with a small Matter; and for that Reason his Noble Friend Mr. William Lutwich lately said, "Mr. *Fido*, "tho you have already made me your Executor, I am willing you shou'd "make such a New Will as may make you easy; by which generous Consent, that *Fido* shou'd cancel his last Will, he has oblig'd him more than by all the Favours he ever did him, for tho' *Fido* will never desert his old, constant, and generous Friend (as others have basely done) yet the chief Value he puts on his own *Estate* is, that he can give or sell it to whom he pleases, and therefore (perhaps) it wou'd be as much Dr. *JOHN's-SON's* and Dr. *SMIRK's* Interest, as it wou'd shew their Gratitude, to set *Fido* at Liberty, seeing they may yet hinder *Hewson* from making *Dice* of his Bones, and are sure to oblige a Friend, that never did, nor never will desert 'em at a Dead-Lift: So that (as I said before) *FIDO* is a Prisoner of Hope. But except *JOHN's-SON* and *SMIRK* (by calling to Mind the solemn Word of a Priest) will voluntarily come and release him, or Friendly Death will knock off his *Jointure-Shackle*, he may (perhaps) ride at Anchor in the Royal Fleet, 'till his leaky Vessel (a) sinks into Native Clay,

(a) Alluding to *Fido's* Hereditary Distemper the Stone, and the many other Distempers that he has contracted by Means of a long and close Confinement.

or (in plainer English) 'till his Immortal Part *imbarks* for that *Glorious World*, where all that were *Honest Prisoners* on Earth, shall enjoy perfect and eternal Liberty, for (does not Saint Paul say) *The Creature shall be delivered from the Bondage of Corruption, into the glorious Liberty of the Children of God* (a). But tho' *Fido* expects no Deliverance from the *Fleet Prison*, but by the Means of some *grateful Friend* (b), or by the more merciful Hand of Death, yet that he may make both himself and other *Captives* easy, that like himself *are like to be Prisoners for Life*, he has (lately) writ a *Poem*, which he intitles, *The 'Scape Warrant*, or *A Satyr upon Liberty*; and with this *Cordial* (or Word of Comfort to his Fellow-Prisoners) I'll conclude my *Essay upon Humane-Dice*.

This Paradoxical Poem, was sent to the *Sword* in *New-street*, with a Request, that I'de *first revise and correct it*, and then publish it with this Title, *viz.*

(a) *Rom. viii. 21.*

(b) I call him a *grateful Friend* that delivers *Fido* from his present Imprisonment, as he has more Reason to expect his Inlargement from Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* and Dr. *SMIRK*, than from all his Acquaintance besides, for (Reader) you heard before in *page 23.* that *Fido* gave 500*l.* to help Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* out at a Dead-Lift, and Dr. *SMIRK* owns (in one of his Letters) *That he had been generously us'd by Fido for many Years*—— In another Letter he says, *He had been greatly oblig'd to Fido*—— And in a third Letter, he complements *Fido* so far, as to say, *He was his, in ten Thousand Obligations of Love and Service*; and Dr. *SMIRK* had good Reason to write in this grateful Manner, for he owes not only his *High-Church Reputation* to *Fido's* Fidelity, but his very *Chaplain's-Scaff*, to *Fido's* Guineas (as I hinted before in *page 32.*) that is, "*Fido lent Twenty Guineas to Collonel Fitz-G——, for which, all the Satisfaction he ever made him, was, to advance Dr. SMIRK to the Honour of being a Chaplain to the Marquess of ——, (now Duke of ——).*" So that you see (Reader) what great Reason *Fido* has, to expect his Deliverance from Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* and Dr. *SMIRK*; and I do say (for *Fido* is ready to prove it to both their Faces) that had either of 'em one Grain of *Common Honour, or Gratitude*, they cou'd not take a Wink's Sleep, whilst *Fido* continues a Prisoner.

The Scape-Warrant,

OR A

Satyr upon Liberty.

A Paradox,

g 2

Writ

Writ to comfort such *Gentlemen-Prisoners*, as expect no Jail-Delivery 'till Death comes and pays all their Debts; but design'd chiefly, for the Lashing of *Dice-Hewson*, and such merciless Creditors as have vow'd to make *Dice* of their Debtor's Bones.

By Mr. *John Fido*, a Prisoner in the Fleet, at the Suit of *Dice-Hewson*, an Undertaker in Cheapside,

The Introduction.

*A Fig for 'Scape-Warrants, all Men are confin'd,
In Body, in Pocket, or else in their Mind;
There is no 'Scape-Warrant, if Liberty be
A Sort of a Jail, to imprison the Free.
I had ne're been confin'd by Hewson's Arrest,
Had not Liberty first, made way for the Jest;
For Prisons are Jest, and ne're were design'd
For the Man that is honest in Body and Mind:
So that Liberty was the Prison to me,
For had I not rang'd, I still had been free;
Yet I live now at large, and so ever shall be:
For Prisons are free, and Liberty is
A Jail, a 'Scape-Warrant, to shackle our Bliss,
And more to be fear'd, than a Creditor's Phiz.
All this I have prov'd (a) and that none are confin'd
But such as are free, both in Body and Mind.
Did Creditors think this Paradox true,
That Prisons give Ease, and Liberty too.
The merciless Creditors (take it from me)
Wou'd open the Prisons, and all shou'd go free.
But Freedom is lost, where we Liberty have,
For the Self-Keeper is ever a Slave.
From the King on the Throne, to the Wretch that is fed,
They're Pris'ners to Vice, or Slaves for their Bread.
Ev'n Poets at large, are ty'd to a Link,
To rhyme in true Measure, or dribble Prose Ink.
And all Men are Bound, to speak as they think.
Except the Mad Jacks (b) who dispence with their Chain,
For all Men do so, that e'nt cool in their Brain.*

(a) In a Paradox entituled *The free Prisoner, or the Liberty of the Rules*; now ready for the Press, and will be dedicated to *Anthony Grindal Esq;* the present Warden of the *Fleet-Prison*.

(b) *Alias High-Flyers.*

Then foolish Creditors, where are your Wits,
 To talk thus of making Dice with your Writs
 For all your 'Scape-Warrants (tho' cruel they be)
 Enlarge us in Newgate (a) and there make us free.
 But why do I talk of Liberty given?
 When nothing is free, but what is in Heaven.
 For I'm going to prove, to the Men of good Sence,
 That all things are trap'd, from the Mouse to the Prince.
 For Liberty binds, and 'Scape-Warrants discharge;
 And thus I do prove this Riddle at large.

THE 'Scape-Warrant or a Satyr upon Liberty.

A Prison, or the Isle, are much the same,
 They only differ in Conceit, and Name.
 The Islanders are all in Prison pent,
 And none do live at Large o'th' Continent.
 For look, 'Scape-Warrants ev'ry where are sent.
 Each Mariner's a Prisoner in his Bark;
 The living World was prison'd in the Ark;
 The Sea it self, is to its Bounds confin'd;
 And *Aëolus* in Caves shuts up the Wind:
 Nothing in Nature has such vast Extent,
 But is imprison'd in its Element:
 As if 'Scape-Warrants were from Heaven sent.
 The mighty Prince (as well as little Mouse)
 Is trap'd (or prison'd) in his Royal-House:
 For don't his Guards secure, and keep him close?
 That Freedom is no Compound of our Bliss,
 The rugged Bosoms of the Great confess.
 The gilded Monarch's Sable stands within;
 His Glory to his Trouble's but a Shrine:
 His Cares, his Jealousies, Nocturnal Frights,
 Imbitter all his Joys, and false Delights,
 His toiling Head with Grief a Crown must bear,
 Whilst he still starts, and grasps to hold it there.
 And thus all Princes to this *Fail* we trace,
 They reign without, and are but Kings by Place.
 The Fish in Warray-Dungeons are inclos'd,
 Men, Beasts and Birds to Earth and Air dispos'd:
 If to enlarge their narrow Bounds they strive,
 The Fatal Freedom rarely they survive.
 MAN——can no more a Native Freedom boast,
 That Jewel ne'er was found, since first 'twas lost.
 All Liberty's a Drug——that must be ta'en
 Corrected——(Opium like) or else 'tis bane:
 A more Lethargick Quality's in her,
 Than ever yet in Opium did appear;

(a) The County-Fail, to which those Prisoners are sent, that are taken up in London with a 'Scape-Warrant.

Her

Her fatal Poyson to the Mind she sends,
And uncorrect in sure Destruction ends.

'*Scape-Warrants* are the Furnace that refine
Our Liberty, and make our Patience shine
('Tis these correct our Lusts, and Poyson shew in Sin.
Great Minds (like the *Victorious Palm*) are won't
Under the *Weights of Fortune* more to mount ;
Strongly suppress, and hurl'd upon the Ground,
Fill'd with sublimer Thoughts, they more rebound :
Still careless, whether Fortune smile or frown,
Whether she give or take away a Crown.

'*Scape-Warrants* neither fetter nor confound,
The Soul is more enlarg'd by being bound.
Hence the Heroick Mind makes no Complaint,
But *Freedon* does enjoy, even in Restraint :
When Chains and Fetters do his Body bind,
He then appears more *Free*, and less confin'd ;
Discord and Care, which do distract him here,
In Prison take their Leave, and come not there,
His *Summer-Friends* then take their last Adieu,
Who often swore, how faithful, and how true ;
Things their dishonest Bosoms never knew :
Yet such give *Lives and Fortunes*, 'twas the Strain
Of the *Addressers* in King *James's* Reign.

But let a *Friend or King* fall to decay,
Like *High-Church-Loons* they strait run all away,
(Let *Sal'sbury-Plain* attest to what I say).
Then if the lending Cash in Time of Need,
Be the true Touchstone of a Friend indeed,
My *Pious Kin* and bright *Orinda's* Friend (a)
Are all (but God) on whom I can depend.
But this I knew not, 'till I was confin'd,
('Tis Prisons only, shew the *faithful Mind*.)
No Friend comes there, but what is most sincere ;
'*Scape-Warrants* try the Friend that's *truly* dear ;
I mean the *Glo-worm Friend*, that noble Spark,
For he's the Friend that shines to me in ' Dark.
If any Joy to *real Friends* is sent,
It is most his, to whom it least was meant :

(a) *Viz.* The divine *Sabina*, the generous *Orinda*, the sincere *Guise*, the obliging *Townsend*, the constant *Lutwich*, the faithful *Pain*, the courteous *Wats*, and my old and dear Friend Dr. *Thomas Rolfe*, who offer'd to give me Money *twice*, whilst I was in Prison: And one of these *Winter-Friends* (*viz.* Mr. *William Lutwich*) added to his other Favours a Silver hilted Sword, which (as he gave it to me whilst I continu'd a Prisoner) I'll wear as Proof of his Generous Friendship, to my dying Day. Neither will I ever part with the *Silver-Headed Cane* presented to me in the *Fleet Prison*.

And

And Fortunes Malice betwixt both is crost,
For striking one, it wounds the other most.

Then, sure, 'Scape-Warrants give us Liberty,
That from Mistakes and Flaterers set us free;
These lock'd me faster than *Dice Hewson* can,
For every *Error* liv'd in, is a Chain.

But the 'Scape-Warrant sets the Prisoner free,
From Tempters, and the Vice of Flattery,
And every *Bond*, but that of Honesty.

What visit *Newgate* (cries the Flatterer)

Not I! no let him rot, *poor foolish Cur*,

I'll ne're carefs a starving Prisoner.

Proud Fool! t'ent Lands raise to a Wealthy Pitch,

Be but contented, you are truly rich.

He's poorer far, and still will have that Title,

That covets much, than that possesseth little.

For 'tis an empty *Mind* inflicts the Curse

Of Poverty, and not an empty Purse;

Which is the Devil, and nothing can be worse.

Except a *Summer-Friend*, that worst of evil,

For he's ungrateful, that's he's *twice a Devil*.

But tho' he's *rich* indeed, that is, content,

With a 'Scape-Warrant, the *Dice* that *Hewson* sent (a)

Yet want but Money, *tho' you were a Saint*,

Incarnate Angel, free from Pride and Paint,

You're *Foolish Cur* (or if a Woman, *B——ch*)

As if 'twere *Silver* cou'd the Soul enrich.

And here the 'Scape (b) obliges me to send

To such *Relations* as ne're *act the Friend*.

'Go to their House, or meet them in the Street,

'Tis then, "Dear *Kinsman* (and with Joy they greet)

"How have you done, I hope you're come to stay,

"What can you eat, you're welcome as the Day;

And twenty other tender things will say.

But be but *poor*, your Company they slight,

And one 'Scape-Warrant kills their Friendship quite.

Then who'd on Favour or on Words depend,

When there is no such Thing as *real Friend*?

No constant Love, no grateful Action due,

No Man that's *Profit-Proof*, nor Woman true:

Your *Friend* if wanted, shall soon weary prove,

Your *Mistress*, tempted, shall desert your Love.

(a) Alluding to *Dice-Hewson's* boasting to Mr. T—— that he did not doubt but to take *Fido* out of the *Rules* by a 'Scape-Warrant, he being very lately (tho' the Assertion was wholly false) within an Inch of taking him.

(b) Reader, by 'Scape or 'Scapes I only mean 'Scape-Warrants, both in this Line, and throughout the whole Poem. And

And cry but 'Scape, your very Kindred fly,
 Not knowing *Newgate* gives you Liberty,
 For 'till confin'd—*With you they'd live and dy.*
 But now Sir Dice is like to pick your Bone,
 They drop you quite—*For they must look at Home:*
 The common Cant of *Knaves* that have the Slight,
 To leave such Friends *as they can ne'er requite.*
 This is my Friend for ever, one wou'd think,
 Where Blood and Inclination ties the Link:
But all's Amusement, there's no Friend but Chink.
 For be it Father, Brother, Wife or Friend,
 Their great Endearments with your Money end.
 The Man that sav'd the City, being poor (a)
 Tho' he was *honest, wise* and something more,
 Is not Remember'd at the Rich-Man's Door.
His empty Pockets, Debts, and ragged Plight,
 Put the whole City into such a Fright,
 They fly their wisest Man, as a most dismal Sight.
 Tho' wise he's poor, which made his trembling Friends
 Think him some Frightful 'Scape (or Carnal Fiend).
Sure Poverty is some incarnate Ghost!
 It scares the Sinner much, but frights the Godly most.
 For JOHN'S-SON and SMIRK, altho' two Men of Prayer (b)
 They dare not view the Fleet, where starving Debtors are;
 For fear that frightful Ghost, lean Poverty shou'd start,
 In Fido's Looks and Tears, and so affect their Heart.
 And for their Eyes, they'd much afflict 'em too,
 To see how false they were, to one that was so true;
 Thus Debt has made a Ghost of Fido's Looks and Mien,
 That frights his Summer-Friends, or such as love for Gain.
 Yet Fido's most sincere, and never lov'd by Art,
 For where he gave his Word, he always gave his Heart.
 Then blessed be the 'Scape, tho serv'd but now and then,
 It justly lashes Vice, and does distinguish Men.
 For Shadows vanish when the Sun is set,
 And so do Summer-Friends ith' Night of Debt.
 So that 'Scape-Warrants serve but to extend
 Our Liberty, and shew the faithful Friend.
 They may confine, but have no Shackle-Charge,
 Can that be Bondage where the Soul's at large?

(a) Eccles 9. 14. There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: 15 Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. 16 Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless, the poor mans wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.

(b) By two Men of Prayer is here meant, two Clergymen.

When

When fixt in *Newgate*, Fancy there shall be
My skilful Coachman, and shall hurry me,
Thro' *Heaven and Earth*, and *Neptunes watry Plain*,
And in a Moment drive me back again.

The *Diceing-Writ* is a misterious Twine,
It seems indeed our Freedom to resign,
But all the *Shackle* is but to refine.

'Tis true, 'Scape-Warrants make us *Newgate Birds*
But Birds do sing, altho' their Cage is furr'd,
And that's a *Freedom* which kind Heaven affords.
'Tis Heaven! Where we are freed from flattering-Vice,
That *Filthy-Shackle*, worse than *Newgate Lice*.

Oh blessed *Newgate*, (a) where 'Scape-Warrants be,
An Act from Heaven it self, to set us free.

Newgate's a Sort of Cell, or *Nebo-Stand*
Where *Hermit-Pris'ners* view the Holy Land:
Then Summer-Friends, (b) eternally farewell,
I will no more with fawning Adders dwell,
(For 'twas by those, that great Lord Tymon fell).

(a) Reader, you won't wonder at this Expression [*Oh blessed Newgate*] when I tell you, that *Alderman Cornish* (that Morning he was executed) coming into the Prefs-yard, and seeing the Halter in the Officer's Hand, he said, *Is this for me?* The Officer answer'd, *Yes* he reply'd, *Blessed be God*, and kissed it; and after said; *Oh Blessed be God for Newgate; I have enjoy'd God, ever since I came within these Walls, and blessed be God, who hath made me fit to dye: I am now going to that God that will not be mocked, to that God that will not be impos'd upon, to that God, that knows the Innocency of his poor Creature.* Then speaking to the Officers, he said, *Labour every one of you to be fit to dye, for I tell you, you are not fit to dye: I was not fit to dye my self, till I came to Newgate, but O blessed be God, he hath made me fit to dye, and hath made me willing to dye! In a few Moments I shall have the Fruition of the Blessed Jesus, and that, not for a Day, but for ever.* — Then the Officers going to tie his Hands, he said, *What must I be ty'd then? Well, a Brown-Thread might have serv'd the Turn, you need not tie me at all, I shall not stir from you, for I thank God, I am not afraid to dye.* As he was going out, he said, *Farewell Newgate, farewell all my Fellow-Prisoners here, the Lord comfort you, the Lord be with you all.* — Reader, these being *Alderman Cornish's* own Words, (formerly a Prisoner in *Newgate*) I suppose you'll not blame me now, for saying [*Oh blessed Newgate*] or think I have said any thing off the Advantage of being confin'd to *Newgate* (by a 'Scape-Warrant) but what *Russel, Cornish, Bateman*, and other serious Prisoners have found to be Matter of Fact.

(b) By *Summer-Friends* is here meant Dr. *John's-son* and Dr. *Smirk*, the *Welch* and *Irish* (alias *Athenian*) Priest, mention'd in page 33. — Reader, If you are curious to know who this *John's-son* and *Smirk* is, I must acquaint you, they are two Clergy-men (or else No-Bo-

But, now I think on't, Need I bid you go?
 When Fortune flies, you freely will do so.
Newgate was never fill'd with *Summer-Friends*,
 Prisons and 'Scapes detect their selfish Ends;
 They worship the rising, not the setting-Sun,
 When Houses fall, the Vermin quickly run.
 Then *John's-son* and *Smirk*, are greatly in the right,
 Never to visit, where they won't requite.
 They never were but *Summer-Friends* at best,
 Two *Trencher-Snakes* or rather *Swallow* Guests,
 That fly in Winter, and still Love in Jest.

When Fortune shin'd, *Dear Sir* (a) was then the Word,
 Come oft, Come borrow what my House affords:
 But now my Sun is set, they han't to lend,
 They are but just the Shadow of a Friend:
 Ev'n *Newgate* gives, what they refuse to send.
 Nay Doctor *Smirk*, for I'll appeal to you,
 (As much the best and kinder Priest oth' two)
 If *Johnson* en't a *Tunk* or hardened Jew.
 The Story's this——(I'll tell't without Design)
 For there is Truth in 'Scapes, as well as Wine.
 I once gave *Guineas* (b) to this base Ingrate,
 To plead upon——(that's court a wealthy Mate);
 The *Virgin* won——'Tis sad to be oblig'd,
 Cry'd Dr. *John's son*, tho' he knew he ly'd;
 For he had sunk (c) had I my Purse deny'd.

dy) that being gal'd, may happen to show their Guilt; but who they really are, shall remain an eternal Secret, except (by wincing) they discover themselves: All I design by attempting the Character of Dr. *John's-son* and Dr. *Smirk*, is, to draw the true Phiz of two ungrateful Priests, in a Romantick Picture. So that Dr. *John's-son* and Dr. *Smirk*, are (or are not) in Being, just as the Painter pleases.

(a) By *Dear Sir* is only meant,——that Change of Fortune changes Friends; for Dr. *John's-son* was no sooner advanc'd to a good Estate, and *Fido* imprison'd, but he turn'd his *Dear Sir* (upon which Subject he writ an ingenious Letter) or *Infinitely dear* and *Most honoured Father* (for so he call'd me, in several Letters) into plain *Sir*, and now attempted to unmake (or lessen) all the Favours I ever did him, which he had often said, "He cou'd never sufficiently requite."

(b) The Sum I gave to Dr. *John's-son*, was 500*l.* of which you have a very remarkable Account in page 40. to which I refer the Reader.

(c) Dr. *John's-son's* Circumstances at this Time, were so dangerously out of Order, that he can never forget that the very Reason why he wan't now in a Prison, was my very credulous Friendship to him at first, and therefore told me, (in the Time of my Prosperity) that if 150*l.* wou'd do me any Kindness, he'd be bound for it, when I pleas'd.

But

But when I ask his Help, he is posselt
 With a *Dumb-Dev'l*, (or some Infernal Guest)
 That stops his Ears, and steels his very Breast.
 The very Hint of *Fido's* being confin'd,
 By a '*Scape-Warrant*', (made to try a Friend)
 Struck the *Welch-Priest* both deaf and almost blind (a).
 Such *Spaniel-Friends* no sooner reach the Shore,
 But shake that Water off, that brought 'em ore:
 Nay *John's-son* said (like an ungrateful Fiend)
 That no *Affliction* did so vex his Mind,
 As *Fido's* over-adding what was kind.
 For I became that *Wheel within a Wheel*,
 That gave the *Rise* to all his future Weal:
 For 'twas my *Angel* (b) brought him to the Place
 Where he cou'd raise his Fortune Twenty ways.
 And Instruments of good, tho' ne'er so mean,
 Shou'd always have our *first and best Esteem*,
 Then what a *Miser's Heart and Face of Brass*,
 Must *John's-son* have, that says — *I pick his Purse*
 When I ask him to lend *Poor Twenty Pound*,
 To save his *only Friend* (c) from being drown'd.
 Lord! — In what guilty Age does *Fido* dwell,
 For be a *Hales* (or true *Nathaniel*)
 If *poor* — they'l say you *shuffle, lye or steal*.
 But if the '*Scapes* do bind but to enlarge,
 What signifies this *false and spiteful Charge*?
 For I have prov'd (d) (tho' 'tis a daring Stretch)
 That *Newgate* and '*Scape-Warrants* make us rich:
 That to be poor, confin'd, want Bread to eat,
 Is to be rich, enlarg'd and very great.
John's-Son I know denies this Paradox,
 For he caresses none but *Golden-Folks*.
 This *Summer-Friend* has told me o're and o're,
 That *Wickedness* dwells in the thing that's poor:
 How wicked then was *Dick* (e) how vile his Pate?
 When *empty Pockets* was his whole Estate.

(a) Alluding to his long and most ungrateful Silence to all the Letters I sent to him, requesting him to assist me (as I did him) at a *Dead-Lift*.

(b) Alias *Post-Angel*, the Title of a Journal that I publish'd Monthly, and at last surrender'd to Dr. *John's-son*, out of meer Compassion to his necessitous Circumstance.

(c) For so *Fido* was always call'd, as long as *John's-Son* continu'd to think that — *Infinitely dear, and much honoured Father* — was a Title that his many generous Services had deserv'd from him.

(d) In page 57

(e) Alias *Richard*, Dr. *John's-Son's* Christian-Name, who is the Person here meant by *Dick*.

When honest *Stitch* (a) had much less Faith than Sense,
 When *Don Coblero* (b) wou'd not trust for Pence;
 When ne're a Grinder in his Mouth cou'd stir,
 Had not my Credit been the *Caterer* (c).
 When he had been no Priest, * but to a Jail confin'd,
 (By Printer, *Stitch*, and those that Paper find)
 Had not my *Bond* been ev'ry thing that's kind.
 But this is all forgot, for Favours quickly sink,
 That en't 'scape-Warrant Proof, or still upheld by Chink.
 But there's no Chink in Jail, for to do *John's-son* right,
 A Friend in Pris'n, wou'd be a *Phoenix-Sight*.
 For *Dick* has caught the Fish, and like a Summer-Friend,
He nothing has to say, nor nothing has to lend.
 Such, when they won't a noble Friend requite,
 Unmake his Favours, and his Credit smite;
 From all such Friendship, in Adversity,
Good Lord deliver——is my *Letany*;
 For, 'tis as false as *John's-son* was to me.
 But as I never was a Summer-Friend,
 For (*Bull-Dog like*) just where I catch I hang:
 I do so love the Man, with all his Paint,
 Id'e give my *all*, to make the *Priest* a Saint
 Or *Real Friend* (the only Thing I want.)
In Love and Friendship——(I may truly say't)
He never lov'd, whoever makes Retreat.
 Then may e'en *JOHN'S-SON* live 'till he repent;
 And with that *Farewel* I shall rest content:

(a) My truly honest and generous Taylor, Mr. B—— is here
 meant, who gave Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* Credit for a Suit of Clothes,
 upon the good Character I gave of him, but *John's-son* not paying
 him in Four Years, he had been arrested, had I not engag'd to *honest*
Stitch, to see him paid in Six Months, in case *John's-son* did not
 clear his small Debt of Four Pounds by that Time.

(b) The Frenchman to whom I engag'd for *John's-son's* Diet for a
 Twelvemonth, and promis'd to see it paid, tho' he sho'ud trust him to
 40*l.* and without that voluntary Promise which was the first Inlet
 to his present Prosperity, he had never come to *London*, but had
 continu'd to this Day (to use his own Expression) in that wicked
 Circumstance of *being Poor*.

* Alluding to his *Inability* to bear his own Charges to that remote
 Place, where he intended to be ordain'd, had not *Don Coblero* lent him
 Six Pounds upon my Bond.

(c) By *Credit* and *Caterer* is meant, that considerable Sum of
 Money I was bound for, at Dr. *John's-son's* Request, upon his lea-
 ving *London* to settle in *Wales*, and which was not paid many
 Months before my Imprisonment, so that I continu'd bound for
 it several Years without shewing the least Uneasiness.

But
 For

For I so much this *Summer-Friend* admire,
 His Matchless Sense, and true Poetick Fire.
 I wou'd at last in his *Learn'd Arms* expire.
 But this can never be whilst I in *Newgate* lie,
 Confin'd by 'Scapes, or *DICE's* Cruelty;
 Confin'd by 'Scapes! no 'Scapes give Liberty.
 For ha'nt I prov'd that 'Scapes enlarge the Mind?
 Can he be *Bound* whose *Soul* is not confin'd?
 Or *Poor* in *Purse* that is content in Mind?
 Then let no Man my *Prison Fate* condole,
 For all the World is pictur'd in a Soul,
 That's room enough, and Souls keep strict *Parole*.
 Besides 'Scape Warrants serve a noble End,
 They shew the Trencher-Snake from real Friend.
 I've given amazing Instances of this,
 In *John's*-son, *Smirk*, and in that *Ghost Distress*:
 Nay more, 'Scape's Physick by an Angel brought,
 To purge both Soul and Body too from Fault.
 By these I'm fasted to a walking Thought.
 Then who dare say that 'Scapes do me confine,
 When they both Soul and Body too refine,
 Till both repent and so become divine.
 For nothing *Frees* us quite but Grief for Sin.
 If 'Scapes do give such perfect Liberty,
 From *Hewson Vice*, and tricking Flattery,
 'Till fix'd in *Newgate* I shall ne'er be free.
 So many things do the *Kind 'Scape* advance,
 Were I confin'd in *Transports* I wou'd dance.
 I'm *English* born (that's love true Liberty;) }
 And to be free indded, I wou'd in *Newgate* die.
 Then prethe *Dice*, before Tomorrow send
 Some 'Scape or *Trap*, that I may now extend
 My Liberty ——— and know my real Friend.
 My Soul and Body is-above arrest;
 Then, now to call me *Prisoner* is a Jest.
 None but a Fool or *Knave* wou'd me confine,
 Who always pay that Minute I have Coyn.
 I chalenge *Tom*, (d) and all the World to say,
 I ever *Trick'd* or wrong'd a Man in pay.
 But as he ties my Hands from being just,
 I'll pay him last that else had been the first.
 Confine him, cry'd the *Gothams* (e) in a Fret:
 Confine me! (will a *Prison* pay the Debt?)
 Ye *Dicing Brutes*, is Cruelty your Sport!
 Well I forgive! but will requite you for't.
 Confine me! none can *Shackles* put on me,
 If the 'Scape Warrant gives me Liberty.

(d) *Tom Hewson* my arresting Creditor is here meant.

(e) *Tom Hewson's* Advisers

What

What tho' no Servants round about me stand;
 Yet are my *Passions* all at my Command:
Reason within me shall sole Ruler be,
And every Sense shall wear her Livery,
Lord of my self in Chief ——— when they that have
 More Wealth, make that their *LORD* which is my *SLAVE*.
 And for my Wish, 'tis easy to fulfil,
 I make the Limits of my Power the Bounds unto my Will,
 And thus 'scape Warrants free a Thousand Ways,
 They tie our Legs but can't confine our Grace;
 That Man is free who shews an honest Face.
Then welcome Jail, confine me o're and o're,
Enlarge my Soul, but Double lock my Door,
 Left I perchance get Riches and be poor.
 Come Wealth, come Rags, 'tis much the same to me,
 If the 'scape Warrant gives me Liberty,
 I can't be poor if Newgate makes me free.
Poor! No he that's drag'd into a Prison,
 If he's content enjoys a double Heaven.
 For in Content such double Freedom is,
 'Tis both the Heaven of the other World and this.
 Oh rare 'scape Warrant, who'd not wish to be
 In a close Jail if Newgate sets us free,
 And 'tis Content that gives this Liberty,
 Thus have I prov'd 'scape-Warrants but discharge,
And that the Prisoners are the Men at large;
 That Liberty traps all things that have Sense,
 Confines the Mouse, the Subject and the Prince,
 And that in Prison Freedom does commence.
 Then *Thomas* (f) send thy *Hague* (g) and *Hewson* (h) too,
 Thy *Hungry Lawyer*, (i) and thy *Spy* (k) the Jew,
 For I defy thy whole arresting Crew.
 I'm arm'd with Patience, and above thy Spite;
 'Tis the 'scape-Warrant that must free me quite.
 Being thus resign'd no Writ can fetter me;
 For there's no Shackle where the Mind is free.

(f) The Printer to whom I owe 60*l.* when the Goods he sent to me are sold, or I receive *Jane N*———s Rents, and not before, as I am able to prove under his own Hand.

(g) The Baliff that first arrested me.

(h) The blind (or one ey'd) *Dead-Monger*, that vow'd to make Dice of my Bones.

(i) That foul-mouth and abusive At——y, whose wife Advice *Hewson* pursu'd, to no better Purpose but to force me (by a close Confinement) to sell those Goods for 30*l.* that had I had Liberty to dispose of 'em (in that Way I design'd) wou'd have paid all my Debts.

(k) The *Judas* that discover'd my being in Town in order to get me arrested.

'scape

'Scape Warrants make no Dice, nor can the Mind
 By Shackle, Jail or Dungeon be confin'd:
 Or if it cou'd, my Soul will still be free,
 Nor ask *Dice Hewson* leave for Liberty.
 What ask a *Blood-bound* for Humanity!
 No, *Hewson* vows ——— *My Bones shall make him Dice: (l)*
Poor Fool! arrest and starve thy hungry Lice;
 Such Fops as thee I perfectly dispise.
 You *Undertake* (m) to bury Bones that fall;
 Must you have *Living Dice* to sport withall?
 My Bones are much too hard for such a *Canibal*.
My Bones your Dice! You proud insulting *Noose*, (n)
 I've kept your Betters much to wipe my Shoes;
 And shall do so again when Fortune smiles,
And she is dawning now from Twenty Hills. (o)
 Then *Hewson* if you'd be my Friend indeed,
 To your *Arresting Favour* now proceed,
 To get a Warrant, ——— 'Scape they do it name;
For Country Jail and Liberty's the same.
 Your Pris'ner *Dunce!* there's none such Freedom have,
 As Men confin'd to Prison or a Grave:
 For that must be a Free and blessed *Dome*,
Where none but Friends carefs, and Angels see us home. (p)
 Then Fellow Prisoners never sneak nor run
 From the 'Scape-Warrant, tho' 'tis Martyrdom.
 But (maugre Jails) think shortly you must die,
 And then enjoy an endless Liberty.
 Death will redeem from long Captivity.
 Man's Life's a Piece, spun of a various Thread,
 In some 'tis *Fine*, in some a *Courser* Web;
 The Threads across (th'Occurrences of Fate)
 Cut early from the Loom (by Death) or late.
 The Dread of Kings (Death) shou'd not us dismay,
 To die's less than be *Hewson'd* (q) every Day.
 Then no 'Scape-Warrant e're shall bully me,
Since close Confinement gives me Liberty,
 And when I die, I am for ever free.

(l) See this attested before by Mr. *Taylor* and Mr. *Axe*.

(m) Alluding to *Dice Hewson's* being an Undertaker for the Interment of dead People.

(n) I call him *Noose*, as 'tis to *Hewson's* Cruelty I owe my present Confinement.

(o) By *Twenty Hills*, I only mean the many Windfalls, I daily live in Expectation of, besides the full Possession of my own Birth-right.

(p) And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the Angels into Abraham's Bosom, Luk. xvi. 22.

(q) i. e. Dun'd.

The Spiritual Observer.

The serious Remarks I shall make upon this Poem, intituled — *The Scape Warrant, or a Satyr upon Liberty*, shall be such as I hope may be a Divine Cordial to all Prisoners confin'd for Debt, but more especially such, that (like honest *Fido*, the Author of this Paradox) expect *No Deliverance from Prison, 'till Death comes, and pays all their Debts.* 'Twas a Saying of the great *Montaign*, "Not being able to govern Events, I endeavour to govern my self." And I perceive, *Fido* expecting the utmost Spight that *Dice-Hewson* can shew to him by a *'Scape-Warrant*, he resolves (tho' it shou'd confine him to *Newgate* for Life) to be easie under it; and I think *Fido* is much in the right, not only as his present Confinement is a base Act of Injustice, but as a free Resignation of our selves to the Divine Will, is the Duty of every Christian; and for that Reason, when *Fido* is in any Danger (whether it be of a *'Scape-Warrant*, or any other Felicity, that the mistaken World calls Misfortune) he does not so much consider, how he shall escape it, as of how little Importance it is, whether he escape it or not: Shou'd I be sent to *Newgate* (says *Fido*) by a *'Scape-Warrant*, what matters it? for Ple then prove,

That County-Jail and Liberty's the same.

And thus (*Fido*) not being able to govern Events, he endeavours to govern himself, as knowing, *A Man never taken in Passion, is a Mark of the sublimest Reach of Wit*, seeing thereby he puts himself above all vulgar Impressions.

*When all are conquer'd, greater Glory's won,
If by himself, the Conqueror's outdone.*

'Tis certainly the greatest of Dominions, to rule ones self and Passions: This is indeed the Triumph of Free Will; for my own Share, I freely own, few Passions break my Sleep, but of Deliberations, the least will do it: I love Misfortunes that are purely so, that do not torment and teiz me, with the Incertainty of their growing better.

*Dubia plus torquent mala (a).
Doubtful Ills do plague us worst.*

The Fear of a Fall astonishes me more than the Fall it self; *Ill Luck* (quoth the *Frenchman*) is good for something. Then shall we wonder to see *Fido* writing a Satyr on (what we call) *Liberty*, or proving that — *The real Prisoners are the Men at large* — for (as *Fido* observes)

(3) *Seneca's Agamemnon.*

And

—He that's drag'd into a Prison,
If he's content, enjoys a double Heaven.

And this Paradox (as *Fido* observes) is verified in all things that are trap'd (or imprison'd) from the mighty Prince, down to the little Mouse. For first, as to *Greatness of Place*, tho' it is fit and necessary that some Persons in the World should be in Love with a *Splendid Servitude* (or *Royal Prison*) yet certainly they must be much beholden to their own Fancy, that they can be pleas'd at it, for he that rises up early, and goes to Bed late, only to receive *Addresses*, to read, and answer Petitions, is really as much ty'd and abbridg'd in his Freedom, as he that waits all that Time to present one: And what Pleasure can it be, to be encumber'd (or rather imprison'd) with Dependances, throng'd and surrounded with Petitioners? And those perhaps, sometimes, all *Suitors for the same thing*; whereupon all but one will be sure to depart grumbling, because they miss of what they think their due: And even that one, scarce thankful, because he thinks he has no more than his due. In a Word, If it is a Pleasure to be envied and shot at, to be malign'd standing, and to be despis'd falling, to endeavour (that which is impossible, which is) to please all, and to suffer for not doing it; then is it a Pleasure to be Great, (or a *Royal-Prisoner*, for *Courts and Prisons* are synonymous Terms) and to be able to dispose of Men's Fortunes and Preferments. So that 'tis not the being a Prince by Birth or Fortune, but the being contented with our present Circumstances, (be it a Prison or be it a Palace) that gives the Liberty. I confess it looks Paradoxical, to say a Prince is shackled (especially if he be a Tyrant who governs by no other Law than that of his own Will) but as strange as it looks, 'tis Matter of Fact, and for that Reason several wise and learned Men have despis'd Grandeur and Riches. *Seneca* esteem'd himself happy in his Exile, the Penury that attended him, contributed to his Quiet, He thought he had lost his troublesome Business, not his Goods, when they spoil'd him of his Wealth; and that by a happy Mischief he had recover'd his Liberty, in being deprived of the Care of preserving his Riches. And *Diogenes*, observing a poor Fellow looking in at his Window, as he was hiding some Bags of Money, cry'd out to him, Here Friend come and take the Money (as I see you intend it) that I may enjoy my Quiet and Freedom again.— And therefore, I don't wonder to hear *Fido* say,

Come Wealth, come Rags, 'tis much the same to me.

For the Poor live securely, as Fortune is not their Landlady they fear not her Displeasure, we must own according to *Seneca's* Opinion, that *Fabritius* is happy in his Poverty, that *Rutilius* is content in his Banishment, that *Fido* is a Freeman by despising of 'Scrape-Warrants; and that *Socrates* is not miserable, in letting in Death by tedious Draughts. Calamities astonish only Men of ordinary

Spirits, and he must be ignorant of the Condition of Humane Life, who fears or flies the Miseries that attend it. (*Fido* says)

Be but contented, you are truly rich.

And I own with him, That our *Freedom* is that Place where we live contented, (whether it be in *Newgate* or in the open Air) our *Felicity* depends on us, and not on our Habitation: Then it is to little Purpose to confine us, since to what Prison soever we are sent, we bear about us our *Virtue and Contentment*, which ought to make all our Happiness: 'Tis true *Fido* tells us, that his Summer-Friends (such as *John's-son* and *Smirk*) look on *Poverty* as a frightful Ghost: but I think these two Reverend Gentlemen, by being so afraid to visit their old Friend in a Prison, not only scandalize their sacred Function, but shew themselves to be Men of a very mean, base and ungrateful Spirit, for *Poverty* (as frightful as some think it) is not insupportable, but to them that think it so; the Imagination makes the greatest Part of their Torments, — Men must be abused by the Noise of the People, to be sensible of it; and be ignorant of necessitous Contentments, to be afraid of their Condition. If we will take the Pains to frequent the Habitations of the Poor, we shall see that there is nothing frightful in them, but the Name they bear: That Joy covers the Faces of most of their Guests, that they dispute Tranquility of Mind with the Rich, and that without being loaden with the Cares which disturb the Wealthy; they taste Life's Sweetness with Delight, but the Rich are unhappy in the midst of Pleasures, Calamities beset them on all Sides, their Treasures are their Troubles; and as they got them by Labour, they possess them with Fear, and lose them with Sorrow: Then why shou'd *John's-son* and *Smirk* (a) shun *Poverty* as a frightful Ghost, when 'tis evident *Riches* have wings (b) and (being the Moveables of Fortune) are not to be reckon'd any Part of our Wealth (or among the Number of our Goods, or good Things) for The true Goods of a Man, are (say the *Stoicks*) Immoveable and Immutable, can neither be plundered nor sequestred; a Man's true Wealth is always imbarqued in the same Bottom with himself: So that *Poverty*, is no such frightful Ghost as the mistaken World takes it for. And therefore I cou'd wish (with *Fido*) that ev'ry one that comes to Prison (or is confin'd by a *Warrant*) wou'd not be dejected, but carry it bravely and with Resolution.

(a) *John's-son* quasi *John's Son*, as was hinted before in page 44. and the Name of *Smirk* owes its Rise, to a Book writ by the celebrated *Marvel*, intituled *Mr. SMIRK*, or the Divine in Mode.

(b) Labour not to be rich, Cease from thine own Wisdom — Wilt thou set thine Eyes upon that which is not? For Riches certainly make themselves Wings, they fly away as an Eagle towards Heaven, Prov. xxviii.

——— For none can be unhappy who
 'Mongst all his Ills, a Time does know,
 Tho' ne're so bad, when it will not be so.

}

After Storms Calms will arise, tho' Sorrow may endure for a Night, yet Joy will come in the Morning; no Misery in this World is endless; then every Captive ought to say, as *Cæsar* did to the Pilot that carried him, when he was afraid (quoth he)——— *Thou carriest CÆSAR.*——— So the 'Scape-Prisoner ought to be arm'd with Resolution, to meet all Storms of Adversity, and to consider that Man was born to Sorrow, and therefore natural to him; neither can he be said to be poor, that is content, or to be bound, whose Soul is not confin'd: For as the Pious *Arntius* observes, (a) " There is a Divine Amplitude of Spirit, whereby the Soul is set free from the worst of Servitudes, and entituled to the best of Liberties: And this unconfin'd Freedom of Spirit (says *Arntius*) being one of the noblest Effects of True Christianity, entirely becometh a Prince of Queen Ann's Worth and Dignity. For as False Christianity is grounded on self-Love, and consequently contracts Men's Minds into a narrow Compass of Petty Designs, of Ambition, of Party, of Opinions; so doth True Christianity break thro' all these scanty Bounds, these selfish Tyes, and these pinching Particularities and maketh the Soul act in a most ample sphere, and in an abounding Benignity. Thus far the most reverend *John Arndt*, in his excellent Book intituled *True Christianity*, which fairly proves (what *Fido*, now a Prisoner asserts) that 'Tis only Liberty that confines, and 'Scape-Warrants that set at Liberty; and no Man can doubt this that considers, *The Chains by which a Prisoner is fastened to a Corner*

(a) In his celebrated Book intituled, *True-Christianness*, dedicated in Latin to His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, and in English 'tis dedicated to Queen Ann (with Her Majesty's Leave) by that truly learned Divine (and best of Christians) Mr. *Anthony William Boehm*, who in his Preface to his English Reader says that " *Arntius* his Name hath been all along venerable in the Protestant Churches, ever since his celebrated Work of *True-Christianness*, hath appear'd in Publick, and that the Effects this Book hath produced, in the Conversion of Souls, are so very many and considerable, that to give an Account of 'em, wou'd make up an History by it self. Thus far Mr. *Boehm* (Chaplain to his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark). And Reader, if my poor Judgment may be of any Value, after so Great and learned a Divine as Mr. *Boehm* has given his Opinion, I shall presume to say, That *Arntius* Book gives the truest Scheme of Christianity that was ever publish'd, (the Holy Bible only excepted) and that to be a true Christian, is only to read and practice *Arntius* true Christianity; and therefore, that no Man may be ignorant where such a sure and excellent Guide to Heaven is to be had, I shall acquaint you, that 'tis printed for *D. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* and *Bible* without Temple-Bar.

of the Jail, cannot limit his Soul, he is free, whilst his Companion the Body is a Slave; and without clearing the Gates that enclose him, he takes his Advantage to escape into all Parts of the World. For the Soul can cross Rivers without Boat and Bridge, boundless Seas without Ships, climb up Mountains without Pains, and go down without Danger; can reconcile the Future and the Present-Tense, see Asia in England, travel the Holy-Land, and with the wandering Knight (Sir Francis Drake) put a Girdle round the World; and all this can be done by the 'Scape-Prisoner under the closest Confinement: Which made Fido say,

*When fixt in Newgate, Fancy then shall be
My skilful Coachman, and shall hurry me,
Thro' Heaven and Earth and Neptune's Watry-plain,
And in a Moment drive me back again.*

So that an honest Prisoner, lives free as Air and unconfin'd as Thought; and as in his Freedom he loaths Voluptuousness, so under Confinement he laughs at Bondage, and cares little into what Prison the 'Scape puts him, since All Places are alike distant from Heaven.

Thus Reader, I have endeavour'd to spiritualize the 'Scape-Warrant, I shall next shew how far Fido is in the right, in saying, Confinement in Newgate will set him at Liberty.

I have read of a Parisian, that in Sixty Years stir'd not out of the Walls of that Famous City (a Prison large and glorious enough I confess) but when the King had confin'd him within that Circuit during Life, then (and not before) the Old Man most desired to expatiate, and thereupon with Grief died: So that Fido is right in saying, 'tis not the Confinement, but the impos'd Restraint, that makes Imprisonment so irksome: The voluntary Sequestration of the Anchorite sweetens his Solitudes, and close Immurement, and it may be, 'tis only the forc'd Servitude and Restraint of more volatile Spirits, that makes their Lives seem tedious.

'Tis trus Robert Duke of Normandy, imprison'd (by Henry I. his younger Brother) pin'd away for Grief: And Francis the French King, taken by Charles V. was (as Guiccardine reports) melancholy even to Death, and that in an Instant: And Ingurth that valliant Commander, after a few Days imprisonment at Rome died. I grant that to such High-flying Souls, that have liv'd abroad at the highth of Sensuality, to be debarr'd on a sudden of their former Carreer of Pleasures, cannot but be irksome: No Doubt but Valerian Bajazet, our Edward and Richard the Second, felt the Smart of such Tyrannous Confinements: You may sooner tame a Lark, or reclaim a Swallow, than such high-flying Fancies; but to a stoical Temper, to an austere, staid, and reserv'd Person ——— Imprisonment is Liberty ——— such a Man, being *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and never more at ease than when thus confin'd, and therefore to Fido, that can sit and travel all the World over in a Map, nothing is so beneficial, or so enlarges his Mind, as a 'Scape-Warrant that ties him to one Place, for his Brains can travel in Contemplation;

tho'

Bo. tho' he be fixt in a Prison, he can behold the *Chorographical* and *Topographical* Delineations of the remotest Parts, and Cities, turn over every Stone, build Castles, and never stir a Foot out of that Jail to which he's confin'd.

Diverse have been the happy Events of them that have been in Prison; *Marius's* Confinement brought him to the *Consulship*; *Julius Caesar's* Imprisonment among the Pyrates, transported him to the Empire of the World: In this Age several have passed from Prisons to great Dignities, (as the *W*——pools, the *B*——dons, the *S*——rells) and the Chains which they had shaken from themselves, they have laid upon others: Finally, *Regulus* and *Socrates*, and many more, were not extinguish'd in Prison as it was thought, but rather by an Honourable End set at Liberty. In a Word, the PRISON hath sent some unto Great Glory, some to a flourishing Fortune, some to a Kingdom, many to Heaven, and all to the Grave; for (as *Fido* observes) it never receiv'd any whom it hath not enlarg'd.

How renown'd is King *Ptolemy*, for that Learning he acquir'd whilst imprison'd by his Disease? With what Delight did our wise King *James* contemplate *Bodley's* fair Library at *Oxford*, expressing his Affection to Learning in those pathetick Words, *If I were to be a Prisoner said he, and might have my Wish, I wou'd desire no other Prison than that Library, and to be chain'd together with so many brave Authors and dead Instructors.*

What shall I say of *Cæsar's* Retirement to *Capua*? And of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, his quitting his Imperial Diadem, to embrace the peaceable Quiet of a Monastick Life? How are the Kings of *China*, for State Sake, cloyster'd up that they never come abroad? How are the Spanish and Italian Dames, lock'd up in their Closets by their *Jealous Husbands*? And ours scarce suffering themselves to see the Sun, only to preserve their Beauties? With what Content are they mew'd up in Stoves in *Muscovy*, and in Caves in *Green-land*, half the Year together?

You'll reply, *Their Confinements are voluntary, which sweetens and gilds the Pill of Bondage and Servitude.* But what unparallel'd Calamities, do the Indian and Turkey Slaves, in Mines and Gallies endure, condemn'd perpetually to Drudgery, Hunger and Blows, and chain'd to their Misery, (like a *'Scape-Prisoner*) without Hope of Delivery.

All this is nothing to a chearful Heart. The Ship the rich Merchant sails in, is no less a Prison, than the Captives Gally; Set aside the Spanish Inquisition (which tyranizes over the Soul as well as over the Body) and is therefore more injurious: And therefore, I fee not that Misery in any sort of Imprisonment, which a wise, humble, and patient Spirit cannot overcome, and lessen, nay, turn it (as *Fido* does) to his Benefit and Liberty.

By Imprisonment how many lewd riotous Men are brought home? How many Vagrants settled? How many Dangers and Temptations avoided; it being the best Means (as *Fido* thinks) to mortify and master our selves, and our greatest Enemies, *the World the Flesh and the Devil?* Our

Our whole Life is but a continu'd Incarceration (or 'Scape-Warrant) Imprison'd we were in the Womb, and then in our Mothers Arms and Cradles: From thence translated to Schools or Shops, under the tyrannous Lashes of severe Masters and Governors: Thence confin'd to a Colledge, or bound to a Trade, and from that (if like Fido, we meet with a merciless Creditor, or are imprison'd by a Jointer's Shackle) we are perhaps sent to the Fleet, and from thence to Newgate by a 'Scape-Warrant, or if (by being born to Honour) we are not tied to a Mechanick Way of Living, but have all England to range in, we live but in an Island still; or if our Curiosity leads us into Foreign Countries, so far, 'till we have seen all the *habitable Parts of the Earth*, yet the Universe is but a larger Prison, as it was to Great Alexander, who

Lord of the whole World, yet not content,
Lack'd Elbow Room, and seem'd too closely pent;
(He weeps for other Worlds, he was so indigent.)
What Folly was't, that born to a fair throne,
Where he might rule with Justice and Renown;
Like a wild Robber he shou'd chuse to roam:

A pity'd Wretch with neither House nor Home.

Or suppose in girdling the World, we might be said to enjoy Liberty, yet alas we are but Captives still, for our Soul that's imprison'd in a vile Body, and that Body (as St. Paul's was) is often in Misery and Peril, in which Bonds he delighted, and writ most of his Epistles.

Since then this Life, tho' but a perpetual Slavery and Imprisonment, is yet sweet to us all, and more desirable than Death, which is our only Liberty, and frees us from all the Iron Shackles, and weighty Chains of our Sins, we may conclude (with Fido) that a 'Scape-Warrant is in many Respects to a Christian, better than Death, or release from Prison, or (at worst) it only confines us in this World, in order to make us eternally Free in the next.

THE COURT-SPY.

Or a Detection of such secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News-Writers.

With a Spiritual Observator upon each Head.

ONE of the essential things in a Court-Spy, is to have good Intelligence from the Enemies Quarters, What his Numbers are, what his Designs, what his Hopes or Fears, and what his Incumbrances.

a thing not easily to be learn'd, nor without great Expence (as the Duke of Marlborough experienc'd for many Campaigns) and besides this, a *Court-Spy*, ought to be a Person of try'd Fidelity, of undaunted Resolution of great Loyalty, and of no mean Parts; nor is the *Detection of secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State*, a Business for one Man alone to go through with, and therefore the *Court-Spy* is usually forc'd to take in many *Spies* to his Assistance, and for that Reason, (that my Discoveries may be universal) I intend Five Hundred *Spies* shall furnish out that Part of my *Christians-Gazete*, that I entitle the *Court-Spy*; amongst whom, if any one of my *Spys* prove false, the Five Hundred miscarry in their Discoveries. I have therefore singled out my *Five Hundred Spys*, with all the Care and Inspection I possibly cou'd, as knowing 'tis a high Point of Credulity to believe he will be true to me, whom I endeavour to make false where he owes his Faith, nor are Men of ordinary Parts (as I hinted before) fit for *Court-Spies*; the Art of carrying Two Faces under one Hood, and conversing as a Friend with them, whom as an Enemy he studys to ruin; of corrupting others to betray their Trust, and to tread with him the same Paths of Danger for Advantage (when Discovery brings certain Death, and no less certain Shame) asks a *practis'd Machivilian* verst in all Kinds of Subtilties and Guiles: That these Arts are honest in our *Court-Spy*, is more than I dare affirm, yet that they are necessary in Time of War (or whilst the *Pretender* lives) is what most Men aver, and will more fully appear by the following Discoveries. Which I entitle,

S P Y. I.

GIVING a Narrative, of several *Treasonable Words and Practices*, respecting the *Pretender*, as 'twas sent to the Lord Bishop of ——— by Mr. W—— C—— a Dissenting Minister, living in *Shadwel*, and is ready to be attested upon Oath, (by the Person that makes the Discovery) before Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, upon the Assurance of such Protection and Encouragement as is absolutely necessary in such a Case.

The Ministers Letter to the Bishop.

My Lord,

March 4th, 1713.

OF late there is a Secret communicated unto me, the which ever since hath layn with Weight upon my Spirits, supposing some Horrid Design on Foot, which necessitates me to make a Discovery, and that to your Lordship, whose eminent Zeal for the Protestant Interest in this Kingdom, is well known.

The Case is this, A Young Woman aged about 22, living in ———, gives as a Secret this following Relation. She says she is com-

compell'd by her ——— (being a rank Papist) to go to several Mass Houses, twice or thrice a Week (to be catechized and taught their destructive Principles) but more particularly to one in ——— where several Hundreds resort, many of which are *disguised*, there are such (she says) that *we little dream of*, where the Queen is abused and called *Usurper*, and the Pretender call'd the *Lawful Heir*. She says, the other Day they were very positive that the Pretender was coming over with this *French Ambassadors*, and that he would certainly sit on the Throne; and that now they are *very pleasant*, and *exceeding busy about something*, *she knows not what*. She cries, wrings her Hands, and prays to be delivered from them, and yet durst not make this publick for Fear of her Life, for her ——— threatens, that if *she turn Heretick*, *she will be her Butcher*, and tho' she be hang'd for the same, she shall be a Gainer by that *meritorious Act*. So that if there be a full and particular Account given, of their *Houses, Priests, Auditors, and their Intrigues*, her Person must be secured; the which I hope your Lordship will be concern'd about, which may happily prevent *some sudden and unexpected Stroke*, the which is left to your Lordship's Sagacity. I am your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

W. C.

The Reason why I have not subscribed my Name at Large is, because I apprehend the exposing of it, may be dangerous to my Person, I having been already assaulted; but if your Lordship pleases to send for Mr. John Dunton at ———, he knows my Hand and will send to me, when your Lordship pleases to command it.

The Spiritual Observer.

Reader, The searching thoroughly into this Narrative, of the Treasonable Words and Practices of the Popish Clubs, seems a Business too unweildy for the *Rashness* of Haste, it requires the slow Advances of working Engines, and a temperate Detection, that its pure unmingled *Malice and Treason*, may be drawn out with Leisure and Observation, that so Her Majesty, the *Electour of Hannover*, and the *whole Protestant World*, may have a calm and judicious View of the *whole Anatomy of its Discovery*, which was first owing to the following Letter (sent to me by Mr. W—— G—— a Dissenting Minister living in Shadwell) in these Words.

Mr. Dunton,

Shadwell, Feb. 9th. 1711.

I have somewhat of Moment to communicate to you, and therefore shou'd be glad to see you as soon as possible, I am in the mean Time, Your real Friend and Servant,

W. C.

Waiting

Waiting upon Mr. C ———, I found the *Secret* he had to communicate to me was, *The treasonable Words and Practices respecting the Pretender*, that had been discover'd to him by Mrs. A ——— (a Person of undoubted Credit). Mr. C ——— asking my Thoughts, how he shou'd proceed in making these Discoveries, I told him, that all the World knew that the Lord Bishop of ———, was a Prelate of known Loyalty to Her Majesties Person and Government, and therefore was the fittest Man I cou'd name, to whom he ought to communicate *those treasonable Words and Practices* that Mrs. A ——— had discover'd to him; Mr. C ——— being of the same Opinion with me, as to the Bishop's Character, he writ a Letter to his Lordship, in which he inserted the foregoing Narrative, upon the Receipt whereof his Lordship did me the Honour to send for me, and I waited upon him at the Place and Time he appointed; my Lord Bishop, finding I knew the Dissenting Minister's Hand, that had writ to him, and that I had been inform'd of what Discoveries he had made to his Lordship, My Lord order'd me to acquaint Mr. C ——— (by the Penny-Post) that he wou'd speak with him the next Day; but judging the Business requir'd Hast, and that the Miscarriage of my Letter might have been of fatal Consequence, not only to the Nation in general, but to the Young Woman that had made the Discovery; I told his Lordship I'de wait on Mr. C ——— that Night myself, which I accordingly did; and next Day Mr. C ——— (and myself) waited upon the Bishop, when he gave his Lordship the same Account of *those treasonable Words and Practices* he had before discovered by Letter; upon which the Bishop desired Mr. C ——— to send a particular Messenger to the Young Woman that first made the Discoveries, to know if she cou'd produce another Witness to confirm what she had said concerning the Pretender, and whether she was willing to make Oath of the Discoveries she had made her self, before the Lord Chief Justice Parker.

The Day after Mr. C ——— had waited upon my Lord Bishop, at his Request Mrs. A ——— and myself went to the Young Woman that first made the Discoveries: I confess, calling to Mind the Murder of Godfrey, the stabbing of Arnold, and the Sufferings of that worthy Gentleman Mr. Braddon, for detecting the Murder of the Earl of Essex, I apprehended no small Danger from imbarcking in this Cause; but I thought no Hazard of Life or Estate, ought to stand in Competition with the Service I might do to my Queen and Country by this Discovery; and therefore I resolv'd to engage in it: And coming to the Young Woman that cou'd make the Discoveries, I ask'd her the following Questions.

Quest. 1. *Who are the Persons of Note, that meet at the Popish Clubs, and whether there be any Popish Priests, or any Persons of Quality, that come to their Clubs? Have you ever been at Confession, or ever at Mass, or ever at their Private Meetings?*

I know several Places in —, where they catechize and teach their Destructive Principles. — I know five Popish Priests, whose Names are Mr. E —, Mr. T —, Mr. R —, Mr. M — and Mr. V —, and I know where to find 'em, having been five Times at Confession, often at Mass, and sometimes at their Private Meetings.

Quest. 2. *What Treasonable Words and Practices, have you at any Time heard or observ'd?*

The Young Woman's Answer.

Mr. N — (now living in —) has said in my hearing, they hop'd all wou'd be their own, in a few Weeks. — The same Gentleman has also asserted, That the Queen had no Right to the Throne. That they hop'd to say Mass in all the Churches, in a little time and that all then must be of one Mind. That they expected the Prince of Wales (for so they call the Pretender) at the Beginning of Winter.

Quest. 3. *What Persons can you name, that can testify to the same Treasonable Words and Practices as you can?*

The Young Woman's Answer.

The Treason I have here discover'd, is well known to — (who has heard all the Things I here relate) and has been trusted more and further than I have been; for as I was brought up a &c. — 'till &c. —, they have been more afraid of me, than —.

Reader, After Mrs. A — and my self had receiv'd an Answer to these Questions, we forthwith sent them to my Reverend Friend, who sent them that Day to my Lord Bishop: With the Questions and Answers I sent the following Letter to Mr. C —.

Reverend Sir,

March 13th. 1711

THE Young Woman's Answers to the Questions inclos'd in the Letter, were asserted for Truth in my Presence, who ask'd her the Questions, and in the Presence of Mrs. A —, who heard the Questions answer'd. I can't say all the Answers are literally the same, with those she gave to the Questions I ask'd her; for 'twas thought necessary to disguise 'em in some Places (the Young Woman being yet in the Hands of her Enemies) but they are the same for Substance, and if compar'd with those Questions and Answers I consented shou'd be sent to my Lord Bishop, 'twill evidently appear the Young Woman and her Popish —, is able to discover some deeper Treason than is yet conceiv'd; for 'tis evident by Mr. N —

Treas

Treason which she confess'd to Mrs. A—— and me, and by what she says of the Popish Priests expecting to have all the Churches in a little time, that were Mr. E——, T——, R——, M——, V—— taken into Custody, they wou'd (to save their Lives) soon bring a most Hellish Plot to light, against the present Constitution in Church and State; and therefore I don't fear but if you forthwith send these Questions and Answers to my Lord Bishop, but his Lordship will soon communicate them to such Ministers of State as he thinks proper; for the young Woman that makes the Discoveries, has told Mrs. A—— and me, that she is ready to make good her Charge against Mr. N—— and the five Popish Priests, as soon as ever she is assur'd of such Protection and Encouragement as is absolutely necessary in such a Case: I wou'd enlarge but for want of Time, shall add do more (at present) but that I am,

Your most sincere Friend, and

Very humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, my Reverend Friend sent the following Letter to my Lord Bishop.

My Lord, From my House in Shadwell, March 13, 1713.
I have faithfully given you the Account sent to me this Day, by Mr. Dunton, who believes (by what he heard from the Maid) that an Hellish Plot against the present Constitution, in Church and State, will be brought to light. If this Discovery may be any wise serviceable, your Lordship may further command,

Your Lordship's humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

W—— C——,

Reader—— Our Court-Spy does not know how far the Nation may be awakened by these Discoveries, for 'tis generally said, the Papists are under such great Fears, that their Treasonable Practices shou'd be brought to light, that they have been (of late) attempting several Sham-Plots, to hide and stifle their own, as that of —— The Dissenters burning of Houses —— Murdering by Inkborns —— Libelling by Treasonable Speeches (said to be spoke by a certain Ambassadors) —— and other such inconsistent-Shams —— of which the Whigs never once dream'd, 'till they were first trump'd up by the Sham-Plotters themselves, who are now so Numerous, that ('tis thought) there's scarce a Meeting-House in London, but is watch'd by some Sham-Plotter or Popish-Spy, who (rather than Dissenters shan't

be thought *Republicans*) will weave their very Devotion and Loyalty, into a Cord that shall strangle them. *Guy Faux* confess'd, that the *Gun-Powder-Plot*, had it succeeded, was to be charg'd upon the *Puritans*, to make them more odious to the World; and the *Presbyterian-Plot*, (found in a Meal-Tub) was confess'd by *Dangerfield*, to be no other but a Design of the *Papists*, to plot more securely, by shamming their own Plot on the innocent *Whigs*. The truly pious Mr. *John Rosewel* had like to have been murder'd by such informing Cut-Throats; and 'tis greatly fear'd, that Reverend Divine that made these Discoveries to my Lord Bishop, has put his Life in Danger, to serve his Country; and I am certain the *Low-Churchmen* are as zealously affected to Her Majesties Government, and the House of Hanover as this Dissenting Minister, tho' I can't say they have yet merited so much, for attempting to serve it, or that they are so near to the Crown of Martyrdom; for on the 22d. of March, as my Reverend Friend was preaching upon this Text, *And I saw the Woman, drunken with the Blood of the Saints, and with the Blood of the Martyrs of Jesus*, (Rev. xvii. 6.) there rush'd into his Meeting-House, three taring Beaux (two of 'em suppos'd to be *Papish Priests*) who were heard to say — *This is he, this is he; — and as Mr. C — —* was speaking against the Bloody Principles of the Church of Rome, and lamenting the Growth of *Jacobitism*, they gnash'd at him with their Teeth; so that 'tis generally thought they have a Design to murder him, he having been already assaulted. But 'tis hop'd the Discoveries made by this *Papish Maid* (as they are in a Manner confirm'd at Dover by an *Irish Papist*, as you'll hear anon) will give such Light into the Pretender's Conspiracy against England, as will prevent all the Villany and Treason design'd by it: For sure I am, those Glorious Martyrs *Russel*, *Sydney* and *Cornish*, were not charg'd with the Thousandth Part of that Treason for which Mr. N — — goes as yet unpunish'd: Before this Discovery, 'twas said in ev'ry News-Paper (except the *Examiner* and *Post-Boy*) there was a *Jacobite-Plot* to introduce the Pretender, — and here we are told who the Traitors are, that say the Queen has no Right to the Throne, and that hope to have our Churches in few Weeks; we were also told, of great Numbers of *Papish Priests*, that daily arrive from France, but none but this Young Woman has ever given a particular Discovery of their Treasonable Words and Practices, so that the *Jacobite-Plot* to introduce the Pretender was never fix'd on particular Persons, but in this Narrative; 'tis true, at present here is but One Witness, but e'nt One Witness able to discover more, for was not the *Papish Plot* in 78, first discovered by One Witness, but did not every single Witness bring in more Witnesses? and every Week fresh Discoveries? And so doubtless it wou'd do here, if the Evidence of this single Woman is thought considerable enough to deserve Protection and Encouragement; and 'tis hop'd the three Persons that have brought her to this Confession, won't be deny'd the same Priviledge, we having no other end in this Discovery, but the Good of our Native Country. 'Tis worth observing, that my Friends Letter to the Bishop, tell's his Lordship, "That the

" Young

young Woman crys, wrings her Hands, and prays to be deliver'd from that sudden Stroke that the Papists design to give us.

And whether weare deliver'd from it or no, 'tis very certain (as I said before) " That the Discoveries made by this *Popish Maid*, are in a Manner confirm'd at *Dover* by an *Irish Papist*, for as a further Proof, that the English and French Jacobites are now hatching some *Hellish Plots*, against the present Constitution in Church and State we are told in the *Flying-Post*, April 9th, 1713. That since *Abel* and the *Examiner* have so good a Hand at discovering Plots, they wou'd do well to inform the World, whether there be not Reason to believe, that the scandalous and Treasonable Paper, call'd the Sp—— of an Amb—— res be not a Second Part of a *Popish Meal-Tub-Plot*, in order to bring Protestants under Suspicion? and that they may be the more able to proceed in the Discovery, they wou'd do well to enquire at *Sam's Coffee-House* in *Ludgate-street*, whether a Parcel of those Papers were not found under a Place where a *Popish Priest* had just fate, whereas there were none there before? And whether if the Master of the House had not happily burnt them, he might not have been brought in for a Share? Thus far the Author of the *Flying-Post*, who concludes his Discoveries by asking this Question, " Why the *Examiner* and *Abel* who kept such a Pother about the *Bandbox-Plot*, were so silent about one lately discover'd at *Dover*, by an *Irish Papist*, who pretended that his Uncle a *Bishop in France* (a) wou'd have sent him over with the *Pretender's Declarations*, and propos'd to find Means to get him and another into the Queen's Family, in order to fire the Palace, that Thirty Assassins might have an Opportunity to murder Her Majesty while she endeavour'd to escape the Flames ". Be'nt these Words in the *Flying-Post*, a plain Confirmation of the Truth of those Discoverys, that the *Popish Maid* made to Mrs. A—— and me, and don't they (as we are subjects to the best of Queens) shew the Necessity we lay under to make these Discoverys publick.

Reader, If you doubt either of the Truth of this Discovery, concerning the *Pretender's Declarations* made to the Mayor of *Dover*, or that the Dissenters were the First Discoverers of the *Pretender's Plot* against the Queen and Government, see both confirm'd by the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

April 27th, 1713.

" YOU were telling me (Yesterday) that Mr. W—— C—— (a Non-conformist Minister) has discover'd to the Bishop of —— a Jacobite Plot, to bring in the Pretender, this

(a) Note, in the *Flying-Post*, Apr. 18th, 1713. the *Irish Papist* here mention'd is call'd *Webber*, and the French Bishop is call'd *Bishop Peirce*, for these are the Words in the *Flying-Post*, " If Bishop Peirce's Shortest Way, lately discover'd by *Webber* at *Dover* wo'nt succeed, &c.

" comes

“ comes to inform you, that Mr. *Harris* a Dissenting Minister living at *Dover*, has also brought to the Mayor of *Dover*, an Irish Papist, that has made Affidavit of a Design the Pretender has, to subvert the present Constitution in Church and State, so that I hope the *High-Church-Men* will fairly own, that no Men can be greater Enemies to the Pretender than the Dissenters, and that Two Dissenting Ministers have the Honour to be the first Discoverers of the Pretender's Plot, to introduce Popery. Which is all from

Your Real Friend,

Daniel Wagborn.

This Letter was sent to me by my worthy Friend, Mr. Daniel Wagborn, and is a further Proof of the Dissenters great Loyalty to Her Majesty, and of those *Treasonable Practises*, that the Popish Maid discover'd to Mrs. A ——— and my self.

Then can any Protestants be deaf to such Warning, for who knows but upon a narrow Search into these Discoveries, but the Maid's Evidence may appear considerable enough to found a Prosecution upon: I own my Lord Bishop and my Lord ——— do suspect the contrary, but I shall presume to say, these *Illustrious Peers* are not infallible; or I am sure *Cæsar* was not, when being inform'd by a Letter of a Conspiracy against his Person, by slighting of it he lost his Life, for putting the Letter into his Pocket (as thinking it not worth his reading) he was murther'd that Day in the Senate-House: But by this Maid's Discoveries, the Nation is timely forewarn'd (which *Cæsar* was not) and therefore I hope none of our Noble Patriots, will meet with *Cæsar's* Fate; for as Peace is concluded abroad, the Ministers of State will have the more Leasure to detect *Treasonable Practises* at home, to which 'tis hop'd these timely and well-meant Discoverys will not a little contribute: For in the Wonders of Providence we often see a Wheel within a Wheel, and that little Engines often set great Engines at work; and therefore as this Popish Maid makes these Discoveries to satisfy her own Conscience, and to save a Frenchified Nation from impending Ruin; I am apt to think, were Mr. N ——— and other Popish Priests secur'd, they cou'd set the Pretender's Plot in a better Light than the Maid has done: However as my Reverend Friend, Mrs. A ———, and my self, thought it our Duty to let England known what great Danger it is in from the *Jacobite Faction*, so we hope this Timely Warning (were there no *Perkenite Plot* discovered by it) will be well taken by our Fellow Subjects; for tho' we are all Three sensible that the Sacred Majesty of Kings and Queens, ought not in common Cases to be approach'd by every little Busy-body, or frivolous Remonstrance-maker, yet when our Princes Pallace is on Fire, and Her Sacred Person in the Midst of Flames, the meanest of her Subjects hath the Privilidge then to give her Warning of her Danger, and to assist to quench the Fire. And this I am afraid Reader (if the

Pretender is plotting in the midst of us (as some suspect) is at present too near our Case.

Then here, let us a little examine what great Danger *England* and *Scotland* is still in from the *Pretender*, (tho' our Peace with *France* shou'd be good and lasting.)

And first as to *Scotland*, can any Man in his Senses imagine, that the *Pretender* wou'd first have invaded *Scotland* (during the late Ministry) had he not been invited thither by some of the *Scotch Jacobites*, I can't say the deceas'd Duellist had any Fancy to stand his Friend, (tho' all Parties have own'd he was a *Well-wisher to the Mathematicks*) yet the *Pretender* cou'd not but know how often the *Scotch Jacobites* drank his Health, and how much *Treason* they grav'd on their *Popish Medals*.

Neither can any Protestrat argue (from the *General Peace* that is now concluded) that we are more secure in *England* than they are in *Scotland*, from all Danger from the *Pretender*, since 'twas sworn lately in *Guild-hall*, that the chief Evidence against the *Flying-Post* had said, "It wou'd never be well 'till the *Pretender* was here, and that he hop'd to see the *Mass-houses* as full as the *Churches*."

But I the less wonder at this great Impudence of the *Popish* (or *Jacobite*) Party in *England*, since we are told in the *Flying-Post* (b) "That most of the Ministers at *Utrecht*, have receiv'd in Print under a Cover, the following Protestation of the *Pretender* to the Crown of *Great Britain*, in *Latin*."

Jacobus Rex, &c.

In English thus.

James III. By the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith. To all Kings, Princes, Republicks, &c.

"Since after a War, so long and pernicious to all Christendom, all Sides seem to be ready to come to a Peace, and are speedily about to sign it without any Regard to us, we thought it fit and necessary, by this solemn Protestation, to assert our undoubted Right, against every thing that may be done towards the Diminution of it, and our Loss.

"Tis not our Purpose to insist at large upon the Series of what has been formerly unjustly done against us, since those things having been transacted in the Face of the World, are by Consequence so well known, that they need not be told, therefore I cannot think any one can doubt of the Justice of our Cause.

"Nor indeed are we only mov'd with the Condition of our own Affairs, but being incapable of changing our Affection towards our Subjects, we cannot without the most sensible Grief behold, that neither their Blood, nor their Wealth, has been hitherto

(b) See the *Flying-Post* Apr. 25th, 1713.

" spar'd to support the great Injustice that has been done to us,
 " and that they are at last reduced so far, that if a Peace be made
 " exclusive of us, they must necessarily become a Prey to Foreign-
 " ers, and at last be subject to their Empire.

" And since we understood that the Confederate Princes have no
 " Regard to our Right, we thought our selves most indispensably
 " oblig'd to our selves, Posterity, and Subjects, to endeavour as
 " much as in us lies, that we might not seem by our Silence, to
 " consent to what may be transacted to the Prejudice of us, and
 " the lawful Heirs of our Kingdoms.

" Therefore, we solemnly and in the best Form we can, protest
 " against all that may be agre'd, or stipulated in Prejudice of us,
 " as being void by all the Laws in the World, for want of lawful
 " Authority.

" We likewise protest and declare, that if there be any Defect of
 " Form in this Protestation, it shall not be any to the Prejudice
 " of us, our Lawful Heirs, Kingdoms or Subjects; and by these
 " Letters seal'd with our Great Seal, we reserve entire to our selves
 " all our Rights, and Claims, and declare that they are and shall
 " be safe and intire.

" In the last Place, we protest before God and Man, that we
 " shall be free from all Blame, and that the Cause of those Calamities
 " which the Injury already done us, or that may be done us
 " hereafter, may bring upon our Kingdoms, and all Christendom
 " cannot be imputed to us. Given at St. Germain's, April 25th,
 " A. D. 1712. and of our Reign the 11th,

By the King himself with his own Hand.

The Examiner and his Masters (says the *Flying-Post*) wou'd do well
 to consider, whether the Pretender did nor act in Concert with, and
 by Advice of the Jacobites in Great Britain and Ireland, send this
Audacious and Trayterous Protestation to the Ministers at Utrecht.
 However (Reader) I think 'tis evident from this *Treasonable Protestation*
 of the Pretender, that the Peace at Utrecht has given new Life
 to his Plots in England: Nay so far is the General Peace from secu-
 ring England again the Pretender, that we are told in the *Flying-Post*,
 " When the News of the Peace arriv'd, a Mob assembled in Gracechurch-
 " street, where one Farey a Jacobite (Son to the Druggist of that Name)
 " broke the Windows of an eminent Citizen near the Rummer-Tavern,
 " and at every Volley of Stones, the Mob gave Three Huzzas, while
 " Farey cry'd out, James the Third! James the Third! " Which
 Words being heard by a Gentleman that knew Farey, he told the
 Mob, That he wondred they would suffer themselves to be led by a Fellow
 to an open Rebellion against the Queen, to which a Villain that was
 as great a Jacobite as Farey, replied, " That Farey valu'd him nor
 " no body else, and knew well enough what he did. " And Dier (a no-
 torious Jacobite) made his Boast, " That the Mob when they solemn-
 " niz'd Sacheverell's Festival, had their Musick playing before them, to
 " the Tune, ——— That the King shall enjoy his own again. "

We

We are also assur'd by the Author of the *Flying-Post*, "That a *Wor- thy Alderman of Worcester*, on certain Occasions drinks a Health "to Dr. Sacheverell, the Pope, the French King and the Pretender, with "Confusion to the Elector of Hannover, If these Treasonable Practices both in England and Scotland, give not sufficient Warning to look into the Discoveries made by this young Woman, I can't see why we shou'd suspect our Ruin, if our Houses were all on Fire and our selves in the Midst of the Flames, which if it be not our present Circumstance, yet (if the Maids Evidence be true) 'tis what we have Reason to fear, or neither my self nor my two Friends, wou'd have assum'd the Boldness to have Spy'd out such *Jacobine* Secrets, as are proper to be told to a Minister of State who if a Peer of true Honour and Loyalty, wou't consider them with Respect to Parties, but with Respect to the Protestant Interest, that is really serv'd by this Publication. For as Dr. Sacheverell observes, (d) "Where Religion or Government is assaulted by ill Principles, or Rebellious Practices, "tis the Ministers and Magistrates Duty to stand up and fence against both, and pronounce and execute Wrath against them, "and 'tis no less the Duty of every Subject to assist them with their Prayers, and to implore Justice upon such Enemies of God "and our Church." Then are the *Papists* contriving our Ruin? Do they hope to possess our Churches? Do they say the Queen has no Right to the Throne? And was all this Treason first discover'd by a Dissenting Minister, and will any be still so base and ungrateful to say, *I had rather be a Papist than a Presbyterian?* or that the Maid's Evidence is the less valuable, because first publish'd by a Non-Conformist? Or if there be no further Search made, into these Discoveries (or the Three Persons that make them, be only rewarded with the odious Names of *Republicans*, *meer Busy-bodies*, or *petty State Reformers*) yet my Reverend Friend, Mrs. A——, and my self, have the Comfort to think, we have done our Duty in crying *Fire! Fire! Fire!* and if the Protestant World will lie still and be burnt (when they have had timely Notice of their Danger) 'tis no Fault of ours.

And now Reader, let me ask thee this serious Question, *Is the Church of England in Danger from the Papists or from the Protestant Dissenters?* Is it Mr. C—— a Presbyterian Minister, or is it Dr. Sacheverell a High-Church-man, that here attempts to bring to light a most damnable hellish Design to introduce the Pretender, and to subvert the present Constitution in Church and State? No alas, 'tis no *Papist*, no *High-Church-man*, no *Sacheverellite*, no *Tool of a Party*, that here endeavours to secure the Church from Danger, by discovering who are its Enemies, but 'tis Mr. C—— a Dissenting Minister, now living in *Shadwell*. 'Tis true the *Examiner* in one of his late Papers, had the Impudence to tell the World, "That the *Whigs* "are great Friends to the Pretender, and the only Persons that have

(d) In his late Sermon entitul'd the *Christian Triumph*.

“ attempted to bring him in ” but this base Scandal is here answered by plain Matter of Fact, and such as is ready to be proved, when ever *Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State* is pleas'd to command it. For my own Share, I have the Honour to be the Son of an eminent Churchman, (*viz.* the Reverend Mr. John Dunton, late Rector of *Aston Clinton*) and resolve to live and die in that Communion: But as I shall shew in my general *Preface* to this Work, “ I shall be true and just to all Parties, and therefore am oblig'd to tell the World, 'twas a Presbyterian Minister, and no Papist or High Churchman, that first detected such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, as every Protestant Dissenter and Low-Churchmen abhors. ” 'Tis true, I can't say Mr. C—— is a Dissenting Minister without *base and ungenerous Enemies*, for I have seen in the mistaken Case of my Reverend Friend, *that the brightest Innocence, is no Security against Slander*. I confess I was not always of the same Opinion, being once prejudic'd against him by a false Report that was spread at *Lambeth*, but finding by a narrow Search into his Life and Doctrines, that the Accusations of his *Jacobite Enemies* had not so much as the Appearance of Truth; I resolve for the Future (*in the Case of Slander*) to believe no Man's Eyes nor Ears but my own; for I find (to use the Words of the *Famous POOL*) “ If I believe one Report in Forty “ I give a very large Allowance ” (e) but whether I do or no, as false Accusations make no Man a Criminal, so they will no Ways serve the turn of the *High-Flyers* to lessen Mr. C——'s Nonconformity, for even Mr. C——'s prejudic'd Enemies will own, he never was any *Preaching Weathercock*, but a constant and zealous Dissenter. I confess to me it seems very strange, that Mr. C——, who had for his Father, a Gentleman of known Integrity for the Church of England all his Days, shou'd fall in with that Party of Men, whose unkind Strokes he with many others now feels the Smart of: For his Father being a Captain of a Troop of Horse, and some Time a Major, in the Service of King Charles the First against the Parliament, lost his Estate, and often ventur'd his Life in that Cause; so that one wou'd think, Mr. C—— instead of being a Dissenter, and espousing the Whiggish Interest, shou'd have been as great a Railer against them, as Dr. S——rell, Hig——, Pel——ng, or e'te a High-Flyer of 'em all; for ha'nt he been sufficiently provok'd to it; not only by the Loss of his Father's Estate, but by his being twice condemn'd to die by the Parliament's Forces, which made him say to his Wife when Oliver sent for him, that he might have sworn the Peace against Oliver, for he stood in Fear of his Life, and therefore how comes it to pass, that after Mr. C——'s Father has been thus barbarously treated, and no Notice taken of his sinking Family by the High-Church Party, that he shou'd still resolve for Non-conformity: For sure I am, if any Man had ever just Cause to be a railing Churchman, 'tis Mr. C—— a Dissenting Minister

(e) See Mr. Pool's Sermon, intituled, *A seasonable Apology for Religion*.

living in *Shadwel*; but yet Mr. C ——— is so far from ——— leaving his first Love, ——— (if I may allude to a Subject he lately handled, to the great Satisfaction of all his Hearers, of which I had the Happiness of being one) that we still and always found him a *Non-conformist*: So that for the Future, I hope no *Examiner* will have the Face to say, "That the *Whigs* are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the only Persons that have attempted to bring him in," when 'tis a Dissenting Minister, (and one that has suffer'd much for his nonconformity) that is the *First Man* that has discover'd such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, as 'tis hop'd will for ever keep him out.

Then if the *Dissenters* and *Low-Churchmen*, are thus truly conscientious and loyal as to smatch at the very first Opportunity they could lay hold on, to detect any *Treasonable Words and Practices*, that have the least Tendency to dethrone Her Majesty, or deprive Her Protestant Subjects of their true and real Liberty, to what a Length in F——hood and Impudence must Dr. S——rell have run (and that after he had drank the *Pretender's Health*, as Mr. Review has offer'd to prove whenever the Dr. will stand the Test) to declare, "That the abandoned Faction" (as with abundance of Manners he is pleas'd to call the late Ministry, and all the Whigs of Quality in Her Majesty's Kingdoms) "as they behave themselves most tyrannically in Power, are most seditious when they are out of it, equally Enemies in both Cases to true and real Liberty, a Word (adds the Doctor) by which they themselves mean nothing, but the Power of betraying their Sovereign, and enslaving their Fellow Subjects, and of overturning the Constitution both in Church and State, what ridiculous Mockery (continues the Doctor) is it to hear such Men set themselves up for Patriots, and talk of the Fears of Popery, and the Danger of their Country, which was never so much in Danger as from themselves, who, tho' they have been so providentially defeated, are still carrying on the same pernicious Conspiracy! (for continues the Doctor) under the Pretence of Religion and Liberty, and God's most Holy Name, they had contriv'd, and well nigh effected the utter Destruction of this Church and Kingdom, and will never be at rest 'till they have brought the same dismal Calamities upon us again." These are Dr. S——rell's own Words, in the Sermon he preach'd before the Honourable House of Commons, May 29th, 1713. but I challenge any Man to shew me more F——hood in fewer Words, and consequently more Impudence, as they were deliver'd for solemn Truths before an Honourable, Wise and Loyal House of Commons, and a Parliament (to use the Doctor's Words) "Who have been always ready to sacrifice what ever is dear to them for the publick Good." And therefore, that I may set Dr. S——rell's Impudent Sophistry in the clearer Light (for were he a Dean or Bishop, I shall ever call ——— a Spade a Spade) I shall here prove, the Whigs are so far from betraying their Sovereign, or designing to overturn the Constitution in Church and State, that 'twas the Dissenting Party that had the chief

hand in restoring King Charles the Second to the Throne of his Ancestors, for our best Historians assure us, that they sent a select Number of their most eminent Divines, to wait upon his Majesty in Holland, in order to get the most advantageous Promises from him they cou'd, for the Liberty of their Consciences: Of the Number of these Divines Mr. Case was one, who with the rest of his Brethren coming where the King lay, and desiring to be admitted into the King's Presence, were carried up into the Chamber, next, or very near the King's Closet, but told withal, that the King was busy at his Devotions, and that 'till he had done, they must be contented to stay.

Being thus left alone, and hearing a Sound of groaning Piety, such was the Curiosity of Mr. Case, that he would needs go and lay his Ear to the Closet-Door. But Heavens! how was the good old Man ravi'sh'd, to hear the pious Ejaculations that fell from the Kings Lips! — Lord, — *since thou art pleas'd to restore me to the Throne of my Ancestors; grant me a Heart constant in the Exercise and Protection of thy true Protestant Religion — Never may I seek the Oppression of those who out of the Tenderness of their Consciences are not free to conform to outward and indifferent Ceremonies.* — With a great deal more to the same Purpose. Which Mr. Case having over-heard, full of Joy and Transport, returning to his Brethren, with Hands and Eyes to Heaven up-lifted, fell a congratulating the Happiness of Three Nations, over which the Lord had now placed a Saint of Paradise for their Prince. After which the King coming out of his Closet, the Dissenting Ministers were ready to prostrate themselves at his Feet; and then it was that the King gave them those Promises of his Favour and Indulgence, which how well he after perform'd; Dr. Calamy's Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's History of his Life and Times, will sufficiently inform you, or (Reader) if you want any further proof consult any of those 2000 Ministers, that were turn'd out of their Living's in 62 (on the Day commonly call'd Black Bartholomew) and you'l soon be convinc'd, that the Dissenting Party were so far from betraying their King, that they had the chief Hand in the Restoration of Charles II. and are so far from contriving the Destruction of this Church and Kingdom (as Dr. Sacheverel falsely asserts) that in the Year 63, the Dissenting Ministers (that they might no longer be misrepresented, for there were Seditious and Manwaring's in those Days, as there are Seditious and Hangers in ours) unanimously publish'd a Book they intituled *A sincere Account of the Nonconformists Conversation*, wherein they declare as follows, viz. "We dare not curse the King, no not in our Thoughts, we desire to Fear God, we desire to Honour the King, and we wou'd not meddle with them that are given to Change or to Innovations. His Majesty hath our Hearty Prayers, Day and Night before the Throne of God, for a Blessing upon himself and Government. 'Tis true, we cannot own that Episcopacy now establish'd, so as to undertake it our selves, yet we wou'd submit to it, as to every Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's Sake; whether to the King, as

supreme, or to those who are sent by him, wherefore the Bishops have our Prayers, Pity, and Assistance, and altho' we cannot in our Judgment approve all that they do, (driven it may be rather by the Temper of the People, and Unhappiness of this Age, than led by their own Disposition, to any Height and Rigour of Action) yet we allow not that their Persons or Government shou'd be exposed to the Malapartness of the loose and irreverent Multitude, who take a bold Liberty to despise Dominions and to speak evil of Dignities: Whereas we have always taught, that Men shou'd cheerfully submit to the Authority, when they cannot in Conscience allow all the Practices of those that are over them in the Lord, for Experience hath taught us, that Anarchy is the greatest Oppression, Licentiousness the greatest Grievance, and an unbounded Liberty the greatest Slavery. " This Reader was the *Unanimous Declaration of the Dissenting Ministers, in the Year 63,* (which was soon after the Restoration of Charles the II^d.) and they have scarce presented an Address in the Reigns of King James the II^d. King William and Queen Ann, but has made the same Declaration of their Loyalty; and after this, to call either them (or the Low-Churchmen) *Religious Mockers, an abandoned Faction, Patriots from whom the Kingdom is in Danger, and such as will betray their King and destroy the Church,* is such an impudent F---l---d as was never before, and ('tis greatly hop'd) never will again be deliver'd, before SUCH a Loyal House of Commons as Great Britain is now blest'd with. For the abandon'd Faction (as Dr. S---rel calls the *Whigs*) are so far from ever designing to betray their King or subvert the Church, that I have here fairly prov'd, that the Practices of the present Nonconformists, are not only agreeable to their pretended Loyalty, but to the Principles and Practices of those Nonconformists that were so very instrumental in the Restoration of Charles II And this is yet further prov'd by the Discoveries lately made by Mr. C--- and Mr. H--- two eminent Dissenting Ministers, and is ready to be attested before Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, if the Evidence given by the *Popish Maid*, may be thought to have Weight enough in it, to deserve Protection and Encouragement. But whatever the Success of these Discoveries are, 'tis certain these two Dissenting Ministers have shewn their Great Zeal, both to serve Her Majesty, and to set their Fellow-Subjects in that true and real Liberty as such *Jebu and Jery Priests* as Dr. S---rel wou'd deprive 'em of; for certainly, no Man that han't some *bankering* after the Pretender, can doubt the real (not imaginary) Danger the Church of England is in, from this *Pulpit Incendiary*, for as just Time has melted off all his forgiving Paint (a) (for 'tis now seen he only forgave the *Whigs*, 'till he had a new Opportunity to rail at them). It now plainly appears, that Dr. S---rel is a Levite that rails in the

(a) Alluding to his *First Sermon* [Of forgiving Enemies] which he preached after he had suffer'd the just Sentence pronounc'd upon him by the last Parliament.

Pulpit,

Pulpit, and plots out of it, that reviles Dissenters for not coming to Church, and yet speaks false Divinity with his Conversation, as if he thought to go to Heaven some other way than what he teaches the People. He is one that's proud and censorious, a meer Hig--- (that's a meer Incendiary) a Wolf in Sheep's-Clothing, a profest Enemy to Church and State, hid under Canonical Vestments, that with more Ease and less Suspicion, he might seduce Her Majesty's Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and encrease the Number, not of an Abandon'd Faction (as he calls the Whigs) but of a peevish, disaffected and ungovernable Faction; but I need not enlarge in Dr. S---rel's Jacobite Character, for 'tis now visible to all Loyal Subjects (whether Whig or Tory) that the False Brother he lash'd at St. Paul's, was expos'd on Purpose to sow Divisions amongst us, the better to make way for the Pretender; for the well Wishers to Popery and Slavery have always attempted first to divide us (by charging the Dissenters with Schism, Treason and I know not what) in Order to destroy us. And here, to convince the World that Dr. S---rel (as much as he charges the Whigs with betraying their King) is that very Jacobite I've here describ'd, I shall first acquaint you, that Mr. Review assures us, that Dr. S---rel has not only sworn, God d---in him, he hop'd to see King William Detron'd, but Mr. Bisset (a Divine of a spotless Character) charges the Dr. with saying "That he cou'd for- give King William all that ever he did, but his Cursed Legacy of the Hanover Succession (which will be ever esteem'd by all but Papists and Jacobites, as one of the greatest Blessings of his GLORIOUS REIGN, of which more anon) 'tis enough that I prove at present that Dr. S---rel is not only a profest Enemy to the House of Hanover (and therefore the Word Hanover is not once named in his Sermon before the Parliament) but so vile a Jacobite, that Mr. Review assures us, "That the Scotch Jacobites are so much honestier than the English Jacobites, that they cannot abjure the Pretender and pray for him, all in a Breath, drink his Health, and then pray for the Queen, swear to the Queen, and pray for her Confusion, at the same Time, as our English Jacobites do every Day (and as Dr. S---rel himself has done frequently, as may be prov'd upon him, when he ever dares to stand the Test (a). Thus far Mr. Review; then Reader do you judge to what a Length in Jacobitism and F---hood Dr. S---rel has run, when he dares charge the Abandon'd Faction (as he calls the Whigs) with that very Sedition and Treason which will be prov'd upon him, by Mr. Review, when ever he'll stand the Test; or if Mr. De Foe has wrong'd him in this Charge, Why don't he prove his Innocence? Why? For a good Reason, because he can't: For that Dr. S---rel is an absolute Jacobite, is further prov'd by Mr. Bisset, who (as well as De Foe) charges him with often and publickly drinking the Pretender's Health, and therefore, as fast as the Jacobite Dr. rises at present, 'tis thought by some thinking Persons, he'll fall as fast; for as we live under "a pious Queen, a faithful, wise and steady Ministry,

(a) See the Review, Numb. 145. Vol. VIII.

(they are the Doctor's Words) and a Loyal Parliament, 'tis clear, if ever Dr. S——rel is advanc'd to a Bishoprick, it must be by his Great Artifice, in appearing that Pious and Loyal Priest that he is not and in such a Case, 'tis no Reflection on those Illustrious Patriots that either advance or applaud him for as Omniscience is an Attribute due only to God, I dare not say the best of Queens, or the most wise and loyal Parliament (and SUCH is the Parliament that is now sitting) can never be deceiv'd by such a Wolf in Sheep's-Cloathing, or seeming Saint as Dr. S——rel, for as the best and most pious Persons are always the most Charitable, so 'tis often seen they are the soonest impos'd on; and therefore (to use Dr. S——rel's Words) as the present Ministry and Parliament "Have no other Designs to carry on, but such as may promote the Safety Honour and Welfare of the Crown, the Church and their Country I don't doubt when these Illustrious Patriots have his true Character affirm'd upon Oath, but they'll declare him a Scandal to the Gown, and to his Native Country, for can he be any better, that has sworn G——d d——m him that calls a Low-Churchman or Dissenter, a Damn'd Hanoverian, and declares the Hanover-Succession a Cursed Legacy, when 'tis only to that Illustrious Family we owe all the Hopes we have of a Protestant-Successor, even SUCH a glorious Prince, that we have all the Reason in the World to think, will thoroughly Free England from Popery and Slavery to the End of Time. Then what a false Jacobite Priest is Dr. S——rel, to drink the Pretender's Health at the very Time he pretends to be a true and obedient Son of the Church of England? However, to convince the World I have good Reason to think our truly Protestant and Illustrious Patriots are likely to have very different Thoughts of Dr. S——rel, to what they have at present, I'll presume to ask 'em this seasonable Question, "Was not the pious and learned Mr. Samuel Johnson brought before the Bishops Durham, Rochester and Peterborough (Commissioners to exercise Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction) and in full Court degraded and deliver'd over as a meer Lay Man, to undergo the Punishments inflicted by the Court of King's-Bench, i. e. whipping, pillorying, &c. only for uttering what the World is now convinc'd to be true? Thus far Mr. Bisset, who adds, " 'Tis well for the Doctor [meaning that Leud Jacobite, Dr. S——rel] his Lot did not fall in those Sanguinary Times, but under a Ministry, that both profess and practis'd, what he condemns, but enjoys the Benefit of, True Moderation: Or if he e'nt that Jacobite Libertine I've here prov'd him, let him refute his Accusers, for I here challenge him to clear himself, for 'till he does (however some great and Illustrious Patriots have been mistaken in him) he's as great a Scandal to the Church of England as some have thought him its Ornament; in which Assertion (like Mr. Bisset and Mr. Foe) I've been so MAD as to speak the Truth, and SUCH Truth ('till he dares disprove it) that I'll always assert, for if we must call Vice Vertue, and Vertue Vice, because seen in a haughty Clergy-man) what is this, but to make a Jest of all Religion, and to prophane the very Name of Priest, and for that Reason I shall ever call Dr. S——rel a leud Jacobite, 'till he

has

has publickly prov'd, *He has never drunk the Pretender's Health, never pruy'd for the Confusion of Her present Majesty, and clears himself of that Blasphemy, Drunkenness, Injustice and other immoral Practices that is laid to his Charge, by the Reverend Mr. William Bisset, in his late Book intituled, The Modern Fanatick.*

Thus (Reader) you see I am a great Lover of Plain-Dealing, and in this brief Answer to Dr. S——rel's late *Insult upon the Loyal Whigs*, have freely call'd a Spade a Spade; for (like the Popish-Maid mention'd in the foregoing Narrative) I dare not conceal Treason, or say *Black is White*, for I abhor acting like a certain Priest I cou'd name, who has not only writ a Poem *In Praise of Horns* (and as some say, has got a swinging Pair of his own) but has writ *for and against the Whigs*, yet an't please ye, he being now a Member of the *Lower-House*, he thinks himself greatly wrong'd if you don't call him a *High Churchman*, tho' if you read some of his *Hackney-Labours* (for be it Friend or Foe, I still call a Spade a Spade) you'l find he is no more a *High Churchman* than *John Duntun*; who this Priest is I will not discover, for the C——ld repents, and therefore (tho' he is the most sneaking Enemy I ever had) I will not insult him so far as to tell his Name, for we are all Sinners in one Kind or other, and when a Sinner repents (it comes so very near to Innocence) like a *Father-Confessor* I shall not only conceal his Faults, but think him a good Man: And when I hear as much of our *Jacobite Doctor*, I'll be as tender of his Reputation as I wou'd be of my own; For I wou'd not bely the Devil or wrong a Worm, if I knew it: But at present, Dr. S——rel (to use his own Words) has so far lost the good Opinion of the People —— *By shewing such great Dissaffection to the Church of England, by drinking a Health to the Pretender —— By poisoning the Kingdom with his two Sermons, intituled The Communication of Sin, and The Perils of False Brethren —— By talking in Capital-Letters, (which is a poor sneaking Way of telling the World he dares drink the Pretender's Health) of an HEREDITARY Act without confirming of it by a PARLIAMENTARY Act —— By stating the Notions of true and real Liberty, without once naming the Glorious Revolution by King William, to which under God we owe not only the Invaluable Blessing of the Hanover Succession, but all our Religious and Civil Liberties; and therefore (to use the Doctors Words, with Respect to the Restoration) The Glorious Day of the Revolution ought for ever to shine in the British Calender, as 'tis only to that Day (and not to the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance) that we owe that excellent Queen that now reigns, that Victorious General who always beat the French, and all our Future Hopes of True and Real Liberty (a). —— And by concluding his Restoration-Sermon, with only naming the Royal-Family and the Queen's Successors, without telling us whether he means a Protestant or Popish-Successor (for he that so often drinks the Pretender's Health, will always be suspected to mean him, when he don't*

(a) See Dr. S——rel's Sermon preach'd May 29th, before the Honourable House of Commons.

name the Princess Sophia. Reader I say it again, *The Doctor has so lost the good Opinion of the People* (by this fallacious way of praying and preaching) that tho' he pleases us much, by talking many fine things of that *Glorious Peace* that the *French King* has been pleas'd to agree to (I can't say give us, as the *Victorious Marlborough* was within a short March of the Gates of *Paris*) and tho' he tickles our Fancies with a witty Complement to the *Duke of Marlborough*, in these Words [*And put a stop to that Deluge of Blood and Treasure, which has been so cruelly and profusely lavisht, even so profusely 'till he had almost brought the conquer'd and starving French to their last Shift*] but tho' (as I said before) the Doctor talks many fine things of the *glorious Peace*, and tickles our Fancies with calling the *Duke of Marlborough* a *cruel, profuse and lavish General*; and less cou'd scarce be expected from a *Jacobite Priest* that had drunk the *Pretender's Health*; but the Mischief is, the Doctor's Cloven Foot is easily seen in all this seeming Loyalty or *Fulsome Paint*, with which he rather besmears than illustrates our *Glorious Peace*, for (Reader) as glorious as you, or I, or another may think the Peace, yet 'tis acknowledg'd by all (but *Papists* and *Jacobites*) that it wou'd have added greatly to the Glory of this *Glorious Peace*, if the *Orthodox Dissenters* (and such I count all but the *Quakers*) had but join'd with our *High-Churchmen* in their Thanks for it, and therefore Dr. S—rel meely *Chicanes*, in saying, “ *Our present glorious Peace exceeds all that ever these Nations were yet blest with when so rich, so pious and so vast a Body of Men as is the Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists and Low-Churchmen, han't yet return'd their Thanks to Her Majesty for it: But tho' the thoughtful Whigs han't yet thank Her Majesty for the glorious Peace, which (to use Dr. S—rel's Words) ‘cou'd only have been accomplish'd, under God and the Queen, by such a faithful, wise and steddy Ministry as now sit at Helm; yet common Charity obliges us, not to think 'em the less Loyal, that they han't yet join'd with the Hereditary Gentlemen in their Loyal Addresses, seeing 'tis generally thought, that all the Dissenters and Low-Churchmen design to join in one Loyal Address of Thanks, for the present Glorious Peace, but only deferr presenting of it, 'till the Emperour (for whose Sake the War was begun) can honourably sign the Peace, that so by seeing the Peace Universal, they may be the more hearty in their Thanks, both to God and Her Majesty, for that Glorious Peace that we now enjoy: so that 'tis a notorious F—sh—d for Dr. S—rel to say, that the present ‘Administration has provok'd the Malice, Envy and Rage of the Whigs, when they don't deferr their Address of Thanks, out of any Disaffection to Her Majesty's Person or Government, but only as they dare not dissemble with either God or the Queen, in their Address to Her Majesty, or in their Thanks to God for a Glorious Peace. So that 'tis plain, Dr. S—rel is not only a leud, daring Jacobite, that will drink the Pretender's Health upon his Knees, but is a meer Factionous Priest, or Pulpit Incendiary, that to foment Divisions, declares Her Majesty's truly pious and conscientious Subjects, (the Dissen-*

ters and Low-Churchmen) are disaffected to Her, even in that very thing by which they hope (if possible) to express a most sincere Loyalty both to God and the Queen, and that (and not the pretended Loyalty of such as drink the Pretender's Health) is the only thing that can make the Peace truly glorious.

Reader, If thou art either a Papist or Jacobite (for as none but Gall'd Horses will wince, so I fear the Displeasure of no others) perhaps you may think I have been too severe upon Dr. S — rel, as he is the Arch-Jacobite of all England, and I was going to say of all France, (as some say the Doctor's Health is drunk not only by the Pretender, but by Lewis Le Grand himself.)

To this I answer, no Man in the World can have a greater Veneration for the Doctors's Function and Title, than my self, (having the Honour to be the Son, Grandson and Great Grandson to a Clergy-Man): But as the ingenious Alsop observes, "He that will plead the Privilege of the Sanctuary, must keep within the verge of it. I have heard of a Gentleman, that being prosecuted in the High Commission for striking a Reverend Clergyman, pleaded that Mr. Parson was not in his Canonical Habilitments, and therefore ought not to insist upon his Character, and Archbishop Laud voted for the poor Man's Discharge, because it was but Lay-Battery to cudgel a Coat, which wou'd have been Theomachy upon a Cassock: I must borrow the same Plea, that the Reverend Doctor S — rel ought not to stand upon the Privilege of a Preacher, unless he had kept closer to his Commission, and preach'd nothing for Gospel, but what really was the Word of God; I own 'tis exceeding hard for the Sacheverellite Faction (I mean Priests of a persecuting Principle) when they are mounting the Pulpit, to leave their Pride and Passion and Bigottry behind them, in their Studies, or in the Desk, for such as these, think a Sermon except a little larded with a Line or two of Bitterness (I mean some downright or at least squinting Reflections upon the Dissenters) will not not please their High-Church-Auditory; but as Clergy-men of such a persecuting Spirit, deserve no more Tendernefs than they shew to others, I resolve to give Dr. S — rel his true Character, for as I write nothing but what Ple prove, I don't doubt but that Plain-Dealing (or blunt Truth) I have kept to in the History I'm going to give of Dr. S — rel, will keep me above his Malice; for — Veritas magna est, & prevalebit — If therefore Dr. S — rel (or any one else) is angry with me for speaking the Truth, I shall rather pity his Weakness, than ask his Pardon; for if I have expos'd and lash'd his swearing, Drunkenness, Leudness, Injustice and Jacobite Principles, that is, if I have cross'd his corrupted and depraved Nature, I have but wounded that which he ought to crucifie; neither shall I make any Apology for my often calling Dr. S — rel False and Impudent, when I am warrant'd in this Practice, by such a truly pious, and humble Divine as Mr. Bisset, who tells us in his Preface to what he calls, A true Account of the Life, Actions and Endowments of the Famous Dr. S — l, that nothing can be " too rough for such a mischievous Incen-

“ry, who has occasion’d the shedding of so much Blood, and the
 “Loss of so many Thousands of Pounds to the Publick, and who
 “is the most abusive to his Superiors, both by *Tongue* and *Pen*, that
 “ever Man was; *Impudent!* yes (says the Reverend Mr. *Bisset*) a
 “Man cannot but wonder at the strange *Impudence* of Dr. S——rel.
 Then can any Man be so weak, or full of good Manners, to a
 leud, Jacobite Priest, to blame me for calling him *false* or *impudent*,
 when *false* and *impudent* are two Epithets rather too *soft* than too
 rough for a Priest that shall himself “call a *Bishop* *impudent*, and
 “to compare a *Bishop’s* Advice to his Clergy, with the Cant of a *Whore*, is
 “yet an higher Proof of his *Breeding* (a). It is well known how im-
 periously he carry’d himself in *Maudlin Colledge*, how disrespect-
 fully to the *President* in many Instances, how rude to the *Fellows*,
 “and how he laid violent Hands upon one or two of the Mem-
 bers: How many Stories are there in that Place, of his insult-
 ing the *Vice-Chancellor*, and his quarelling with whole Houses?
 “I think in my Conscience (says Mr. *Bisset*) he is the *proudest Priest*
 “that ever the Church was pester’d with, since *Arius*. His Inso-
 lence [and I might add, *Impudence*] to the Court of *Aldermen*, is
 “beyond all Example; upon a Motion made for *Thanks* and print-
 ing, a great Majority deny’d it, and most of his Friends said,
 “His Sermon was hot and foolish, and wou’d do them *Mischief*. All
 “this was but a Spur to the Doctor, he was so far from valuing
 “the Opinion of the *Aldermen*, that he took the Press in Desi-
 ance of them, telling the World, that his *Discourse* ventures to
 “appear, in *Contempt*, &c. Such insolent Language to the highest
 “Court of the City, as was never yet us’d by any *Divine*, or any
 “Man of what Rank soever. So that you see Reader (for even a
 Layman) to call such a *Proud and Debauch’d Priest* as Dr. S——rel,
false or *impudent*, is so far from being too rough or severe, that ’tis a
 Duty all Protestants owe to the Crown, the Church and their Country,
 in particular to the Princess *Sophia*; that she may know her Friends
 from her Enemies, I mean those that drink the Pretender’s Health,
 and call the *Hanover-Succession* a *Cursed Legacy*, and such as con-
 stantly and sincerely pray for the Prosperity of that *Illustrious Family*, as
 they do for themselves. ’Tis true (as Mr. *Bisset* observes) ’tis doing
 Dr. S——rel too great an Honour, to imagine one in so low a Sphere
 and of so slender a Capacity, cou’d have been the Cause of the many great
 Alterations in the Publick (b); however, the Dr. having neither Brains
 nor Conscience, he is the fitter to be that Tool of a Party (which he
 was call’d at his Trial) and for that Reason (as Mr. *Bisset* observes)
 he is only us’d as a Piece of unthinking Touchwood, to give Fire, and
 raise a Combustion among the Beasts of the People (c); yet he has the
 Confidence to say, that If he be a Tool, he is a sharp Tool, for he has
 cut thro’ Parliament, Ministry and All (d): Then sure ’tis but a just Re-

(a) Reader, see a Confirmation of this Charge [Of *Impudence*] in
 Mr. *Bisset’s* Modern Fanatick, p. 28, 29.

(b) (c) (d) See Mr. *Bisset’s* Modern Fanatick, p. 2.

retaliation that he that can boast of the *Divisions he has rais'd in England*, shou'd receive that Brand [of *Impudence*] he deserves for it, for there is no juster Law, saith the *Old Poet*, than that those who are the Authors of contriving a Mischief for others, fall into it themselves: *Haman was hang'd upon the same Gallows he prepar'd for Mordecai*, and the Story of *Phalaris's Bull*, invented for the Punishment of others, and serving afterwards for himself, is notorious in Heathen Story. Then considering the *base and impudent Wrongs* that Dr. S — rel has done, to the truly Loyal, (tho' Abandon'd) Whigs, I'm so far from being *rough and severe*, when I call him *false and Impudent*, that I may both by the Law or Honour and Justice, and by the Scripture Instance of Retaliation, publish *Sacheverel against Sacheverel*, I mean, may *fully and bluntly* refute his Sermon preach'd before the Parliament; and this is easily done, by only detecting — *The secret History of his leud and Jacobite Life*, (which I shall do in the following Pages) I confess Reader, the *Physick* I shall give the Doctor will be extream bitter, but *the Doctor is dangerously ILL*, and the Remedy must be something violent to be effectual; *Jacobitism* is intrench'd in the very Heart and Soul of him, which is an advantageous Post, and there's no coming to it in the ordinary Way, 'tis no battering the Out-works, nothing but *Bombs and Fireworks* will disposses it: But let my *Physick* work as it please, I'll prescribe nothing but what is proper, and what upon the least Notice from Dr. S — rel, I'll prove to be true, by as many Vouchers as has been formerly mention'd by Mr. Bisset (in his *Modern Fanatick*) and by Mr. De Foe (in his *Weekly-Review*) which can scarce be less than Two Hundred Witnesses.

Then, now *Plain-Dealing* make thy Appearance! for I shall here publish *Sach — ll against Sach — ll*, that is, I shall here detect the secret History of his Life and Actions, and this I shall do for no other End, but to prove that he does not only *drink the Pretender's Health*, and *pray for the Confusion of Her present Majesty*, (which by the Way is, a Sort of Confirmation of the Treason discover'd by the Popish Maid) but also to prove, that Dr. Sach — ll's *Jacobite Life*, in Private, refutes that *Loyalty* he pretends to in Publick. And this Paradox [*That Sach — ll refutes what he pretends to prove*] as strange as it looks will be fully prov'd by bare relating such Matter of Fact (with some few Additions and Alterations of my own) as I fin'd 'em recorded by the truly pious and reverend Mr. William Bisset, in his Book intituled the *Modern Fanatick*, and the Memoirs I shall extract from it, to prove that the Doctor's *secret Life*, refutes his *publick Preaching*, (or in plainer Words, that his *Jacobite Practice* refute those Notions of Liberty, which he lately deliver'd before the Parliament) are these following, viz.

" His Father's own Brother was bred a Presbiterian, and being
 " in great Streights, came to his Nephew expecting some Relief
 " from him, he told him *he did not know him*, its strange Sir said
 " *he, you shou'd not know your own Uncle?* O! says he *is it you?*
 " *I'll*

I'll own no Relation to any damn'd Presbyterian of you all, and to
 turn'd and went away from him in the most haughty Manner i-
 maginable. *Ay, but he stood up for the Church which atones for all,*
 I am even astonish'd at the Impudence of such Advocates of Satan.
 (You see Reader, that Dr. Sach—ll's Impudence is so great and da-
 ring, that the pious Bissett is even astonish'd at it, which does further
 justify my so often calling him false and impudent.) "What is
 Christ divided against himself? Is his Church built upon the Ru-
 ins of all Charity and even Humanity. As to the main Points
 now in Question, his Sentiments of the Revolution, the Reigu
 of King William, and the present Government built thereon; Mr.
 Eberall has made Affidavit, that Dr. Sach—ll said *That King*
William deserv'd to be De-Witted, and that he hop'd he shou'd live to
see it: That other Saying of his is no less uncontestable, *That he*
cou'd forgive King William all that ever he did, but his cursed Legacy
of the Hannover Succession. — It has been an usual Phrate
 with him, to call a Low-Church-man or Dissenter a damn'd Hanno-
 verian. — A very grave Gentleman of a plentiful Estate,
 whose Word I durst venture my Life upon, told me, *he knew*
where he drank the Pretender's Health and was drub'd for it. And
 the whole Town rings of the Story of Mr. P——r Register of
 the Prerogative Court at Can——ry, who assur'd Dr. Boyse,
 that his Brother upon Discourse about Dr. Sach——ll said to
 him, *that he had drank the Pretender's Health several Times with him*
by the Name of James the Third. — The Supplement to Faults
 on both Sides, acquaints us with a higher Strain of Loyalty, *His*
Drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees. — An En-
 glish Gentleman was at Brussells about the Time of the Doctor's
 preaching at St. Paul's, and the first News he heard of the Doc-
 tor or his Sermon, was from the Pope's Nuntio, who ask'd him
 in Conversation, What News from England, the Gentleman
 answer'd, I hear none; says the Nuntio, *You have hear'd of the*
Famous Doctor that preach'd in the great Church in London? No Sir,
 says the Gentleman, I know nothing of the Matter; says the
 Nuntio, *he's a bold honest Man, he has preach'd up the Title of the*
Chevalier St. George, and will stand by it; Sir said the Gentle-
 man, that's impossible; *I have it says he, by good Intelligence, and*
before you get into England, you'l find the Matter work well, it will
in the end, bring in the King. This (says Mr. Bissett) was told
 to one of the Judges this last Circuit, before some Persons of
 the highest Rank. — As to his Affection to Her present
 Majesty, tho in his Sermon before the Honourable House of Com-
 mons, he calls the Queen, *the Favorite of Heaven, and the Darling of*
her People, and prays (in the Words of our Church) that God wou'd
protect and defend Her with the Royal Family, from all Treason and
Conspiracies, that upon Her and Her Successors the Crown may for ever
flourish; these are his own Words. "yet 'tis not long since this
 very dutiful Subject, and true Son of the Church as he wou'd be
 thought, was pleas'd to say upon a certain Occasion, *She's a*
" waxen

" *waxen Queen*. A Complement of the same Strain with that, " pass'd on her at *Oxford*, where Loyalty now is so predomi- " nant, where her Motto *Semper eadem*, was put in the Vane of a " Weather-cock. But to return to our *Maudlin Doctor*, when he " had made his Speech in *Westminster-Hall*, a Prelate on his Side " spoke to a great Temporal Lord in Commendation of it; who " answer'd, *he shou'd admire it too, if he did not know the Man*.

" A certain eminent Lady, who had some Reason to know him, " said, *I heard him with Horror*. And the Story of that other La- " dy is in every ones Mouth, to whom he had shewn his Sermon " before he preach'd it, and given her a Key to it; *This upon the " Revolution, — this upon King William, — this upon the " Ministry, — this upon the Lord Tr——r, &c.* who upon " hearing his *παλινοστροφία* cry'd out with Astonishment, *the greatest " V—— under the Sun*. But the Supplement to Faults on both " Sides, represents him worse yet, as making a *Jest* of all that he " said at the Bar, in private Conversation.

" Indeed whosoever after his most solemn Protestations and awful " Appeals to the great God, and the supreme Tribunal, for his " sincere Affection to the Revolution and Hannover Succession, and " his Abhorrence of any Reflection upon the Government, enough, as one " well observes, to make an Heathen Moralist tremble; joynd with " an Account lately given in Print, of one (as I remember a *Justice of Peace*) who took the *Abjuration* in open Court, and inter- " mix'd by way of *Parenthesis*, turning aside to one who stood near " him, *God d——n me if ever I keep this Oath, &c.* Whoso- " ever I say, will for the future, lay any Stress upon the Professi- " ons and declarations, how solemn and numerous soever, which " Men of that Party and Principle make, must be under the Power " of strong Delusions to believe a Lie. Or which we have a remarka- " ble Instance, in the (Pretended) Loyal Addressers in King James's " Reign, who tho they solemnly vow'd to stand by his Majesty " with their Lives and Fortunes, yet when he stood in need of " their Service, they were the very first Men that deserted him; " but this deceiving of Princes, under the specious (and now *Fa- " sionable*) Cloak of *Passive Obedience* and *High-Church*) is in no Per- " son so *Atheistical* as I find it in Dr, *Sach——ll*. For

" The Fifth Charge I shall lay against him, is that of great *Pro- " faneness*, (a) *Sanctified Villany*, concerning the Societies for *Refor- " mation*: Sit as demurely as the *steepest Saint* of 'em all; is not this ri- " diculing the Language of the Holy Ghost, if not *blaspheming* " him? As if he cou'd and wou'd make Villany and Malice holy, " (for 'tis his Office to sanctify) or intase the Craft of the *Serpent* " into *Saints*. But that's a Sentence enough to strike any pious " Soul with Horror [*Hypocrisie is the main Perfection of the Saints*] (b) " How profane an Expression is that [but can less be expected from

(a) *Derby Sermon.*

(b) *Sermon at St. Paul's,*

" a Priest that is charg'd with down right *Blasphemy*, for Mr. W—— recommending Dr. *Sach*——ll to a Living in the Gift of a Lady, esteem'd for Wisdom and Piety, *O* she said the Lady, *do not name him he's a sorry Wretch, he'll go into the Kitchen among the Servants, and banter the Torments of Hell Fire before them.*" Here's Doctrine for a zealous Church-man, who (which shews his greater Hypocrisy) prays to God to deliver us from such inthralling and damnable Licentiousness, with which we can neither be good Christians nor good Subjects, neither faithful Servants to God or our Queen, our Church or our Country. (a)

" The Sixth Charge I shall lay against him, is of most *unchristian Imprecations*. He was railing once in his usual Rancour against the Dissenters, and one ask'd what he wou'd have done with them as the Case now stands, there being such Numbers of them in the Nation? His Answer was, *Do with them, d——m 'em.* Nay during his very Trial, when one wou'd think the awful Providence he was under shou'd have restrain'd him, how strong soever his Habits were (especially if as he declar'd in his Progress, he expected nothing but Death, for which I am very sure he was sorely provided) when any thing displeas'd him, *The D——l take 'em*; and once when his own Servant came to him about a Matter he did not care to hear, he said, *a Plague take you.*

" A Seventh Article is *very foul Dealing*, and such as falls under his own Darling Term of Villany, for while he was Cutate of C——k in St——shire, he had a Love Intreague with a young Gentlewoman, of a good Family and Fortune, (Mrs J——s of K——y) which he carry'd on with great Privacy, as apprehending the Resentment of her Parents, when he had entangled the young Gentlewoman's Affections, he deserted her for another Pursuit, she expostulated with him upon his *Inconstancy* and *Falshood*, he deny'd it with many Protestations, but at length she was fatally convinc'd of the Truth, *and lost her Senses upon it*: Her Parents not knowing the sad Occasion, broke open her Cabinet, and found the Copies of her own modest and affectionate Letters to him, and many of his Answers, *solemnly declaring his Love, and making dreadful Imprecations if ever he forsok her for any other Woman in the World.* In short, this young Lady dy'd, and he surviv'd without shew of Repentance, and I am apt to think, that the Guilt of this horrid Crime has had that Effect upon him, that he has never since been calm and compos'd. " Sure no young Lady will ever again love a false *Jacobite Priest* for Dr. *Sach*——ll's Sake, and much less wou'd that Old zealous Woman, who cry'd out, *she thank'd God she had seen Part of his Blessed Perriwig* (tho' she cou'd not see his Face) have made such an *IDOL* of him, had she known what little Regard he had to his solemn Vows and most dreadful Imprecations.

(a) Sermon before the Parliament.

" The

“ The Eighth Article discovers Dr. *Sach* — *W's* great Immodesty and Lewdness. I shall pass by the Story of *F—y W—r*, tho' I have it from honourable Hands, and his smuggling and towzing the Wench at his Inn at *Woodstock*, ('tis said he design'd something more, had she not been too strong for him) which tho' but a youthful Frolick, did not become the Gravity of a *Missionary* in his solemn Progress. *St. Paul* would scarce have done it, when he went about confirming the Churches. I have another Account from *Southwark*, where at a Christning after Supper he stood up and said, he must ask the Question, *Whether there was not in the Company a Woman with Child?* while the Women were smiling at one another, says he again, *I must know, for there's a Proverb in our Country, that when the Parson christens the Child, if none of the good Women are breeding, he forfeits his Breeches*: Now besides the great Indecency of such Smut, at so sacred an Ordinance, and the Rudeness to the Company, what a foul Intimation does it carry, as if every Parson were a *Belfwager*. I have heard from one who liv'd some time with him in the same House, that he has affirm'd, *'tis no sin to lie with a single Woman, and no great one with a married*. — If these things are true, as I have Reason sufficient to conclude, I'm afraid his long Celibacy is not the Effect of his Continence, but a Dread of Confinement; for who (say our Libertines) would be ty'd to a Tree that may range in a Wood.

“ The Ninth Accusation of Drunkenness will scarce be deny'd by the most zealous of his Friends (if by himself) — He loves his Church, his Friend and his Bottle; the last I'm afraid, at another guile Rate than he did his Mistress, and 'tis not a small Matter will part them: I was assur'd by one, that he sat to it, at an Inn upon the Road, from Nine at Night 'till Ten the next Morning; and all the Town rings of his being Low-Church at Sir *F. W—r's* in *Oxfordshire*, that is, laid flat under the Table, which gave Occasion for that Sarcastm, *There lies the Pillar of our Church*; or as the Hempman at *Warwick*, *The Stay of the Nation*. — Which brings me to the Tenth Article, viz. of Gaming, and that at a very improper Time, and attended with another heinous Sin in the Account of the Reformers, but a Pecadillo with High-Church and Papists, viz. *The Profanation of the Lord's-Day*. One assur'd an intimate Friend of mine, that he had play'd at Cards with him often on a Sunday, and once as he was in the midst of his Game, the Clerk came to remind him of the Service he was upon, and ask'd him, *If it were not Time to get ready, for the People would be quickly coming to Church?* Why you Fool, said he, *my Sermon is ready cut and dry'd*.

“ The Eleventh Accusation, with Respect to his Office, which he so much magnifies, and that is, *very great and unexcusable Unfaithfulness*, and taking a Charge which he can never fulfil; (tho' he had more than enough to serve any reasonable single Man before, especially one who will own no Relation but where he pleases)

“ would

"wou'd any one have imagin'd, that heard him express his Concern at his *Trial*, as one of his sore Afflictions, *That he could not perform his Duty to his Flock, over which the Holy Ghost had made him Overseer*, that this zealous Minister of the Gospel, as he styles himself (tho' he wou'd have call'd it *Canting* in another) wou'd the very next Month take a large Parish, with Cure of Souls, as far as Wales, where he cannot go, at most, above once a Year, and probably will not above once in three, when he had so vast a Parish upon his Hands already, and he cou'd preach to neither of them these three Years; I'm sure he that wou'd take such a Charge, many Scores of Miles from the Place of his Abode, can never be in good Earnest with God, nor understand the Nature and Obligations of his Function, but values the Fleece more than the Flock. Yet this is he forsooth, that must teach the Bishops their Duty, and charge them to perform it; that takes upon him the Care of all the Churches, and has made himself the Keeper of the Vineyards, but his own Vineyard has not kept, nor to his Mortification, when he had been tampering in so many Counties, cou'd carry the Election in his own Burrough; from whence 'tis plain, what an awkward Tool he is.

"The Twelfth Charge I shall exhibit against him is, of many notorious Falshoods both in Doctrine and Fact; this and Sedition are the Substance of the Articles brought against him and prov'd upon him by The Honourable House of Commons: As to the perverting the Scriptures, which is the worst of Falshoods, The changing the Truth of God into a Lie, not one of his Council said a Syllable in his Defence, but shifted off that Part upon him, who left it all so wholly untouch'd, under Pretence of reserving that Matter to the Supreme Tribunal, as if it belong'd not in the least to the Cognizance of his Judges. The false Representation of the Passage about *Elisba*, I am willing to impute to Ignorance and misuse of the Bible, and his Council own he was mistaken in it, (and therefore I shou'd not wonder, if a Priest of such weak Intellectuals, shou'd get his Publick Speeches and Sermons made for him, as 'tis generally thought they are) but 'tis a Blunder for which a School-Boy, I'm sure under my Master, wou'd have paid dear. That King William disclaim'd all Imputation of Resistance, is also confess'd by his Council to be false; and Sr. P—— K—— g has abundantly prov'd him a foul Slanderer of Archbishop Grindal; but the [truly pious, learned and charitable] Bishops of S—— w and W—— r he has bely'd without measure; and he knows, as the Answerer tells him to the Character of a Low-Church Man, that his consecrating Scotch-Cloth, is a gross Untruth, and I shall add, is a further Proof of his weak Understanding. And perhaps, from his being so meanly furnish'd in his upper Room (except it be with Foolhood and Impudence) has arose that Saying, That Dr. S—— rel has no Need to fear a Pillory or Death, for as to the first, he has no Brains to lose (as indeed few of the Jacobites have) and as to the last, what Fear can he have of a Dissolution, that has no Conscience to re-

mind hint of Hell-Flames, or at least none but is kept quiet by Ignorance, or stifled (or rather *seer'd*) by a Mountain of Guilt; so that Dr. S——rel may truly say,

Seeing aright, we see our Woes,
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
The only wretched are the Wise.

Now (Reader) after the Doctor has been prov'd guilty of so much Pride, Blasphemy, Cursing, Swearing, Drunkenness, Lewdness, Sedition, Ignorance and Falshood, both in Doctrine and Fact, to come and declare to an Honourable and Loyal House of Commons, that ——— The Abandon'd Faction (as he calls the Whigs) are ——— Betrayers of their Sovereign ——— Tyrannical in Power, and seditious out of it ——— Enemies to true and real Liberty ——— Licentious both in Opinion and Practice ——— And are now carrying on a pernicious Conspiracy against the present Constitution in Church and State ——— I say it again, For Dr. S——rel to charge the Whigs with these vile Crimes, after the Reverend Mr. Bisset, and other credible Witnesses, have prov'd him notoriously guilty of all of 'em, what is this, but to set S——rel against S——rel (to refute by his Practice, what he proves by his Sermons) or, in plainer Words, to prove this surprizing Paradox ——— That his lewd and Jacobite Life in secret, gives the Lie to all those Notions of Liberty, that he lately deliver'd (Oh matchless Impudence) before the Honourable House of Commons ——— 'Tis strange that the Ministers of the Gospel, shou'd thus, to the Scandal of Religion and Reproach of the Gown, turn Libertines and Incendiaries, and instead of instilling into the Peoples Minds, The true Principles of Religion, Peace and Loyalty, which has always been the Glory and Character of the Church of England, shou'd now be the Authors and Promoters of Scandal, Sedition and Discord. Do not all Men constrain'd by natural Conscience, at a dying Hour repent of hurting others; and ask Forgiveness of all the World; yet how much Time is there spent, that might be better employ'd for the Glory of God, than it is for Party and Party to quarrel with one another, about who is in the right Way.

And these Heats and Animosities (generally) have their first Rise from the Pulpit, (as is seen by the great Divisions Sac——ll has rais'd by his False Brother) and that, tho' the Preachers of the Gospel are the Ambassadors of Peace, and shou'd do all they can to heal our Differences; but instead of that, they do all they can to foment our Differences, and create Misunderstandings, when they charge the Dissenters, with carrying on a pernicious Conspiracy against the Government, and yet drink the Pretender's Health; when they abjure the Pretender, and pray for him all in a Breath; swear to the Queen, and pray for her Confusion at the same time; (as Mr. De Foe tells us the Doctor has often done) or to return to my Paradox, when the Jacobite Priests ——— Refute what they pret end to prove ——— (that is preach

preach up one thing, and live another) surely such *Pulpit Incendiarists* ought to answer it in a *Court of Justice*, and be proceeded against as *Disturbers of the publick Peace, and Enemies to their native Country*, 'tis by this Means that the Jacobites endeavour to steal away our Religion, and fill the Nation with Darknes and Blood, and therefore (as Mr. Bradbury observes (a)) "This calls us up to the Praises of God, who deliver'd us from the Stupidity of *Isaachar*, "and inspir'd us with the Temper of *Dan*, at our Revolution," which *Glorious Revolution* Dr. Sach——ll is so far from liking, that he prints *HERIDETARY* (b) in Capital Letters (to shew why he drinks the Pretender's Health) and calls the Hannover Succession a *curfed Legacy*) from such *Holbourn Rectors* that carry Two Faces under one Hood, *Good Lord deliver us!* — For (as Mr. Bradbury further observes) "Fraud and Artifice, lurking Ways "and lying Words, are as much below the Wisdom that will save "a Nation, as they are against the Honesty that must save a Soul. Then what a *Jacobite Paradox* is Dr. Sach——ll, who not only bansters the Torments of *Hell Fire*, (c) but is such a meer *Proteus* in Religion and Loyalty, that he can assume any Shape that will Serve a Turn, can look one Way and row another, or (to keep to my Paradox) can *refute what he pretends to prove*. But if a Jacobite Priest has so little Honour or Conscience, as to seem what he is not, the Sin and Scandal does wholly lie at his own Door; that so artificially Studies to deceive both God and Man; then let not the *Proteus Doctor* value himself upon the great Honour lately done him by the *House of Commons*, for the Devil might have ~~The Thanks~~ of the House, shou'd he appear like an Angel of Light, (as Dr. Sach——ll sometimes does) if they did not know him to be a Devil, without the least Reflection upon their Religion, Loyalty and Honour. That great and learned Man, Doctor Dee, in his Discourse of *Familiar Spirits*, tells his Reader, that the Devil often appear'd to him like an Angel of Light, and he took him to be so a great while; by which it plainly appears, the Devil never does so much Mischief, as when (like Dr. Sach——ll) he transforms himself into an *Angel of Light*, and Treason and Rebellion is never like to be so succesful, as when it is carry'd on in *Masquerade*, and cloaks it self under a Form of *Godliness and Zeal for the Church*; for all Men are naturally apt to think well of Persons of a strict Life and Conversation, or that are (seemingly) zealous and devout at Church: Who cou'd imagine, that heard Dr. Sach——ll pray earnestly for the *Queen, the Princess Sophia and the rest of the Royal Family*, that he shou'd drink the Pretender's Health on his Knees, pray for the Confusion of Her Majesty, and curse the Hannover Succession, when he knows his Company: But into what Shape (as I said be-

(a) In his most ingenious Sermon intituled the *Asps or the Serpent*.

(b) See Dr. Sach——ll's Sermon preach'd before the Parliament, May 29. where *Hereditary* is printed thus, *HEREDITARY*.

(c) See Mr. Bissett's *Modern Fanatick*. p. 26.

fore) won't a High-Church Hypocrite transform himself? For I'm able to prove (as loyally as some think Dr. Sach ——— ll pray'd and preach'd before the House of Commons) that he has not only pray'd for the Confusion of Her Majesty, but has often drank the Pretender's Health by the Name of K. James the Third, and what greater Treason can be utter'd against our rightful and most Glorious Queen, and yet all this Treason has been plotted by Dr. Sach ——— ll under the Disguise of an Angel of Light; so that 'tis not impossible, but a wise and loyal Parliament, might be impos'd on by such false Appearances, and such False Brethren, but tho' Dr. Sach ——— ll has deceiv'd a High-Church Parliament, (by pretending to be that Great Loyalist which he is not) yet he'll find it hard to put a Trick upon his own Conscience (if he has any) when it comes to awake on a Death-Bead, tho' to do Dr. Sach ——— ll Justice if any Man can hush an accusing and Guilty Conscience or deceive even the Devil himself, 'tis Dr. Sach ——— ll and as much as this shews him a Master in Sophistry: I'm sure no Man will doubt of its being true, that reads that Black Catalogue of Vill-nies that Mr. Bissett charges him with, in his Book intituled the Modern Fanatick. So that Dr. Sach ——— ll seems to be a Nonsuch in Vice, but more especially in Jacobitism and Lewd Principles; or if he has an Equal in these Two scandalous Sins, 'tis Mr. William Richardson (lately a Dissenting Minister, and now a Presbiter of the Church of England) ——— For first as to Jacobitism. ——— This Preaching Weathercock declares, "The late Glorious Revolution a Damnable Rebellion (a) and has pray'd God to bless the Pretender and the Church of Rome several Times, and if he prays so often and so heartily for the Pretender and the Church of Rome, I do'n't wonder he calls the late Glorious Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, (as it has deliver'd us from Popery and Slavery) however by these Treasonable Words, we see the Jacobite Priests Piss all in a Quill, for Richardson's declaring the late Glorious Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, and praying so heartily that God wou'd bless (i. e. prosper) the Pretender, is much the same Treason with Dr. Sach ——— ll's drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees, ——— Praying for the Confusion of Her Majesty, ——— Calling a Dissenter or Low Church-man a damn'd Hannoverian, and the Hannover Succession a cursed Legacy. ——— The Glorious Revolution (as the Duke of Queensbury express'd it) "will be a perpetual Honour to the Memory of King William, while Religion and Liberty are in any Value;" And therefore I must take the Liberty to tell these two daring Jacobites, that the calling the late Revolution a Damnable Rebellion, is little less than Treason, not only as Her present Majesty was a Glorious Instrument in it, but as 'tis wholly owing to the Revolution, that we are now Subjects to the best of Queens, and 'tis to the same Revolution, that we owe all the joyful Hopes we have of a Protestant Successor. And therefore, 'till

(a) Reader, you'll find this largely attested in my Paradox intituled the Preaching-Weathercock,

Dr. S.
was n
Thron
that
Imper
Jacob
fairly
I can
can c
and v
ing W
Heav
in J
true
will
as n
Prim
and
"fin
Mr.
"se
"ly
M
not
cip
wit
the
to
Sin
pro
A
am
th
to
Sa
ch
B
be
"
"
a
"
I
"
A

Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson own ——— *The late Revolution was no Rebellion, but highly justifiable by the Laws both of God and Man, ——— That Queen Anne is the rightfulest Queen that ever sat upon the Throne, as being the Choice both of God and the People, ——— And that the Princess Sophia, is the most rightful and undoubted Heir to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. ——— I say, 'till our English Jacobites (and in particular, Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson) fairly own they will live and die by these Revolution Principles, I can't see (after all their great Boasts of their Loyalty) that they can clear themselves from being Traytors to Her present Majesty, and whoever reads either Mr. Bissett's *Modern Fanatick*, or my *Preaching Weather-cock*, will own they were ever Rebels to the King of Heaven; for as Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson are now Brothers in *Jacobitism*, so they were ever so in their Lewd Principles. 'Tis true there is no Faith in Sin, an Affinity in Vice is a Relation will never last; however Sach ——— ll and Richardson, are as nearly related in Brotherhood, as the imbibing the same lewd Principles can possibly make them, for does not the *Wife, Loyal and Pious Sach* ——— ll positively affirm, " 'Tis no great Sin to lie with a single Woman, and no great one with a marry'd, " and the chaste Mr. Richardson lately said to a marry'd Woman (a) " *She need not scruple to lie with him, for if she was in a State of Grace she'd certainly be sav'd, let her live as she pleas'd.**

Now Reader, judge ye if Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson are not Two real Brothers in Iniquity, or as nearly related in lewd Principles as they are in *Perkenism*: 'Tis true I can't charge Dr. S——ll with any real Act of Adultery, for I'll say no ill or lewd thing of the present Rector of St. A——rews Holbourn, but what I'm able to prove, but if smutty Expressions, obscene Actions, and sayings 'tis no Sin to lie with a single Woman, be Heart Adultery, then I am able to prove Dr. Sach ——— ll as really a Wh---Ma-tter, as that notorious Adulterer Will Richardson, neither does the Dr. deny his *frugging* and *towzing* the *Wench* at his Inn at Woodstock, or ——— the some thing more that Mr. Bissett charges him with (*had not the Wench been too strong for him*) neither does the Dr. deny that lewd and fulsome Saying that he us'd at a Christning, of the Parsons forfeiting his *Beeches* if none of the good Women are with Child, which Saying (as Mr. Bissett observes) cannot be call'd whimsical, except for a Parson to be a Town Bull is a Whimsy, and therefore (to use Mr. Bissett's words) " *Tho I dare not say he deserves to loose his Tongue or Hand for these smutty Expressions and obscene Actions,* " or for his lewdly and impudently encouraging Whoredom, by saying " *'Tis no Sin to lie with a single Woman, and no great one with a marry'd,* yet I will say (as Mr. Bissett does) that " *Such a Tongue and Hand, are not very fit for a Pulpit.* " For if (as our Saviour speaks) *He that looks upon a Woman to lust after her, has committed Adultery*

(a) Mrs. H—— a Hatters Wife in *Shadwell*, noted for her eminent Piety.

with her in his Heart, then to be sure, he that attempts to debauch a married Woman, or lie with a Common Whore (as Mr. Richardson did) or *smuggles and Towzes* and even forces a Woman into lewd Practices (for Mr Bissett tells us (*) Dr. Sach——ll design'd something more to the Wench at Woodstock, had she not been too strong for him) is as much an Adulterer in the Sight of God, as he that has lain with 500 Women.

An Italian visiting St. Paul's Church, and seeing it full of Horses, Now I perceive said he, that in England Men and Beasts serve God alike; Reader, would not any one be tempted to think, what the Italian said was a Truth, that hears Dr. Sach——ll telling the House of Commons, *Since we are call'd unto Liberty, we must not use our Liberty for an Occasion to the Flesh?* (a) And that hears Mr. Bissett afterwards, proving that Dr. Sach——ll was so indulgent to the Sins of the Flesh himself, and so scandalous a Libertine, that he "wou'd swear Twenty Oaths in a Morning, —— Play at Cards on a Sunday, —— use smutty Expressions and obscene Actions, smuggle and towze a Wench in private, and design something more when she isn't too strong for him, —— sit at a Bottle at an Inn upon the Road, from Nine at Night 'till Ten the next Morning, —— drink 'till he was so Low Church, (i. e. 'till he was laid so flat under the Table, or in plainer English, was so Dead drunk) as gave Occasion for that Sarcastm, *There lies the Pillar of our Church*, or (as the Hempman at Warwick) *the Stay of the Nation.* " (b)

But Reader, tho' Dr. Sach——ll in these and other scandalous Instances, (that I reserve 'till I can obtain the Honour of proving this Black Charge, either before Her Majesty, the House of Lords, or the new Parliament) is fairly prov'd such a Reprobate in Vertue, as will convince all but the Jacobites or such High-Church-men, as are as lewd as himself, that D. Sach——ll is (tho' not a profest) yet a Practical Atheist, for is it possible that he who administers those Two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, (as Dr. Sache——ll often does) and at the same time makes a *Fest upon the Torrents of Hell* (c) and dares live in that Obscenity, Drunkenness, Prophaning the Sabbath, or any other of those known Sins, that Mr. Bissett charges Sach——ll with, shou'd be any other than a harden'd Sinner (or Practical Atheist) and consequently Fitter (as the Lady Cloberry said of Dr. Sach——ll) to make a Player than a Clergy-man (d). And I suppose 'twas for that Reason, that the Reverend Mr. Whiston sent Honest Clements his Bookseller Word, that "If the rest of the Stories which pass of Dr. Sach——ll, can be

* In his *Modern Fanatick*, p. 28.

(a) See Dr. Sach——ll's Sermon preach'd before the Honourable House of Commons, May 29th, 1713. Pag. 17.

(b) See all this Black Charge fully prov'd by Mr. Bissett in the first and second Part of his Book intituled the *Modern Fanatick*.

(c) Ibid Part II. Pag. 20.

(d) Ibid. Pag. 20.

"no better clear'd than he has clear'd himself, (a) of the Charge up-
 "on him, of his having *made a Jest upon the Torments of Hell*, he
 "had better think of altering his Way both of talking, writing
 "and living, than to do the Christian Religion and Church of En-
 "gland so much Disgrace, as his vain, loose and unchristian Con-
 "duct at present most certainly does to both" (b).

So that you see Reader, here is such fair and credible Proof, that
 Dr. Sach——ll is a harden'd Sinner (or Practical Atheist) (or so
 light and foolish as the Lady *Clobery* declar'd him to be, to that
 Reverend Divine Mr. *Whiston*) that no Man can now think that
 Dr. Sach——ll's being a Scandal to Beasts, (that is scarce so religious
 as the Horses the *Italian* observ'd in *St. Paul's*) will much disturb
 him: But pray Dr. Sach——ll, let me ask you this serious Question
 "If you really are that religious Libertine (c) (pardon the Paradox) that
 "I've here prov'd you to be? —— E'nt this still Sach——ll against
 Sach——ll?"

Dr. If you deny the Truth of this Paradox, by saying, for a
 Priest to refute what he pretends to prove, or in plainer Words, for
 Sach——ll to speak, write, preach, act, or so much as to think
 against Sach——ll, is only a nonsensical Cant spread by the *Aban-*
don'd Faction (as you call the Whigs) to blacken your High-Church
 Character, on purpose to overturn the present Constitution both in
 Church and State.

Dr. if in reality these are your real Thoughts, of my —— *set-*
ting Sach——ll against Sach——ll, I wou'd then ask you such
Paradoxical Questions, which (if you or your Jacobite Friends can
 prove to be sound Divinity) will not only disprove all the Treason
 and Debaucheries I here charge you with, but will make even the
Whigs, think you as great a Saint as you are now call'd by the *Ja-*
cobites, and such *High-Churchmen* as are yet Strangers to your
 vile Character, and my *Paradoxical Questions*, to effect this Miracle,
 are these following, viz.

Is not Dr. S——rel such a nice Christian as to have good Mean-
 ings, even in Leudness, Drunkenness, Swearing, Treason and the
 blackest Crimes that were ever acted? i. e. Has not the *Pillar of our*
Church (as you are call'd by the *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers*) such a pi-
 ous Meaning in all he does, that his vilest Actions had we Eyes to
 see it are more Religious than the best of ours; as *Archelaus*, who
 when he wou'd fight with *Hercules*, wou'd first shift himself into a
Serpent, and after that wou'd change himself into the Likeness of a
Devil, and being a *Devil*, he cou'd change himself into what Form
 he wou'd; even so some Men transform *Vices* into *Virtues*, by their

(a) In the Book intituled, *A Vindication of Dr. S——rel*.

(b) Reader, You'l find all this black and Atheistical Charge a-
 gainst Dr. S——rel, fairly prov'd upon him in Mr. *Bisset's* Mo-
 dern Fanatick, Part II. p. 20, 21.

(c) Alluding to a Sermon I have now in my Hands, intituled
The Religious Villain,

meer Pretences to High-Church: Dr. S ——— rel seeing your Former Debaucheries, by being conceal'd, have been no Bar to your late Preferment, are you not one of those *Spiritual Conjurors* that can change Vice into Virtue, by having a good Meaning in the worst Actions? And if so — Is Fornication (for you say 'tis no Sin to lye with a single Woman) any more than a loving and youthful Temper? — and had you lain with the Wench at Woodstock (if you had lain with her as Dr. S ——— rel) cou'd there be any greater Sin in that leud Act, than this, that you might preach against Whoredom with the greater Abhorrence? Dr. If you drank at Sr. J ——— W ——— 'till you were Low-Church (or laid flat under the Table) wa'nt it merely to cleanse and strengthen your Brains? Or might it not pass at worst, but for good Fellowship? Dr. do'nt you use the help of a Lie in aspersing the Dissenters and Low-Churchmen (for Mr. Bisset charges you with many Falshoods) only as a religious Stratagem, to extirpate Schism and Faction? — When Dr. Sacheverel swears and curses Twenty Oaths fresh and fasting, before he is up, might it not be call'd (as 'tis Dr. S ——— rel that swears and curses) a passionate Zeal to the Cause he espous'd? Can Pride deserve any blacker Name than Neatness, or a Bravery of Spirit? Can Flattery merit any worse Brand than Eloquence, and can swinish Gluttony be any other than great Hospitality, if a High-Flyer happen to be charg'd with 'em. — And as to Covetousness (tho' 'tis a beggarly Vice) yet if found in Dr. S ——— rel, might he not have such a good Meaning in it, as might turn Avarice into Frugality, when ever his Broken, damn'd, Fanatick Kinsmen (for so Doctor you call your pious Relations (a) come to ask any Money or Favour of you,

*Thus to each Vice we'll give some specious Name,
And with bright CouLOURS varnish o're your Fame.*

But Doctor (as I said before) except your self or your Jacobite Friends, can prove these Paradoxical Questions to be sound Divinity, then my Paradox of S ——— rel against S ——— rel is fairly prov'd to be Matter of Fact, for if that be real Blasphemy, Leudness, Drunkenness, Treason, &c. in Doctor S ——— rel that is so in other Men, then 'tis evident (as I'm ready to prove my whole Charge against you) that Dr. S ——— rel speaks, writes, preaches, acts and even thinks against S ——— rel; but pray Mr. Dean, or my Lord, or may it please your Grace (for so high 'tis thought you will climb, if this publishing your true Character don't prevent it) are these leud and Jacobite Practices (before recited) any ways consistent with that abominable Licentiousness both in Opinion and Practice, you lately condemn'd before the Parliament? Consistent! No, to be

(a) See this attested by that truly pious and ingenious Gentleman, Mr. B ——— S ——— rel, in his Letter to Dr. H ——— S ——— rel, intituled, S ——— rel against S ——— rel. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane,

sure this refuting by your Practice, what you assert in the Pulpit, proves you a *lewd, Paradoxical Priest*; so that I may justly say to Dr. S——rel (as I once did to his Brother Jacobite Will. Richardson) — You a Clergyman, you a Beast, you a Hangman (a) — And I may add (having a Warrant for what I say, from your *Vindicator's* own Confession) — You a *Monster* — For Doctor, your *Vindicator* confesses, p. 27. “Where there is an Absence of these Virtues (natural Affection to your Kindred, and Gratitude to your Benefactors) the Man is a Monster, and shou’d be treated as such: “Yet he had own’d your Churlishness to your Uncle, who is not pretended to have given you any Cause of Offence; and your scurrilous Treatment of the Bishop of Sarum, who help’d your Mother into a Colledge, which is something better than an Hospital. So by your *Vindicator's* own Principles, Dr. S——rel is a Monster; and sure I am, you may be justly call’d so, when even *Italians* think, that lewd Men and Pulpit Incendiaries, serve God no more than a Horse; one wou’d think the *Italian* that said this, had been well acquainted with Dr. S——rel; for don’t he say, (what you have fully prov’d by the *Jacobite Doctrine* you broacht at St. Pauls) That in England Men and Beasts serve God alike. Neither shall I ever ask your Pardon for this rough Treatment, for Mr. Bisset has fairly prov’d you a *lewd, impudent Priest*: And don’t think (Dr. S——rel) that your being made Rector of St. Andrews, Holborn (our truly pious and glorious Queen, having not yet been inform’d of your lewd Character) can any ways palliate or disguise your daring Prophaness, or excuse your impudent Treason of drinking the Pretender’s Health on your Knees, by the Name of King James the Third: This Doctor is plain Dealing, and therefore, as an honest Boldness in the noting of Errors, is the biggest Point of Friendship, I hope for the future you’ll always call me your best Friend, or at least fairly own that you once met with a Whig (one John Dunton, Son to that pious and learned Conformist, who ever thought that persecuting Protestant Dissenters was doing the Devil’s Work, and the Popes Drudgery) that was so far from being a Madman, or Jacobite (for they are Synonimous Terms) or in any pernicious Conspiracy against his Queen and Country (b) that he had the Honesty, Courage and Loyalty to charge Dr. S——rel, with such Treason against God and the Queen, that all other Men (except Mr. Bisset and Mr. De Foe) were afraid to whisper. — Doctor, shou’d you speak thus you wou’d do but common Justice both to your self and me; for were I now dying, I wou’d assert it with my last Breath, That I don’t think there’s two greater Enemies to their Native Country on this Side Hell and the Gallows, than a Certain E——, and that lewd and Jacobite Priest Dr. S——rel. And Doctor, I’m willing you shou’d

(a) See my *Preaching-Weathercock*, p. 38.

(b) This is Dr. S——rel’s Charge against the Whigs, in his Sermon preach’d May 29th. before the Honourable House of Commons, p. 22.

take Notice, that as I honestly publish this Black Charge against you in my own Name, so I as fairly tell you, in Words at length that Dr. Henry Sacheverel (the present Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn) is that lewd and Jacobite Priest I here mean, and am ready to prove you.

As to the certain E——, I only mean that Mushroom P—— (be it who it will) that dares shew his Guilt by wincing at that Notorious Truth I have here publish'd, and which all true Britains are ready to assert. But whoever is guilty or innocent, I am always ready to prove Dr. S——rel the Arch-Jacobite of Great Britain, when ever he'll stand the Test. However (Doctor) to do you Justice (for there's Justice due even to Dr. S——rel) I must say, your Brother Jacobite (Will. Richardson) greatly out-sin's you, tho' not in the Relation you stand in to each other as Perkenites, yet he does, in the Principles as well as in the Practice of Lewdness; for tho' I have largely prov'd you a smutty, lewd and debauch'd Priest, yet I can't prove you an actual Whore-master, or that you ever us'd any obscene Actions to a marry'd Woman: But for your Brother Jacobite (Will. Richardson) he has lain with a Common Night Walker, and I can't hear that ever he tempted any to Leudness, but marry'd Women, of which I could give a very late Instance, in Mrs. B——, now living at Lambeth, into whose Bed he lately slept stark naked; and the leud Wretch always gilds o're his adulterous Temptation with these Words, "Why shou'd you scruple to lye with me? for if you be in a State of Grace, you'll certainly be sav'd, live as you please: I challenge the Devil to bait his Hook more Artificially to tempt a marry'd Woman to Whoredom.

So that 'tis plain Reader, that Dr. Sacheverel and Mr. Richardson are Brother Jacobites and Brother Libertines, only Richardson is the greater Goat: For that this Jacobite Priest (or Preaching Weathercock) might exceed his Brother S——rel in Leudness, to his own Adultery he has added that of ——— A WOU'D-BE-CUCKOLD ——— for this Day being June the 20th. his Wife [Mrs. Ruth Richardson] has sent to me ——— A Narrative of her Husband's late Attempt to make a Cuckold of himself, by hiring Mr. J—— A-mes (with the Treat of a Guinea) to get her with Child; With an Account of their drinking a Health to the good Success of the Business. The whole attested by Mrs. Richardson, that writes the Narrative, and was an Ear-Witness to all she relates. ——— So that in my next Journal the World may expect the surprizing Narrative of THE WOU'D-BE-CUCKOLD, ——— and I hope I have discover'd enough of Richardson's vile Pandarism in these Sheets, to convince the World, that as Richardson has been so mean a Sinner as to hold the Door to his own Flesh and Blood and cou'd lye with a common Whore; he's as much Dr. S——rel's Brother in Lewdness as he is in Jacobitism, or rather more ——— For that I may do 'em Justice (tho' they are both swearing, Drunken, lewd Brothers in Iniquity, as all Jacobites are) I must affirm that Richardson as far exceeds Dr. S——rel in Leudness, as the Doctor does him in Jacobitism, which must be many Degrees to be sure; for as leud

leud a Jacobite as *Richardson* is, he never yet pray'd for the Confusion of our Glorious Queen, or drank the Pretender's Health by the Name of King King James the third; as I'm ready to prove before Her Majesty (if I may be honour'd so far) that Dr. S——rel has often done, and I am very sure to prove him guilty, as to this Charge (tho' 'tis no less than a Charge of Treason) for Mr. Bisset a Divine of a spotless Character tells the World, "Dr. Boyse and Mr. Parker are able to prove that Dr. S——rel drank the Pretender's Health, many Times by the Name of King James the Third."

So that you see Reader, Dr. S——rel and Mr. Richardson may shake Hands (as two Brothers in Iniquity) for there's ne're a Barret better Herring, for as Richardson is the greater Wh——Mr, so S——rel is the greater Jacobite, and both of 'em are two leud, raiting Priests, that are False Brethren in the Church, and False Brethren in the State, False to their Mistresses, and False to their Country, and (which is yet worse, being two preaching Hypocrites) are False to their own Souls, as well as False to that Dehuded Mob that takes 'em for two Diacles: And as Dr. S——rel and Mr. Richardson are false to the Church, False to the State, False to their Mistresses, and False to their Country, so they are both False, notoriously False to their own Families, for Mr. Richardson is Adulterously False to his virtuous Wife, and Dr. S——rel is unnaturally False to his pious and Reverend Grandfather, as is prov'd in a late Pamphlet, entituled, S——rel against S——rel. To which this Paradox intitled, Plain-Dealing or S——rel against S——rel, is so far from owing its Title, that I did not see it, 'till my last Sheet went to the Press. So that you see Reader, Dr. S——rel and Mr. Richardson are two leud Jacobite False Brethren, both in their Principles and Practices: And 'till their Repentance be made as publick as their Crimes they'l both live a Disgrace to the Church, and a Scandal to the Gown.

But shall we wonder to find so much Ignorance, Falshood, and Impudence in Dr. S——rel, when Mr. Bisset informs us, an eminent Non-juror writ thus to the Doctor,

Bath, July 29th. 1710.

"THIS Morning I receiv'd a Letter from H—— S——rel, which by the Paltriness, Inhumanity, and extream Insolence, I take to be writ by the Author of *The Scandalous Sermon*, and not of the (most impiously) prevaricating Speech: I do very readily own, that you have been, and still are very instrumental, in bringing a Blot and Reproach upon (more than) your own Society. I do really esteem General Stanhope, a Person of great Honour, of a noble Understanding, — and not altogether unskill'd in Prophecy, viz. *TOOL WORK*. And I do think it no Manner of Scandal or Reproach, for my Son to be expell'd a Colledge which retains H—— S——rel; and I do not question, but I shall have the Justice and Honour of being supported in this Opinion, by that truly great Man, Sir Thomas Parker, now Lord Chief Justice of England. — And in another Letter to Mr.

"Bisset himself, I find these Lines. — SIR, Your's I receiv'd,
 "and as to Dr. S——rel, his Life and Actions with us, have been
 "unbecoming a Dr. of Divinity, or of a Christian; and what I send
 "you, is really Truth, for I had it from the Mouths of the Par-
 "ties concern'd, and they are ready to attest the same to all the
 "World. — Mr. Ryley a Glover by Trade, living near St. Ma-
 "ry's Church in Oxon, demanding of Dr. S——rel, five Pounds
 "which he ow'd upon Bond, the Doctor reply'd, he wou'd not pay
 "him; then Mr. Ryley told him, that if he wou'd not pay him by
 "fair Means, he must trouble him: Then the Doctor tell a cursing
 "and swearing, that if he su'd him to Eternity he wou'd not pay
 "him. One Mr. Stephens, Fellow of Merton-Colledge being present,
 "desir'd Mr. Ryley to depart, and so he did, with an Intent to
 "make D. S——rel pay for his Oaths (which were near Twenty)
 "but being loth to be call'd an Informer, he did not, but he made
 "him pay the Money soon after. — And Mr. Ryley told
 "me, that Mr. Anthony Clark told him, — that the Doctor ow'd
 "him Money for Horse-Hire and Cheesecakes, but never wou'd pay him.
 "And that he ow'd Money to the Widow Reeves (who kept a Caf-
 "fee-House, for Liquors) but wou'd not pay her. — And now
 "I come to his poor Washer-Woman, whom he will not pay 7s. 6d,
 "that he owes, for being inform'd that she went to Meetings, he
 "fell to calling her bad Names, and took her by the Arm and
 "shook her, and then led her out of his Chamber, and down two
 "Pair of Stairs, making her believe he wou'd throw her down
 "Stairs, so that the poor old Woman was afraid he wou'd break her
 "Neck; and so she left him at that Time, but about a Week after she
 "sent a Girl (who was her Grand-Daughter) to him, desiring the
 "Doctor to let her wash his Linmen again; but he answer'd she shou'd
 "not: Then the Girl pray'd him to send to her Grandmother 7s.
 "6d. that he ow'd her, but he reply'd, she was an old Presbyterian,
 "and he wou'd never pay her; and the Poor Wretch did not dare to
 "complain of him, for Fear of losing what little Business she had
 "of other Schollars, and he will not pay her to this Day. — And
 "now I'll appeal to any honest Man if such Actions are becoming
 "a Doctor of Divinity? And the worst Hurt I wish him is, that God
 "wou'd give him the Grace of Repentance, that as he has been a
 "means to do many an Injury, he may be instrumental to do
 "good: This is all at present, from him who is,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

These are Mr. Bisset's own Words (with some few Additions and Al-
 terations) that fairly prove from The true Account (as Mr. Bisset calls
 it) of Dr. S——rel's Life and Actions, that he refutes [in secret] what
 he pretends to prove [in publick].

Reader, Shou'd Dr. S——rel quarrel with this Plain Dealing (or
 Paradoxical Answer) to his late Sermon before the Parliament) the
 more he stirs, the worse he'el —; for all the Answer I shall give
 to his most furious Resentment, will be only this,

Dr.

Dr. S——rel, you know in your Conscience I have not done you the least Wrong, for I am not the Author of this Black Charge that is here exhibited against you, but only the Reviver of it, and one that is always ready to prove it (with blacker and more aggravating Circumstances, than 'tis here publish'd) when ever you dare stand the Test.

This Doctor, were you an *Archbishop* (and such a *Jacobite-Libertine* as I've here prov'd you) is all the *Recantation* you shall ever have from me, for I'm such a *MAD FELLOW*, as always to speak the Truth, I bless God, (like the *Popish Maid* mention'd in the foregoing Narrative) I dare call a *Spade*, a *Spade*, when it may serve my *Queen or Country*, either of which, I wou'd not betray to be *Lord of the World*; for what a poor thing is either a *great Estate* or a *High Title* (tho' it were that of a *Prince*, a *Duke* or a *L———* *T———*) if compar'd with the much greater Honour and Satisfaction of having discharg'd the Part of a *Faithful Subject* or an *honest Man*. And I find *Mr. Samuel Wright* (an eminent Dissenting Minister) of this Opinion, for in a Sermon he preach'd at *BlackFryers* (a) he there tells us, "The *Faithful Man* (meaning him that is loyal) does not dissemble his Principles and Sentiments of Things, so neither does he vary from 'em; he is wise enough to know what is fit to be receiv'd as a Principle, and he is wise enough to stand to what he has so receiv'd. Thus allowing for Human Weakness and Infirmiti, he is the same steady Man, thro' all the Multiplicity of Occurrences, and changing Humours of the World. Thus far the truly pious and ingenious *Mr. Wright*, and I own with him, and all the Dissenters in the *Queen's Dominions* (so far are the Whigs from carrying on a *Pernicious Conspiracy* against the *Queen and Church*, as *Dr. S——rel* falsely asserts) that I cou'd not be either a *faithful Man*, or a *Loyal Subject*, had I conceal'd the *Treasonable Words and Practices* of the *Pretenders Friends* (that were discover'd to me by the *Popish Maid*) more especially those of *Dr. S——rel*, who as he has drunk the *Pretender's Health* upon his *Knees*, and has pray'd for the *Confusion* of *Queen Ann*, I am ready to prove him the *Arch-Jacobite* of *Great Britain* and a *Traytor* to his *Native Country*, if that be'n't too soft a Title for a *Faction's Priest*, who has been justly try'd and condemn'd by a *House of Commons*, for *treasonable Words and Practices*; and whose drinking the *Pretender's Health* so often, by the Name of *James the Third*, has so greatly encourag'd the *English Jacobites* to affront and insult the Government, that in the *Flying Post*, June 20. 1713. we are there told, "On Wednesday the 10th. Instant (being the Birth-Day of the Pretender) the Flag was hoisted on a Maypole (in Ipswich) and there were Fire-works which lasted 'till Twelve a-Clock at Night; with other Demonstrations of Joy, perform'd by some disaffected Persons. Doubtless Reader, such treasonable Practices as these, deserve the Pillory if not Death; for 'tis certain, the Whigs in King Charles's Reign, swung at Tyburn for less Crimes, than these Ipswich-

(a) On Occasion of the Publick-Fast, Jan. 16, 1712.

Rebels committed (for they are no better than Rebels, that either drink the Pretender's Health, or make Fire-works for the Birth of a *foam Prince* that attempted to invade Scotland with a *Papish Army*, and stands attainted of High-Treason.

So that you see (Reader) I have good Reason to call Dr. S——el the *Wich-Jacobite* of Great Britain, and a *Traytor* to his Native Country, not only as he has himself drank the Pretender's Health, and has pray'd for the Confusion of her present Majesty, but as his treasonable Words and Practices has encourag'd some Persons, disaffected to the House of Hanover, to insult the Government to that Degree of Impudence, as to keep the Pretender's Birth-Day, with as much rejoycing as if he were the lawful Heir to the Crown. — And therefore Doctor (as much as as you disguise your Jacobite Practice in secret, by railing at the Whigs in Publick, or to keep to my Paradox, as much as you prove in the Pulpit, what you refute by drinking the Pretender's Health, as you really are the *Wich-Jacobite* of Great Britain, the Idol of the Jacobite or Rascally Mob, and a profest Enemy to the House of Hanover, that I may have the Honour to serve that *Illustrious House*, and my native Country, in as publick a Manner as you have attempted to ruin it, if you DARE summon me before the Queen (or either of her Two Houses of Parliament) I shall there answer all your Complaints against this Book, by addressing my self to our Sovereign Lady in this humble Manner.

M A D A M,

When a mean Citizen of Rome, in presenting a Book into the Hands of that great and noble Emperor, *Agustus Caesar*, being fearful and bashful of Nature, seem'd oftentimes to put forth and draw back again his Hand, as one willing and yet timorous, the Good Emperor who above all things abhor'd to be thought terrible to his Subjects, heving espied the Bashfulness of the Man, courteously receiving the Present from his Hand, ask'd him, whether he thought with himself he had been about to give Food to an Elephant? Signifying, that Princes and Rulers, shou'd not only behave themselves in the Government and ruling of such as are subject unto them, that they may rather appear Fathers than Masters, but also, that no Man be he never so poor or simple, shou'd be at any time bashful or fearful to present unto the greatest Emperor, the least or smallest Gift, proceeding from a faithful and loyal Mind: and I suppose 'twas from the same Royal Humility, that King William of ever Glorious Memory, call'd himself (in his last Speech) *A common Father to all his People*. — And 'twas from the same Princely and condescending Goodness, that Your Majesty told Your Two Houses of Parliament, — That You wanted no other Guaranty but the Loyalty and Affection of Your People — And therefore (May it please Your Majesty) tho' an Answer to Dr. Sach——'s Complaint against the Book I lately publish'd, [intituled *The Christian's Gazet, or Court Spy*] may (as 'tis address'd to a truly Great and Glorious Queen) seem too presumptuous, yet what is Loyally and well intended, I

hope

hope will not be offensive to your Majesty, or prejudicial to me: For if Dr. Sach——ll finds *Plain-Dealing*, in my Charge against him, 'tis wholly owing to that sincere Affection and Loyalty, which (as a Subject) I owe to your Majesty's Person and Government, which Dr. Sach——ll [*by often drinking the Pretender's Health by the Name of King James the Third, —— By praying for your Majesty's Confusion, —— And by cursing the Hannover Succession*] has most traitorously attempted to dethrone and subvert. And (may it please your Majesty) this *Plain-Dealing* (as bold as it looks) is not without a President, and that shewn to a much greater Man than Dr. Sach——ll, and perform'd by a much better Person, than the mean Author of this Address to your Majesty, for the Reverend Mr. John Franklin, (a truly pious and eminent Dissenting Minister) had once the COURAGE to tell King Charles the Second, "That no Whotemonger nor unclean Person hath any Inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ. That he ought to make the best Use he cou'd of the little time he had to live, remembring in the Midst of all his Power and Grandeur, that he carry'd Mortality about him, and was equally liable to the Scrutiny and Judgment of the last Day with the poorest Peasant, and therefore if he did not set his Subjects a good Example, he wou'd have a dreadful Account to give when he came to die." For which Pious Boldness, King Charles gave him repeated Thanks, and promis'd him greater Favours, but Dr. Sach——ll being thought (by some loyal tho' mistaken Gentlemen) to be a meer Angel in Flesh and Blood, —— A Pillar of the Church, —— or (as some call him) The Stay of the Nation, tho' I charge him with *Blasphemy, Drunkenness, Swearing, Treason and the blackest Crimes*, yet 'till this Charge is fairly prov'd in a Court of Justice (as the Doctor passes a present for a shining Saint and a mighty Loyalist) if I can but obtain Your Majesty's Pardon for accusing a Priest, you have lately advanc'd to a great Living, 'tis the greatest Reward that I dare expect, and is what I hope to be honour'd with; for as I publish nothing but Truth in my Charge against Dr. Sach——ll, the Reward of being pardon'd for speaking the Truth, is what I can no ways doubt, without aspersing Your Majesty's Great Justice, and most illustrious Piety: For if those Priests whose Place it is, to correct Vice by their sound Doctrine and holy Lives, can escape without being degraded (or at least doing publick Pennance) for *Blasphemy, Swearing, Drunkenness, Immodesty, Profaneness, and Drinking the Pretender's Health by the Name of King James*, whilst their Accusers suffer for publishing those gross Immoralities they offer to prove against 'em. The Reformation of Manners will be thought a Jest, and those worthy Societies that have so piously carry'd it on, will be again cald by Dr. Sach——ll, "*Sanctified Villains, demure and sly Saints, Hypocrites in Perfection*;

MADAM, such profane Expressions as these, are enough to make one think Dr. Sach——ll a Papist in disguise, as he owns some take him for or (which is as bad) a profest Atheist. "Here's Doctrine (as Mr Bissett.

Bisset observes (a)) for a *zealous Churchman*! Even such Profaneness as Your Majesty cou'd never hear without the greatest Abhorrence, and therefore I shall presume to assert, if that pious and learned Gentleman, *Sir Charles Holt*, wou'd not give *Dr. Sach* ——— ll so small a Living as *Aston*, "Because his Behaviour was exceeding light and foolish, without any of that Gravity and Seriousness which became one in holy Orders; because he was fitter to make a Player than a Clergyman; because he was dangerous in a Family, since he wou'd among the very Servants, jest upon the Torments of Hell." (b) These weighty Reasons the *Lady Clodbery* gave to the Reverend *Mr. William Whiston*, why *Sir Charles Holt* was so averse to *Dr. Sach* ——— ll, that he wou'd not give him the small Living of *Aston*, (tho' it fell void whilst he was Chaplin to him) and then to be sure Your Majesty (who has ever made Religion to be the principle Jewel of Your Crown) wou'd never have given him so great a Living as *St. Andrew's Holbourn*, had You had the least Intimation (from *Sir Charles Holt* or the *Lady Clodbery*) of his vain and scandalous Practices, or had once known of his *drinking the Pretender's Health by the Name of King*; for Your Majesty is so far from giving the least Encouragement to the *Jacobite Faction*, or to a *Libertine Life*, that You have declar'd (in a *Proclamation*) Your solemn Resolution, to discountenance and punish all manner of Vice, Profaneness, and Immorality, in all Persons of whatever Degree or Quality, and particularly in such as are employ'd near Your Royal Person: And that for the greater Encouragement of Religion and Morality, You will upon all Occasions, distinguish Persons of Piety and Vertue, by Marks of Your Royal Favour.

MADAM, as this Proclamation fully satisfies all Your Majesty's *frons* and loyal Subjects, that you will never advance any Persons either in Church or State (especially if employ'd near Your Royal Person) that are *profane or immoral*, so it as fairly proves, had Your Majesty ever heard of *Dr. Sach* ——— ll's lewd and scandalous Character, he had never been Rector of *St. Andrew's Holbourn*, where till he publickly declares his sincere Repentance for his *notorious Blasphemy, Drunkenness, Injustice, Lewdness, and drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees*, there is not a truly pious or Loyal Man in his whole Parish, but blushes for him, and even contemns him in his very Heart and Looks; for *Dr. Sach* ——— ll is not only an avow'd Enemy to the Illustrious House of *Hannover*, (as is seen by his calling every Dissenter or Low-Churchman a *damn'd Hannoverian*) but is the vilest Priest (*Mr. William Richardson* only excepted) in all

(a) in his Book intituled the *Modern Fanatick*, Part I. p. 25, 16. where this Charge against *Dr. Sach* ——— ll of Profaneness and Atheism is fully prov'd.

(b) This black Charge against *Dr. Sach* ——— ll, is attested for Truth by the Reverend *Mr. William Whiston*, in the Second Part of *Mr. Bisset's Modern Fanatick* p. 20.

your

Your Majesty's Realms, and as an unanswerable Proof of this *Black Charge*, the Reverend Mr. *William Bisset* is able to prove, that Dr. *Sach* — *ll* has sworn Twenty Oaths and Curses fresh and fasting before he was up, — That he has contriv'd to leave his Bail in the Church, That he has wrong'd several Persons of their just Debts, — That he has courted a Gentleman's Daughter, and carry'd on the Intreague without his Knowledge, or Leave, 'till he got the Daughter's Consent, and then most perfidiously left her, tho' in one of his Letters (which I'll produce if he'll stand Trial) he us'd this Expression to the young Gentlewoman, Let God forsake me, if ever I forsake you — That he is the proudest Priest that ever the Church was pester'd with since Arius (they are Mr. *Bisset's* own Words) he calls those two illustrious Prelates, Archbishop *Tillotson*, and Bishop *Stillington*, only *Tillotson* and *Stillington*, in meer Contempt, and thinks no Clergy-man, if (like Bishop *Grindal* or Bishop *Tillotson*) he's a Man of Temper or Moderation, worthy to whipe his Shoes. — And therefore, Dr. *Sach* — *ll* may be well content with plain *Sach* — *ll*, when those who are so much his Betters, are treated at the same proud and unmannerly rate: And as Dr. *Sach* — *ll* is scandalously proud, so he is so shamefully scurillous, that he call'd a poor old Woman all to nought, and put her in fear of her Life, only for serving God according to her Conscience, when by Law she had a Right so to do.

This MADAM, is but a very small Part of that *Black Charge*, that Mr. *Bisset* is able to prove against Dr. *Sach* — *ll*; 'tis true the Convocation is exhorted by his idle Vindicator, to censure him (as the Mob before, to knock his Brains out) but they have more Discretion (as Mr. *Bisset* observes) than to censure what they and all the World know to be Truth. Then I most humbly appeal to Your Majesty, If I have done Dr. *Sach* — *ll* any Manner of Wrong, in this *Black Charge* that I have exhibited against him, for I have receiv'd every Line of it from the printed Writings of the Reverend Mr. *William Bisset*, Mr. *Daniel De Foe*, and other credible Witnesses, who must answer for themselves, and agree the Matter with the Doctor if they don't make good their Charge, and therefore the Dr. ought both in Honour and Conscience, to clear himself in a Court of Justice, or else to make his Repentance (in St. Andrews Holbourn Pulpit, where he preaches every Sunday) as publick as his Crimes. And this Publick Penance, will be the most pious and honourable Course he can take to clear and ease his Conscience, and to wipe off that Scandal he has done both to Religion and the Gown, by his vicious Life, and his cursing the House of Hannover, which is all the past or future Innocence Dr. *Sach* — *ll* can now pretend to: For (May it please Your Majesty) the *Black Charge* against him, is all true, and ready to be attested by (at least) Two Hundred credible Witnesses. And therefore, as Your Majesty has ever been a most Illustrious Defender of the true Protestant Faith, A Royal and constant Example of Piety, Temperance, Chastity, Justice, Humility and Moderation, — A nursing Mother to all Your People (as well as a Perfect Friend to the Protestant and most Illustrious House of Ha-

nover) I am greatly encourag'd to hope, that my *Black Charge* against Dr. *Sach*——ll, will obtain the Honour and Justice of a publick Tryal, and that by *Your Majesty's special Command*, as 'twill be a National Service to prove, That a *Jacobite Priest* can abjure the Pretender, and call him *King* all in a Breath.

And at this *Publick Tryal*, I shall also make such other Discoveries concerning Dr. *Sach*——ll's vile and scandalous Life, as will astonish the World, and make even the English-jacobites blush for him, if they have but one Grain of Piety, Justice, Chastity, Temperance, or Honour left. But these New Discoveries must be conceal'd 'till the *Publick Tryal*, lest (as Mr. *Bisset* speaks in the like Case) " I shou'd perhaps have my Evidence to seek; for Mr. *Bisset* tells the World (a) " That one of his chief Evidence has been tamper'd with, and desir'd to unsay what he had said, but the *VOL. PONE* that was with him, met with this mortifying Answer, " that he wou'd (if call'd to it) declare not only that, but much " more, I also expect from *Epsom Coventry* and *Birmingham* some other *Sacheverel-Memoirs*, which contain a very black and heinous Charge against the present Rector of *St. Andrew's Holbourn*, and detest such a Treasonable Practice (respecting the Pretender) as Dr. *S*——rel has not only been guilty of, in his own Person, but has notoriously encourag'd in others, by his false and inconsistent Notions of *Indefeasible Hereditary-Right*, and often drinking the Pretender's Health by the Name of *King*: And therefore, as Truth (and I may add Loyalty) has a Sort of Royal-Warrant——to be bold as a *Lion*——(by the great Encouragement that noble Emperour *Augustus Cesar* gave to the poor Citizen of *Rome*, that came to express his Loyalty) I most humbly presume, your Majesty will with the greater Readiness pardon, a Presumption that has no other End, but to discover the *Daring Enemies* to your Person and Government, and more particularly the *Treasonable Words and Practices* of Doctor *S*——rel, who before the Rectory of *St. Andrews Holbourn* made him talk so high for the present Constitution in Church and State, was a profest Enemy to both, for if——*Praying for your Majesty's Confusion*——*Cursing the Hanover Family*——*And drinking the Health of a Rebel attainted of High Treason*, be the same Treason in a Clergy-man, as 'tis in a Layman, then Dr. *S*——rel (after all his pretended Zeal to " *promote the Safety, Honour and Welfare of the Crown* " *the Church and his Country* (b) is guilty of *High-Treason*.

This (may it please your Majesty) being all the Answer I can in Justice or Conscience return, to the Weakness and Injustice of Dr. *S*——rel's Complaint, against that just (tho' very black) Charge I have exhibited against him, (in my *Christian's Gazette* or *Court-Spy*) I most humbly beg of your Majesty, that my Charge against Dr. *Sacheverel* may be put to a publick and speedy Trial, not doubting

(a) In the *Second Part* of his Book, entituled the *Modern-Fanatick*.

(b) They are Dr. *S*——rel's own Words, in his Sermon preach'd May 29, before the Honourable House of Commons.

but Mr. Bisset and Mr. De Foe, will be always ready to testify in a Court of Justice, what they have publickly declar'd in Print, neither can I think those *Noble Patriots*, that are either loyal to your Majesty, or true Friends to the illustrious *House of Hanover* (which includes all the *True Whigs* in your Majesties Realms) will be wanting to give me their generous Assistance, in so chargeable a Tryal as this, where I shall not only want the Advice of the most eminent Lawyers, but (that my whole Charge against Dr. S——rel may be fully prov'd) must subpoena near Two Hundred Witnesses; by which I shall make it appear, that Dr. S——rel is not only the *Arch-Jacobite of Great Britain*, but the vilest and very worst Enemy that either your Majesty, the *House of Hanover*, or the whole *Kingdom* has. And I suppose (MADAM) the Doctor will do me the Justice to say that I am a fair Enemy in this Accusation, for I not only subscribe my Charge against him with my own Name, but I as fairly tell him, *who his Accusers are*; and I shall do them the Justice to assure your Majesty, that they are all Persons of great Integrity, and consequently will never eat or recant their Evidence but will readily and publickly prove their *Black Charge* against Dr. S——rel whenever he'll stand the Test: Or should the Doctor's Accusers dishonourably leave me to prove, what I only assert upon the Credibility of their Testimony (as if they are *true Whigs*, that is, loyal Subjects and honest Men, they will never act such a villanous Part) I will then in the *London Gazette*, as publickly assert the Doctor's Innocence, as I now declare and believe him guilty: By which Promise (may it please your Majesty) I have fairly prov'd, that I am a great Lover of *Plain-Dealing*, and always resolve to ——— *Speak the Truth, on which Side soever it happens.* ——— And therefore if the Doctor be innocent of those *Black Crimes* that Mr. Bisset, Mr. De Foe and other credible Persons, lay to his Charge; he has no better way to clear himself, but by meeting his Accusers in a Court of Justice, and he may have this *Publick Trial* as soon as he pleases, for I am so far from doing Dr. S——rel any wrong, in the *Plain-Dealing* he receives from me, in this Address to your Majesty, that I am always ready to prove my whole Charge against him, whenever your Majesty will honour me so far, as to appoint the *Day of Tryal*, all the Favour I presume to ask, with respect to Dr. S——rel, being only this, that I may have a Months Time allow'd me to subpoena all my Witnesses, that are both willing and able to testify to all that *Debauchery, and Treasonable Words and Practices* I charge him with; and in the mean Time it shall be my earnest and dayly Prayer to Almighty God, That your Majesty may enjoy all your Rights and Prerogatives ——— That all the People of this Land, may render to Your Majesty all Loyalty, Faithfulness, Love and Allegiance ——— That the Divisions rais'd and fomented by Dr. S——rel may for ever cease, it being your Majesty's Royal Opinion, that if we cou'd cure our Animosities and Divisions at home, it wou'd be the most effectual method to secure the Protestant Succession ——— That the Scepter and Sword may never depart from your Majesty, and the illustrious *House of Hanover* ——— That all

the Jacobite Plots against your Majesty's Crown and Dignity, may be speedily and fully detested, but more especially those Treasonable Words and Practices that Mr. William Clark a Dissenting-Minister, now offers to discover to your Majesty's Principal Secretarie of State, upon the Assurance of such Protection and Encouragement as is absolutely necessary in such a Case——That the Pretender, who is the Head of the Jacobite-Faction, both in England and Scotland, and is a Rebel, most justly attainted of High-Treason, may be speedily sent to his Holy Father (as he calls) the POPE; or at least, so far from the Brittish Nation, that he may never correspond with the present Rector of St. Andrews, Wobourn; or any other of your Majesty's Subjects, that (like Dr. S——rel, call him King, and drink his Health on their bare Knees——That Common Peace may once more be settled in all your Majesty's Kingdoms and Dominions in a Calm, and quiet Order, like Harmony in Musick, where all the Strings of an Instrument give several Sounds, and yet are all in one Tune — This Peace, this Tranquility of order, this Harmony of Hearts and Minds, may they ever be, and continue under your Majesty——And may your Majesty long live and reign over us, in all Felicity, Health, Peace and Honour.

These Good Wishes are all the Offerings that a Poor Subject (as mean as him that gave the Book to *Augustus Caesar*) is able to make, and yet this bare Essay of Duty and Allegiance, may your Majesty be graciously pleas'd to honour with Acceptance (as the good Emperour did the Book from his mean Vassal) and then with much more Duty and Loyalty than I can express, I shall always pray,

God bless and preserve Queen ANNE!

For that your Majesty may know, and conquer, all your secret and open Enemies (and more especially Dr. S——rel, who has been so Impudently disloyal, as to call your Majesty, a *Waxen Queen*, and to pray for your Confusion) and after a long and Glorious Reign upon Earth, may your Majesty not only enjoy an Immortal Crown, but may you hereafter, as much out-shine all other Kings and Queens in the Kingdom of Heaven, as you do now surpass all other Princes on Earth, in Piety, Justice Humility and Moderation, shall always be the earnest and dayly Prayer of,

(May it please your Majesty)

Your Majesty's most Loyal,

And most obedient Subject,

JOHN DUNTON.

FINIS

☞ The remaining Parts are reserv'd for next Journal.